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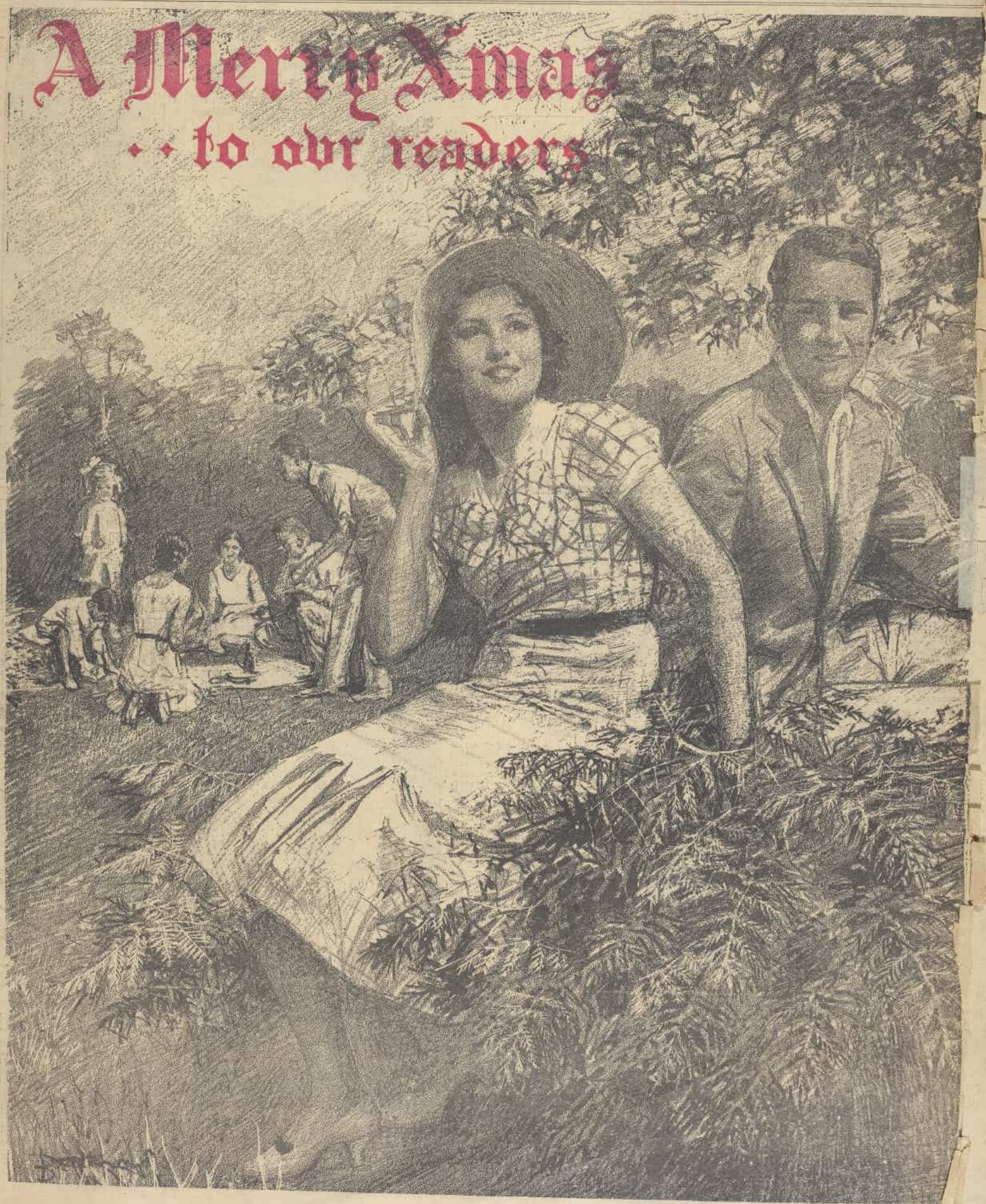
NEW SOUTH WALES



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When N.S.W. *Goes* On *Big* HOLIDAY!

Many Will Spend It Out-Of-Doors; Record Xmas Bookings

"Give us air!" is the general cry this Christmas.

Never before has New South Wales gone so completely open-air. Hundreds of people will spend Christmas under canvas or in caravans.

MORE and more each year Australians are realising the glory of the open air, and the Christmas holidays afford an opportunity for thousands to take advantage of it.

Tentmakers in Sydney report that the demand this year for tents—particularly for those of the more expensive class—has been exceptionally heavy, and given fine weather they expect a record number of campers-out this year. One leading firm has already hired all its available tents over the holiday period.

The Government Tourist Bureau, at Challis House, reports an abnormal number of inquiries from people anxious to make their holiday in the country tourist resorts, and for some days past the staff of the bureau has been working to its limit. For the public convenience, the Tourist Bureau will open from 9 till 5 on Friday, 9 a.m. till 12 on Saturday, and 8.30 a.m. till 11.30 a.m. on Christmas Day and Boxing Day.

All the popular accommodation houses at the tourist resorts outside the city have already been booked up. In the city there is still accommodation for country visitors, but the hotels and boarding-houses adjacent to the surfing beaches are full to capacity.

SPECIAL motor tours have been arranged from Sydney to Brisbane, and Sydney to Melbourne, and very heavy bookings have resulted.

While no special aerial tours have been arranged over the holidays, the joy-flight pilots at Mascot Aerodrome are doing a splendid business at present, and expect to do even better when the holidays commence.

The N.S.W. Railway Department announce that excursion trains are running every day this month from every part of N.S.W. A great many of them are at half fares, and some at single fare and a third for the return journey, this latter rate applying to the interstate journeys. The bookings have been extraordinarily heavy so far this year, and are expected to be much heavier than last year.

Since the schools closed, holiday excursion trains for children have been continually running. Another series will commence on December 27.

SPECIAL ocean cruises have been arranged by the Orient and P. and O. Companies. The s.s. "Oronsay" leaves this Thursday for Hobart with a full complement of passengers, and the "Orama" will leave for a round tour of Noumea, Brisbane, and Lord Howe Island Saturday.

Many prominent Sydney people have booked for this trip, which will occupy 9 days.

The big tourist coaches have been polished, their engines reground and greased in readiness for their busy journeys to the hills and beauty-spots along the coast.

ONE company alone will be operating with more than 40 cars which will take holiday-makers to Melbourne, Brisbane, Newcastle, Austinmer, Ettalong, and other popular holiday resorts.

"Desirable dwellings" along the coastal seaside resorts were let weeks ago at rents rising often to the neighborhood of ten guineas.

The seaside dance palais put on their summer furbishings, bands are engaged, new staffs at the hotels, and in pours the chattering merry throng of young people who generally have such a busy time enjoying themselves, acquiring a new love interest, and a deep sun tan, that they could often do with a rest cure after they go home from their holiday.

There are always plenty of people to whom a visit to the city is a holiday. Most of the hotels will be busy catering for country visitors, and there will be new shows for them during Christmas week.

Camping Time Is Here

A GROWING feature among the youth of our country is the number of study camps held throughout the Commonwealth at holiday time. Each has a different motive, but all are similar in general principle.

A score or more of these camps are being arranged in N.S.W. this year.

Girl Guides are to pack their tents, pick up their "blueys," and wander off to one of eight different camps.

Presbyterian young folk intend going to their permanent camp at Thornleigh, which was given them by the late Miss M. E. Friend.

Young is to be the site of the Methodist camp, while Church of England youth is making its first venture at camping at Castlereagh.

University students are going farther afield to Wendouree, in Victoria, while girls from high schools and secondary church girls are to amalgamate at Bowral.

Good fellowship dominates each group, and study of some specific kind is a feature of all camps.

Holiday Cruise

CLEAR SKIES and a blue sea. A charming photographic study that exemplifies the hope of most of us — a summer cruise.

Meet the DUKE... An ENGLISH *Visitor*

ALTHOUGH only twenty-one, the Duke of Northumberland, now visiting Sydney, gives one the impression of being much older, until one meets him. Then he proves himself still almost a boy in his interests.

He is tall and slim and red-haired, and slightly stooped, with a delicate air, has a quiet voice, a gentle and shy manner, and wears grey suede shoes—said to be the dernier cri for men in London.

His Grace has, as yet, no particular ideas upon the arts, although he enjoys the theatre, and no special likes or dislikes with regard to girls—Australian or otherwise.

He did, in fact, display real animation when the subject of the weather was broached.

Although his medical adviser has forbidden him to surf since he contracted malaria in India, he revels in all sports. At home he spends most of his days in the country, and in Australia he hopes to do likewise.

In his travel round the world he is touching at most ports for a day or so only (which must be most unpleasant, as he says he does not care for the sea), only making a longer stay at places which particularly attract him. India he likes very much, and is also keenly interested in our "wide open spaces." He is cutting out his New Zealand trip so that he can have some outback life here (he says he does not care for dancing, although we found him at Romano's a few hours later).

His Grace has not yet passed through a University, and has no idea as to what his career is to be.

The Duke of Northumberland, photographed at the train.
—The Australian Women's Weekly Photo

DON'T forget The Australian Women's Weekly while you're away for the holidays. There will be a special budget of holiday stories and features next week, so order your copy early.

BRIDGE PLAYERS *At Peace*

COMPLETE harmony now exists in contract bridge circles in New South Wales, and the Bridge Association is preparing a fitting welcome to the Victorian team which will visit Sydney next week to engage Dr. McAdam's team in a team-of-four match.

Elimination tournaments are now being conducted for the purpose of selecting a representative New South Wales team to play the Victorians at the end of the month.

In this tournament three members of Dr. McAdam's team had not participated, but, after hearing members of the Council express a wish that they should take part, Dr. McAdam announced that his players would enter for the elimination tournaments.

Peace having been restored, Dr. McAdam was given leave to withdraw his letter to the association, in which he claimed that his team was the best in New South Wales, and should be regarded as the State representative team.

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Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

WOMAN OF MANY INTERESTS.
—J. Burgess-Watt.

PROMINENT in many activities that make for the advancement of Tasmania is Mrs. Mary Parker, O.B.E., of Hobart. She is a daughter of Sir George Davies.

Mrs. Parker was hon. secretary of the Red Cross Society in Southern Tasmania during the war, and as a recognition of her work in this direction she was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

For 25 years Mrs. Parker has been hon. secretary of the house committee of the Blind, Deaf and Dumb Institution. She was one of the group of five women who established the Arts and Crafts Society, and is also keenly interested in politics, being State president of the Australian Women's National League, which she founded in Southern Tasmania.

A WELL-KNOWN POETESS
—May Moore.

DORA WILCOX (Mrs. William Moore) is among the front rank of our women poets. She cannot be claimed as an Australian, because New Zealand is her birthplace, but her first verse, at the age of 12, was published by a Sydney journal.

Dora Wilcox was born at Canterbury, N.Z. Her maternal grandfather came out as chaplain on the first man-o'-war to visit New Zealand, and hoped to establish a purely Anglican settlement. He was too late in the field, however, for a Scottish Presbyterian minister was already there.

Dora Wilcox has several books of verse to her credit, and her work is published in innumerable journals.

Her first husband was the late Professor Paul Hamelius, and she lived with him in Belgium before the war. She later went to London, and was one of the vast army of voluntary aids.

WORKS FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE
—Broothorn.

MRS. MAURICE BLACKBURN is the wife of Victoria's new Speaker in the Legislative Assembly. She is a member of the International League for Peace and Freedom, of which she was formerly president.

She has given up most of her outside interests lately to concentrate on bringing up a young family.

Before her marriage Mrs. Blackburn was a teacher both privately and at Camberwell (Vic.) C.E.G.G.S.

WHAT *Was* JESUS *Really* LIKE?

Have the artists failed to picture Him?

...a Christmastide reflection

AS the season which commemorates the Birth of Christ comes round year by year, who does not wonder—perhaps even conjecture—as to His personal appearance?

Could we but see an authentic picture of the Babe — the Boy — the Man — what a satisfaction that would bring! Could we but be sure what He was like!

WHAT was the outward appearance of the Son of Man? Did He present a kind of composite of the sum-total of human nature? That is hardly likely, for such a spectacle would not have been natural.

A similar fate would have befallen a figure of mere average type, in between the temperamental extremes.

In outward appearance Jesus was in all probability just human. Except for the public attention which He always drew, people might have passed Him without recognising Him for the God He was. Even in the garden of the Resurrection, Mary Magdalene mistook Him for the gardener.

Yet mentally and spiritually He must have been widely comprehensive, for He understood every type of man, and answered to the need of every one. But it is practically certain that little or nothing of this showed in His face or figure or physical deportment. Otherwise He would surely have commanded universal reverence—worth how much, or little, if only thus obtained?

THIS PORTRAIT of Our Lord was found in one of the Catacombs of Rome, in which the early Christians were forced to live in the second century. It is one of the early portraits, the discovery of which is due to Thomas Heaphy's research work, and is possibly the original of all the traditional likenesses of Christ.

Artists have wrought with mind and hand, using imagination, inspiration, tradition, and deftness of portrayal to depict the form and features of the Christ on canvas. But they have succeeded only in giving the world a great conglomerate of mainly uncertain impressions of that historically illusive Figure.

Gropings of Art

ABOUT midway in the 19th century Thomas Heaphy pried and delved through the years in an effort to unearth the original and authentic pictorial conception of the Christ-face; and from a mass of pictures he lit finally on one or two which he thought answered the severest tests.

Some of these he copied, notably an early second-century fresco from the catacomb of Saints Achille and Nereo, which claims serious attention as the supposed original of all the traditional portraits; also another preserved as a relic in the Church of Saint Prassedes at Rome, supposed to have been drawn by the hand of Saint Peter.

The second of these is indistinct, but the first shows a strong general resemblance to the traditional representation which has survived to the present time.

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," by Holman Hunt, is perhaps the most striking portrait of Our Lord of modern times. It was exhibited in Australia a number of years ago and caused tremendous interest.

There are also stories of portraits miraculously obtained.

Out from a central unified conception there has radiated a wide diversity of detailed treatment. The pictures range from even extremes of ugliness to the highest types of beauty. Young and prematurely old, stout and slender, dark and light, bearded and beardless—in all these guises have the face and figure of the Divine Master been portrayed.

RACIAL peculiarities and distinctions have also marked the representations, following the predilections of painters of varying nationality, or induced by the local environment of one or another country.

To the earlier Dutch artists the Christ-face wore Flemish lineaments. To the Italians He was, no doubt unconsciously to them, an Italian, though this would result very largely from the class of local models employed.

The question of models entered largely into the matter and very naturally affected the results.

Some artists even made idealised models of themselves. Durer having used his own face in this way no fewer than 28 times. The knowledge that models were perforce employed for so high a purpose carries its disillusioning implications which it is not well to press too far.

The names of artists in this realm are legion. It is only possible to say that the world, through well-nigh 2000 years of its history, has yielded up its best in human endowment and capacity in the consecrated effort to present truly and worthily the holiest and noblest Life it was ever privileged to hold.

Christ in Childhood

WHAT art has failed to supply, literature has endeavored to bridge over.

Most notably it has sought to bridge the gap almost wholly left by the sacred scriptures between the infancy and manhood of Jesus.

Unfortunately, the effort has resulted only in a few fantastic and unconvincing apocryphal tales. In the carpenter's workshop at Nazareth He stretches a short board to make the required length. He carries water in a robe that obviously is not waterproof. He draws textures of numerous colors from the one dye-vat. He makes a tree grow up and yield fruit on the instant for Himself and His comrades. To its credit pictorial art has not honored a single one of these utterly unsatisfactory stories.

THIS LIKENESS of Our Lord is attributed to St. Peter. It is a faint outline on a linen cloth and is preserved as a relic in the Basilica of St. Prassedes, at Rome.

AFTER all, is it not well that Jesus, as to His outward deportment and facial expression, remains at the least uncertain—some would say unknown?

May this not have been of set purpose, the divinely chosen way? We human beings are so greatly the slaves of outward and visible conditions that we might have stayed at the half-way house, or shrine, of facial impression and physical form and worshipped only there, instead of faring on to the worship of Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth.

Just here Saint Paul's statement may be profitably recalled, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we Him so no more."

The truest image of Christ is in the Christ-presence and the Christ-spirit within the hearts and lives of men and women, and children, too.

Christ and Woman

THERE is one respect in which the thought of the comprehensiveness of Christ may bring a very real comfort to the heart of woman.

The error of the later art in picturing Christ as feminine overmuch has its true and worthy counterpart in the fact that in His inner spiritual personality Christ is not, and was not, exclusively masculine. Woman in coming to Him to-day is not coming "To a man."

He was the Son not of masculinity but of Man, in all the all-inclusive sense of the term. In the best and holiest sense He is all to woman that He could ever be to her masculine compeer.

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NOTED *Author* Sees a DANGER

Is Value of Our Pioneer Tradition Being Overlooked?

By G. B. LANCASTER, for The Australian Women's Weekly

Surely something very fine and strong and concrete should arise in this country; but I would like to know if we are yet developing with any especial aim.

LATELY I have been thinking a good deal about backgrounds, which, of course, are another name for tradition.

A landsman at sea feels terribly the need of a background. He thinks that if he could only find a tree to sit under he could collect his thoughts. He must have something stable, something familiar to stand against.

The same is true of countries, but they have to plant their own trees, make their own background, their own tradition.

Australia, necessarily, has very little tradition as yet, and I am wondering just what trees her home-life is planting in the youngsters to make the background they will grow up against.

In America, where I have just spent a year, I realised how that great country of composite races is struggling to make its own tradition, its own background of mental security. It is determined to have its definite character, but it does not yet know what that is.

In Eastern Canada I found just the opposite. It clings to England, strives to mould itself on England, while the rest is striking out for itself.

The psychological problem there is very interesting. England, embedded in tradition, moves perhaps too slowly, but she has a security which no other nation seems to be attaining at present.

Italy, having dropped through lethargy and poverty into a negligible factor, is now redeveloping her old tradition in a new form, and certainly growing a new State sense out of her hard lesson.

Spain is in terrible confusion. The graces of the old tradition were not sufficient bulwark to hold her firm against the corruption, and she is just now in the melting-pot, as Russia is, as France was for so long after her Revolution. Czechoslovakia is a new nation which seems to be building up solidly, considering the mistakes of its predecessors, seizing on the knowledge which others went through so much to win.

G. B. LANCASTER, who in this article, emphasises the value of our traditions.

* * *

IN every country all the world over the process of building-up some kind of tradition, some kind of background for her children is inevitably going on, and I ask myself what is the Australian tradition going to be?

We are far enough away from England to be individual, as Canada is not likely to be, and yet we have our English blood and our English background.

We are large enough, young and virile enough, to develop even more quickly than America, and we have not her problem of mixed races.

Surely something very fine and strong and concrete should arise in this country; but I would like to know if we are yet developing with any especial aim.

Are our children being taught to realise the value of our pioneer tradition, with its courage, endurance, individuality of character?

Do they realise how proud they should be of this new country which their fathers suffered to secure for them?

Do they realise that their place in the sun brings with it definite responsibilities?

Do they realise that Australia is part of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, or is likely to know, and that it will probably devolve on the British Empire to keep peace throughout the world by the sheer weight of its opinion?

* * *

I THINK it will be one of the world's great tragedies if we of the Empire fail to realise this—if we let the world down through neglecting to implant in our children the trees of Empire spirit as a forest to shield us from the storm or to build in them that tradition of courage and self-sacrifice and adventure which comes to us from our forefathers.

There are, it seems to me, two ways of living. We may be content to blow about like the American tangleweed, which pulls up its roots where the soil does not please it, and lets the wind carry it away to a kinder place; or we may recognise that we are inescapably part of the whole; that, as individual or as a country, we must influence others. The last is by far the most interesting and inspiring way, and I see symptoms of it now all over the world.

But I do not yet know if it is firmly set as one of our Australian traditions.

G. B. LANCASTER (in private life Miss E. J. Lyttleton) returned recently after long residence in England and America.

Author of "Pageant," published by Century Publishing Co. (America) and selected by the Literary Guild of America as the "book of the month." It was the first book written by an Australian to receive this distinction. It was also a "best seller." Miss Lancaster has written several other novels.

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, standing, hatless, as the mother of a grown-up daughter, in the London stage success, "The Distaff Side." She knows the value of color in dress.

Importance of COLOR ...for *Matrons*

Sybil Thorndike Sets Fashion

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

How to be chic after forty is a lesson most women have learned these days. And during 1934 it looks as though fashion is going to be especially kind to middle-aged women. The hat which tilts over the eyes is more becoming to the mature than to the very young, shading eyes which are lined or brows which are ever so slightly wrinkled.

THE silhouette of the moment with Edwardian suggestion is also dignified for Madame Fifty-and-Onwards. That is, if it is properly carried out without exaggeration. The colors, ripe blackberry, plum and wine shades which are so fashionable are much less attractive on debutantes than on their mothers, and the grey and purples which Paris is mad about are also good for the older woman rather than the jeune fille.

Miss Sybil Thorndike, one of our greatest actresses, is charming in her character of Mrs. Milward, mother of the grown-up daughter, Alex, in Van Druten's comedy, "The Distaff Side." "I believe in the use of color," Miss Thorndike says. "Most middle-aged women seem afraid of the use of color and persist with drab beiges, blacks, and browns. All very well in their way, but as change is the color of all our lives, I stress color as a change for the middle-aged woman." And following out her own advice she chooses a bright green crepe blouse to wear with a green tweed skirt, a silver-grey georgette dinner gown, a wonderfully soft green negligee, and a walking suit in an attractive burnt orange shade. The mist-blue frock in the picture cuffed and girdle-trimmed in lame would be suitable for any woman over 40 to play bridge in.

Dignified Movements

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE, who turns into a middle-aged woman in the final acts of Ivor Novello's "Proscenium," says she gives deportment the first consideration in making a matron attractive. Dignified movements, poise, sophistication, tolerance, and a sense of humor often make a middle-aged woman more charming than her daughter. She says, "Only middle-aged women can use deportment easily, and to full advantage, and if every matron took sophisticated care of the movements of her hands, her shoulders, her feet, and hips when walking, standing and sitting, she could make the slimmest 'modernity' look a gawk."

If you have passed your first youth there is every reason for you to become more attractive, and it is all made so easy for you these days. The great essential is care. Youth can afford to be carefree, even neglectful, for a very few years. But to be sophisticated and charming; in short, to be 'soignee' is the only justification for a middle-aged charmer; no pains may be spared.

Care that gloves are spotless and tasteful, the bag, belt, kerchief, etc., in the best condition. This all makes for dignity. Shiny suede shoes or soiled gloves are not dignity-making. Well-groomed hair, nails, and hands, careful make-up, suitable, but not dowdy clothes, and plenty of individuality about them. Nothing cheeky or natty in the way of hats—aim at more subtle chic—and then look out for all the admiration which the charming matron comes in for. Many daughters-in-law find the old jokes concerning their husband's mother misdirected these days. It is often the mother-in-law who comes in for the greatest amount of attention.

Makes a HOBBY of TREE *Portraits*

Look at the exquisite little pictures which accompany this article. They were taken by Miss M. H. Jopling, who surely has one of the most beautiful hobbies you could think of. A keen amateur photographer, she makes a hobby of tree portraits, and many beautiful studies adorn her walls and those of her friends.

IN this interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, Miss Jopling, who is a librarian, gives a few tips for women who might like to follow her example.

"Photography for the sake of making a few charming pictures in your own particular style, and developed and printed by yourself, is no more costly than many other forms of amusement.

"A small camera with a fast lens is one necessity. The others are patience, care, and enthusiasm, cultivation of the seeing eye wherever you go, whatever your special subject is, and studying good photographs, considering the choice, composition, and lighting of the pictures.

"Now let us go out into the field.

"Take a notebook as well as the camera, and in it write down the time and condition of day, the compass direction, as well as length of exposure and size of aperture used for each photo. This will help you to repeat your successes and to learn to avoid your faults next time.

"My chief interest is trees, as you will see from the accompanying pictures. Morning is the best time for them; their leaves are not dancing in the breeze, and their shadows are long and picturesque. If you cannot choose your time, do the best you may. Fortunately the light straight above its head doesn't give a tree the unbecoming lines our human faces acquire under similar conditions.

"Besides the serious pleasure of choosing and composing your picture, there is the amusement of overcoming difficulties.

"I have managed to get a level photo of a church while I stood with one toe on the top of a fence-post and the other foot on a slack wire, while a boy kindly held my ankles.

"Another photo had to be taken against the sun, and there was nothing anywhere to shade the lens of the camera. Having got it into position, I held the camera by the strap with my teeth, shaded the lens with one hand, and released the shutter with the other—and got my picture."

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EXPLOITS OF "TIGER" DAWN

A BUSINESS *Arrangement*

The first of an intriguing series about "Tiger" Dawn, by Selwyn Jepson. You will love this cool, daring girl who handles desperate criminals like schoolboys. Watch out for her adventures each week.

"If I'd had one of those in my hand," he said, scowling at the sword, "you wouldn't have had things all your own way."

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

By SELWYN JEPSON

"MY DEAR MARY—" began his letter; and Tiger smiled. Carfew Northcote, millionaire the famous collector and connoisseur of things beautiful, was her godfather, and secretly he deplored the upbringing which made her sobriquet "Tiger" seem more suitable than the gentle name with which she had been christened. She had spent ten years of her twenty at sea with her father, adventuring in distant places, and now that John Dawn was dead, she ruled in his stead aboard "The Black Crow" and in the ancient home of the Dawns at Eastblyth.

She read the letter slowly, for Northcote's handwriting was rather like himself—small, a trifle crabbed, and not always easy to understand.

"My Dear Mary,—

"Would you do me a favor? There is a pig-faced bassinet at Daningtree, which is in your part of Suffolk. I have not looked it up, but I believe it is in the neighborhood of Brandon. There are two brothers there from whom I have heard from fellow-collectors, and they have written offering me the bassinet. They are dealers, of course, but not the usual type. Their name is Jevons, and the address is 'The Hall,' Daningtree.

"George Pander says they are gentlemen, and to be trusted, so I am going to ask you to go over and take a look at the thing. They want £2000 for it, and I will pay that provided it is in a good state of preservation. I am enclosing my card, with a word of introduction on it empowering you to act for me in the matter. I would come up to Eastblyth for a week-end and deal with it myself, but I have to give an address to the Antiquarian Society on Saturday night, and the Williamian sale of jade begins at Glendinings on Monday, so I cannot conveniently leave town.

"Have the pig-faced bassinet packed up by that excellent butler of yours, and send it per passenger rail.

"Your affectionate godfather,

"CARFEW NORTHCOTE

"P.S.—I also enclose a blank cheque. Get it for less than £2000 if you can.

"C.N."

Tiger raised her slim body from the armchair by the log-fire, and fetched an encyclopaedia from its place on the laden bookshelves.

She was accustomed to the diversity and expensiveness of her godfather's collections, and aware of the strange directions in which his acquisitive instinct could upon occasion lead him, but she had never heard of anyone paying two thousand pounds for a perambulator, however pig-faced and well-preserved it might be. At the same time she knew the capacity of the English language for calling two utterly different objects by the same name.

She found, on consulting the encyclopaedia, that a "bassinet" could also be a type of mediaeval helmet, and breathed more easily concerning Carfew Northcote's sanity. Jade, Chinese jade, was his first love, but he had also one of the finest collections of arms and armor in Europe.

She next looked up Daningtree on the ordnance map, and found that it was a small village outside Brandon, an hour's drive from Eastblyth.

After lunch she put the visiting-card and the blank cheque in her handbag—a thing she rarely carried—and, dressed impressively in a black sealskin coat and small black hat which admirably suited her dark beauty, she set off for Daningtree. The late autumn day was cold, and an east wind from the sea scurried over the desolate moorland across which she had to drive to reach the main road. She felt that the Little Man, as she called Carfew Northcote, ought to be grateful to her for turning out on such a dismal afternoon.

His letter gave her the impression that pig-faced bassinets were rare (certainly two thousand pounds seemed a great deal of money) and that she was to buy this one for him even if it wasn't in such good condition as he hoped. He knew that she was not an expert in such matters, and she was relieved that her responsibility would go no further than the mere purchase, packing and safe despatch of so important a piece. She would have to judge neither its merit and genuineness, nor its monetary value.

Thus she approached with an easy mind the affair of the pig-faced bassinet, and it was not until late that same night that she realised there was more to it than had been apparent in the beginning.

AND yet you could not have chosen more pleasant people to transact business with than Adam and Rupert Jevons, gentlemen dealers, of Daningtree. Nobody could have been more polite and more honest. They were at great pains to point out that one of the rivets on the left side of the pig-faced bassinet was of recent workmanship, but assured her that it was no serious detriment to the antique virtue of the rest of it.

Indeed, two thousand pounds was not a great deal to ask for it, and Mr. Northcote would certainly endorse their opinion when he saw it. It was fit to be the gem of any collection of armor you cared to mention.

Tiger did not doubt it, and in any case she was in no position to doubt it.

Mr. Adam Jevons, the elder brother, was a benevolent, silver-haired man in the early sixties, and called her "my dear young lady" with a distinctive courtliness. Rupert, younger, and less parental in air, maintained a polite but gallant attitude. He suggested delicately that Mr. Northcote was fortunate indeed to have the services of such a capable and charming agent as Miss Dawn. Who in Suffolk had not heard of the great family of which she was the descendant?

She had never found herself to be easily flattered, and she did not approve of Mr. Rupert's compliments; but at the same time a large number of people could have been found to agree that he was "quite a gentleman." In any event, because a man is a trifle fulsome is not evidence that he is also a villain.

"The Hall" was a large house outside the village, standing in large, sheltered gardens, and although the Jevons had not lived in it long, they were not bad substitutes for the people who had lived there for several generations until the war came to ruin their fortunes.

The Jevons had obviously been spending money on the place. The furniture was, of course, magnificent. One gathered that the brothers had devoted their lives and purses to the acquisition of works of art; the golden walnut of Queen Anne shone in almost overwhelming perfection, and the long gallery on the first floor contained an array of swords, pikes, axes, and suits of armor which reminded one of the Tower of London.

It was in this room that Tiger was shown the pig-faced bassinet; and although she could not understand how any helmet could become worth so much money, she well realised that it might be a rarity. She saw how the snout-like projection had led to its being christened "pig-faced."

Downstairs in a Chinese lacquer drawing-room they gave her tea, admirably served in Spode and Early Georgian silver; and it was not until this was finished that the subject of the purchase price was opened and she began politely, very politely, to haggle over it. She made a great point of the replaced rivet, and felt that it really lessened the value of the helmet to below the two thousand mark.

At the end of an hour they agreed to accept eighteen hundred, and she filled in Northcote's cheque for that sum.

"I'll take it along with me, if I may," she said; and she went upstairs with them to fetch it.

IT was no longer alone. A young man of medium height and red-brown hair was polishing it slowly, and his air of absorption suggested that he held the pig-faced bassinet in great affection. He looked up as they entered, and his eyes came to rest on Tiger's face. They did not leave it for several seconds; and although she was accustomed to being stared at by strangers, she found his gaze unusually disconcerting. He was a secretary or assistant of some kind, for Rupert Jevons addressed him as "Brown," and made no effort to introduce him to the client.

"Carry it down to Miss Dawn's car," he directed.

"The bassinet?" asked the young man; and Tiger realised that the order had upset him considerably.

"The bassinet," said Mr. Adam.

"Is it heavy?" inquired Tiger, thinking of the matter of its packing-up for the railway.

"Fairly," Rupert Jevons told her. "Come along, Brown. What are you waiting for?"

"N-nothing," said Brown, and after a moment's hesitation, picked up the helmet and started off in a hurry for the door. Perhaps this same hurry of his awakened vague suspicion in Tiger. At all events, she kept close behind him, with the Jevons brothers trailing after them, down the stairs, along the hall, and out of the front door to the car. She took a good look at the young man, and if it had not been for the nearing presence of his employers, she might have asked why he was so harassed at having to part with the helmet. She realised that in running out of the gallery like that he had obeyed a desire to hide his emotions rather than an impulse to make off with the helmet.

He stood there trying to make up his mind to say something sensible, and succeeded only in muttering:

"I'll deliver it for you, Miss Dawn. You—you don't want to take it in the car."

"But I do."

He looked at her helplessly, and put the helmet on the seat.

Tiger had picked up her fur coat as she passed through the hall, and she gave it him to hold up for her while she put it on. He took it obediently, and was thus engaged when the Jevons, a little flurried, came out. Mr. Rupert frowned at the secretary. It was not amongst the duties required of him to assist beautiful young women into their coats; and, in any case, there was no necessity for him to go galloping off like that. Nobody wanted to catch a train.

Tiger got into the car, and pressed the self-starter.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Adam.

Please turn to Page 30

Christmas Day

By M. TRUBY KING

To-day we are remembering how once He came,
Little and soft, and pure as a white flame,
With chubby hands to grasp His mother's breast,
And eyes that shone the glory of His quest.

And we remember, too, this gentle Child
Was subject unto her in Nazareth;
Thirty years in all He toiled for her—
Blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh, breath of her breath.

Yet not alone for her was His flesh riven—
Three years of suffering was His searing part,
(Were not one hour too much for Mary's heart?)
The price of our redemption to His heaven.

Healing the sick and raising up the dead,
Teaching God's word to slow, dull-witted men;
Jesus walked daily in the narrow streets,
Making the dumb to speak, the blind to see again.

Living His message to the bitter end,
Those who would crucify were pardoned, too—
Nailed to the Cross, He blessed them, as a friend,
"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." . . .

To-day we are remembering how He will come
In majesty to walk the Earth again—
Not as the Blessed Babe, but as our Judge
To claim the faithful ransomed through His pain.

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CAROLLERS! *We miss them at* CHRISTMAS

Christmas 1933 is different to the traditional Christmases of the past, with the carol singing and other practices too sentimental, perhaps, for these modern days, when the air itself is a traffic way leading into millions of homes.

VOICES over the air!

The voices of the past rose up on chilly nights in snow-clad England, and sang those carols we always associate with Christmas.

Those who dwell in Mother England, the very home and heart of Christmas, no longer know the many carol singers that once thronged the streets. A few youngsters and a genuine old man perhaps—but the carol singers—the real messengers of hope everlasting and goodwill to all men—have faded into history's mists. Now they come over the air

Wireless and carols!

What a link between this age and the past!

But what were the carols really? When did they begin?

The Christmas carol is a very old religious lyric and musical idea. It has gone through so many processes in so many countries that it is difficult to say how or where it really did originate. Before the Christian era, which eventually developed carols only as songs, the real "carolling" was a combined dance and song, and it was in this form that it came into the present Christian Church and to Christian people, from what had been old pagan dances and song rituals.

In the ancient pagan period there were other than Christmas carol celebrations. There were summer, winter, Easter, and various other "Carol Festivals." Originally the word "carol" came from the French "carole," and being a dance, it was supposed to have given its name to the song it accompanied.

The idea back of Christmas carols describes the picture of nativity of the human Jesus, with the spiritual idea of Christ as the holy title. The adoration of the shepherds and the visiting Magi provided material for dramatic and choral representation.

The combination of singing and dancing carols is undated. It existed among people from time immemorial, and there are records of the Romans having religious song dances which later were traditionally carried to various countries by many of the Druid sect.

TWO INTERESTING interpretations of the "Visor" mode are given by Grace Bradley in muslin and Gertrude Michael (Paramount) in stitched brown velvet, respectively. To wear a visor at the correct angle they take a one-side view—but you will admit that their outlook is charming.

Necessary HOLIDAY REQUISITES

Things I must not forget

Aspro — Bathers Golf clubs

KEEP FIT OR YOU'LL SPOIL A GOOD TIME

YOU will soon be packing up for your holidays. Make a list of the things you will take away, but put 'ASPRO' first, because a packet of 'ASPRO' may mean all the difference between a thoroughly enjoyable vacation and a holiday marred by sun-glare headaches—hay fever—summer colds and chills—nerviness or irritability. Sparkling health is all-important to a good holiday; you cannot appear at your best if you feel off-color. Christmas holidays follow a period of bustle—extra work—late nights—crowded shopping hours—packing up and a quick journey to your destination. Everything tends to upset the nerves, and a packet of 'ASPRO' will tone you up, leaving you free to take the fullest enjoyment out of your leisure days. Make sure that you have included a packet of 'ASPRO' in your bag before you close it up. 'ASPRO' is always ready to give quick relief from nerve pains, cold and 'flu attacks, etc., and it is a wonderful help to women during times of physical depression.

'ASPRO'

Obtainable at all Chemists and Shopkeepers 'ASPRO' 3D 9D 1/3 4/-

USE 'ASPRO' FOR:

HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, SLEEPLESSNESS, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, FEVERISHNESS, INFLUENZA, IRRITABILITY, TEMPERATURE, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NEURALGIA, DENGUE, GOUT, SCIATICA, COLDS, ASTHMA, LUMBAGO, EARACHE, MALARIA

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED

Don't forget Your Packet of 'ASPRO' when Packing!

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F.W.L. ESCH

Australians Should Read More Plays

Australians do not read enough plays. If they did, they would not allow the theatre to suffer the way it has during recent times. The Christmas season has brightened things a little, but when the new year starts the theatre in Australia will be at its lowest ebb.

IF more people read plays, however, there would be a better understanding of drama and a better appreciation of stage craft, with the result that the theatre might make a permanent comeback.

"Famous Plays of 1933" is a good volume to start with. The plays are very representative of the latest drama. Most of them attracted full houses in London and New York for seasons of several months.

"Late Christopher Bean"

THE first play in the book is an adaptation from the French of Rene Fauchois' "Prenez Garde a la Peinture," entitled "The Late Christopher Bean," by Emlyn Williams.

This is a story of posthumous fame, the lot of so many fine artists.

Christopher, like Whistler, painted pictures which were misunderstood during his lifetime. However, his talents are recognised after his death, and connoisseurs, art dealers, and rogues rush to the village, where, in the home of the local doctor, Christopher Bean executed most of his work.

A series of letters written by the late Christopher Bean, and published in the London "Mercury," has brought this sudden influx of visitors to the humble little village in the midlands.

So little did Dr. Haggett and his family appreciate the art of Christopher that his paintings have been used to stop up leaks in the fowlhouse and mend holes in the attic walls, but Gwenny, the maid, secretly married to Christopher, has managed to salvage a number which Mrs. Haggett had put out ready for burning.

When Doctor Haggett, later in the play, is offered thousands of pounds for these paintings he nearly loses his reason trying to garner them from all corners of the house.

However, Gwenny holds the trump card. As Christopher Bean's widow she inherits all that is his.

The comedy is well flavored with satire and irony. . . . "How iss it a man can die so poor when he paint pictures that iss worth so much," says the faithful Gwenny. "He wass that poor was Chris—he never had no good coat, and no warm room for sleeping in the night. If he could have had the money to go away from here to that warm foreign place he need not have die."

"Richard of Bordeaux"

IN "Richard of Bordeaux" Gordon Daviot has revived history in a very remarkable manner. He has also shown us that the past is very close to the present. Indeed, parts of his play, though set in the 14th century, are applicable to present-day conditions.

Daviot has endowed Richard with qualities which make him not only lovable and attractive, but show him as a man of wisdom, patience, and perspicacity.

The drama throughout is dignified and significant in its power of appeal. The characters live, and the action of the play combines all the stately elegance of the Middle Ages with an historical drama which in itself would sustain the interest of any reader or audience.

TARLTON RAYMENT, author-artist, whose book "The Prince of the Totem" is reviewed below.

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S "Ten Minute Alibi" is surely one of the cleverest plays of its kind ever written. Colin Derwent murders Philip Sevilla to prevent him from taking Betty Findon to Paris and hence to South America. Sevilla, being a rogue of the worst type, our sympathies are all with Colin.

Colin establishes for himself a perfectly watertight alibi, and it seems as though the play will end happily all round. However, in the third act, the only possible weak spot in the alibi is revealed, and it looks as though Colin is lost, but quite unconsciously he saves himself.

"Sometimes Even Now" is a war play by Chetham-Strode. The war has been dealt with from so many angles that it seems impossible to cast a new light upon it. However, Chetham-Strode achieves the impossible, with characters and scenes which are splendidly drawn.

The other two plays in the collection are American. Of the two, "Alien Corn," by Sidney Howard, is more likely to appeal to Australian readers.

"Of Thee I Sing," by George F. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, is clever political satire and delightful fun, but the situations and dialogue are too American to be appreciated on this side of the world. "Famous Plays of 1933." (Gollancz. 8/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"The Prince of the Totem." Tarlton Rayment. An aboriginal story written with such simplicity that a child may understand its contents. Not only does the reader find good entertainment in this story, but enlightenment, as the author has an amazing knack of blending scientific facts with light incidents.

Traditions and the ceremonials of an aboriginal tribe constitute a fair amount of this book, and are defined minutely. The tribal history which relates the story of many years back is well done, and will be found informative to the average reader.

The story centres around a Gor-ree who, at the commencement of the book, is but a picaninny. He is destined for the leadership of a tribe, but to attain this position he must go through many dangerous experiences. Gor-ree is a real aboriginal to the extent of believing in devil-devils and other quaint superstitions that are always associated with the blackfellow.

The illustrations throughout the book are remarkably well done, and prove Rayment to be not only an author, but an artist as well.

The whole story is done lightly, smoothly, and with considerable skill, and should find a good market. (Robertson and Mullens. 6/-.)

"Electra." H. Du Coudray. Electra, who is the heroine in the book, manages to escape from a fire with her nurse, when very young. She and her nurse then live in a remote village in Albania until one day her parents claim her. The author's main preoccupation is evidently with her style, which is elegant and flowing, but most uninteresting and monotonous. (Jonathan Cape. 7/6.)

Specials for the Gift Season

"Trumpeter Sound." D. L. Murray (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6).

"The Way Beyond." Jeffrey Farnol (Sampson Low. 7/6).

"Two Black Sheep." Warwick Deeping (Cassell. 7/6).

"No Second Spring." Janet Beith. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6).

"Dr. Budleigh's Heritage." Sidney Fairway. Young Budleigh's mother committed suicide after quarrelling with him. His father died in prison while serving a long sentence for embezzlement. With the knowledge of such a heritage on his mind, Budleigh decides to take up medicine. The book is a remarkably penetrating study of complex characters. (Stanley Paul. 7/6.)

"Alias—The Crimson Snake." T. Arthur Plummer. A mystery story of an organised crime in London, written with considerable power of invention and leading to an entirely unexpected climax. There is a large cast of leading characters, but the author describes each one so clearly that there is no turning back the pages to find out who So-and-So was, or what his previous history has been. (Stanley Paul. 7/6.)

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Just a QUIET Xmas

A Complete SHORT STORY

". . . And those old-time melodies, sung with a swing by everybody, were a great success."

EVEN as the Israelites fled from the land of Egypt, the Stodgers fled from home on the Eve of Christmas, leaving, they hoped, the plagues behind them.

The ambition of Tom and Marie Stodger was a quiet Christmas.

People are attracted to good-natured folk like the Stodgers, especially when they can treat their house as a home and help themselves as they like to the plenty it provides; and last year the Stodgers had lived in a state in which the headache of the last party was only lost in the excitement of the one that followed.

Relatives who wanted a holiday had taken it for granted that the Stodgers would shelter them; and Stodger had found himself sleeping more than once on the hind verandah owing to the failure of other Christmas-time guests to depart while they had a chance of getting to distant homes. On one occasion an extra guest had returned, his heart having failed him at the prospect of going home to his wife, in the early hours, and shared Stodger's rug.

To avoid accidents, the Stodgers started early, two days before Christmas. They handed over the care of their home to the inevitable invading relatives, and, with a feeling of exaltation in their escape, moved off in the car which, in a few hours, would bring them to the peaceful calm of Bantry Bay, far from the hectic excitement with which previous Christmases had been associated.

Mrs. Stodgers had to pause in town for something she had forgotten. When she returned from the shop Tom was standing beside the car, talking to Simpson.

"Do you think it fair," said Simpson, banteringly, "to steal away from all your friends at Christmas? Tom's been telling me. Its a good idea! There's nothing like a quiet Christmas. But if you've no objection, Tom and I are going to have a drink—just for old times' sake. We've always had a drink at Christmas!"

"Why certainly; I'll wait," said Marie genially. Being an amicable lady, she waited patiently, although when she saw Peters and Hendry pass in she knew it would be more than one drink. She smiled at the picture of Tom telling his friends boastfully about the quiet time they were going to have this Christmas, describing the pleasant isolation of the cottage they were taking at Bantry Bay (without mentioning its name; they had agreed not to do that) and the beauty of the surroundings.

She was suddenly receiving the greetings of Don Taylor, who paused as he passed—towards the same hotel.

"Tom's in there," she said, "and you're not to keep him any longer. Tell him to hurry up; we've a long way to go."

Tom had scarcely gone when Mrs. Chilvers almost fell into the car in the enthusiasm of her greeting.

"You dear thing! How lucky to meet you! I'm just hurrying for an appointment at Darmers, to see my Brenda fitted for her wedding gown," gushed Mrs. Chilvers.

What woman can resist the fitting of a gown, least of all a wedding gown? Tom found the note on the seat telling him to bring the car along and wait for her outside Darmers. In a most praiseworthy way, Tom, having detached himself from his friends, resisted the temptation to return to them; but outside Darmers it was Marie who found a note on the seat of the car. Thomson and Jones had seen Tom waiting.

∴ By HAROLD MERCER ∴

They met at lunch, though. Marie had nearly finished hers when Tom, in obedience to the instructions in the latest note on the seat of the car, joined her. She was not as annoyed as he expected.

"I met Mrs. Chalmers," said Marie. "I wonder if it will matter if we don't leave town until after 4 o'clock?"

"Well, we'll get to the Bay some time, I expect," said Tom noncommittally. "What's the idea?"

"Mrs. Chalmers is having a few friends to tea at the 'Chivalry' and she wanted me to go along," said Marie.

"That means half-past four; I'll call for you, then," said Tom. He must have known something he reflected, when he arranged to meet Thomson and Jones and Lowan again at half-past three, if he was still in town.

WHEN Stodger woke, it was with a feeling of surprise, and certainly of relief, that he sat up in bed and looked around him.

"Hooray, we're here!" he cried. His wife muttered. "I said 'Hooray, we're here.'"

"It's a wonder," remarked Marie, rather aridly, "with you meeting all those friends of yours."

"You met a few friends, yourself; and, anyway, I wouldn't have met them if you hadn't wanted to do a bit more shopping in town. I was dead against staying on to go to that party at the Brannigan's, anyhow."

"Well, once you were there you wanted to stay. You wouldn't have left at ten o'clock, only I wanted to be sure you were fit to drive the car."

Tom laughed. It was good to discover that Marie didn't even suspect that he had no recollection of leaving the Brannigan's party or of anything that had happened since. When next they met he would be able to tell Thomson and Jones of that feat in car-driving.

"You were not too right as it was," said Marie. "I expect you'll have to pay something for the damage to that baby car you ran into."

"Er—yes," said Tom. His mind went blank for a moment. There was in it some vague recollection of a car accident. Then he laughed. "Well, anyway, old girl, it took a lot of getting here, but here we are, for a nice quiet Christmas—just the two of us."

"There's Elvie," said Mrs. Stodger, quickly. "You surely remember Elvie coming with us."

Illustrated By WEP

"Oh, yes — Elvie." He did remember, now that he was reminded, that there had been someone else in the car. "What in heaven's name made you bring her?"

"I had to. The poor child's broken-hearted. Harold has simply been neglecting her all the week, talking about being held up by work. When he didn't turn up at the party she swore that she would have no more to do with him—and quite right; if he neglects her now, what will he do later on? The tragedy is that she's deeply in love with him. Well, she said that all she wanted was to spend Christmas quietly; and when she begged me to let her come with us, what could I do?"

To have a love-crossed young woman in the party was not so good; but Tom spoke cheerfully.

"By jove she snores! Fancy, a pretty girl snoring like that. Listen to her!" He had heard that sound once or twice in his sleep, and it had worried him. Now he laughed. "Well, it doesn't matter about Elvie. We're here, away from rioting neighbors and all the noise. No more neighbors' gramophones and radios, no more——"

He paused, shocked by sounds that came on the air as if to challenge him. Somewhere not very far off a gramophone, and a very bad one, had burst into melody. A steel guitar, on which someone was playing an entirely different air, joined it. Stodger leaped out of bed; and just as he did so there was a tinny crash in the front of the house.

It was the milkman. He had seen the car parked in front of the cottage, but as there was no milk jug out, he had called back when he had completed his round. Yes; of course they would want milk; but when Tom had brought out a jug, he stared, again, past the milkman and at the surroundings. They had staggered him at first sight.

"When I saw this place last January," he said, "there were none of those cottages."

"The place has progressed a lot this year," said the milkman, deep satisfaction in his voice.

PROGRESSED! On the strength of that January inspection, made during an excursion prompted by a desire to get away from friends who were continuing the Christmas festival, Stodger had booked the place with an agent a month ago without a further visit.

The peaceful calm that had been its appeal was certain to be spoilt by this colony of camps, which would be the natural lurking place of gramophones and banjos — probably concertinas and mouth organs, too.

Tom nearly dropped the jug of milk when he returned to break the news to Marie. Bill was there.

"Bill!" he cried. "What on earth are you doing here?"

Marie's brother-in-law turned to him sheepishly. He had been talking to Marie.

"Annie reckoned I'd better come out here and fix the place up for you; she thought you wouldn't come out till to-day. She'll be here herself with young John this afternoon. You got here ahead of me; but you left the door open; so I found a doss on the sleep-out."

So the snoring did not come from Elvie! Tom gave a suspicious look at Marie, but Bill anticipated his question:

"Annie reckoned it would be Bantry Bay you'd be coming to; you were always speaking about it; and when we rang the agent up he told us you'd taken the place. Annie said she knew you wouldn't mind having us. A quiet Christmas is just the thing she wants."

Please turn to Page 8

Star of Bethlehem

In my garden plot there grows a flower,
—Beautiful "Star of Bethlehem,"—
Which I watch and tend for many an hour.
Soon I shall cull the blossom and then
Place it upon the hallowed spot
Where your body quietly sleeps, my dear—
A Christmas thought to you who are not
Beside us now. (Oh, can you hear
My greeting borne on the wings of love?). . .
Star-light led men to the Christ-child's side—
Beloved, send light from your home above,
And whisper, "Death shall never divide."

—Kathleen Rice.

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Just a QUIET Xmas

IT was all a shock; but, after all, it wasn't so bad. Young John was his favorite nephew; and the prospect of having a few people with them for Christmas dinner, even if one was a girl with a broken heart, was not unpleasing. The sound of mixed melody started to intensify in the camp during the afternoon, but, by that time, Annie and the boy having duly arrived, they had found the pleasures of a splendid surfing beach.

It wasn't so bad after all. They would have a modified quiet Christmas.

The beach was so alluring that they lingered there; when, with the sun casting its last gleam on the water, they had their final dip. Marie, turning towards the beach gave an exclamation. Tom turned also, surprised by that and what he saw; and a dumper caught him nicely.

He emerged from the water, spluttering, to be greeted by Thomson and Jones, laughing at what had happened to him.

"Well you see, old man, we've arrived. We've brought stacks of fishing tackle," Jones said. "Tom told us all about the splendid fishing here, Mrs. Stodger."

"I don't know what Tom knows about the fishing," laughed Mrs. Stodger, but the laugh was hard, and Tom flinched from the look of her eye.

"I told Bert and Joe that if they happened to be up this way during the holiday, we could put them up," he said, meekly.

Continued from Page 7

As they walked back to the cottage, Marie had no chance of talking to him alone; Tom regarded it as almost fortunate that they should find two women, one elderly, sitting on the verandah when they returned.

"Here we are, Mrs. Stodger," cried the elder woman. "You don't know how much we appreciate the invitation you gave us last night. So sweet of you. It was almost as if you knew that there is nothing Doris and I love more than a quiet Christmas!"

Tom was relieved. He flashed a look of triumph at Marie, and she laughed suddenly. "We can't help ourselves, dear," she whispered, a moment later, when they were momentarily alone. "We simply have to be hospitable—both of us. But I do hope you haven't asked anyone else; there seemed to be plenty of beds in the place when we came; but they'll be nearly all full now."

"No—no, of course I didn't," said Tom hastily. He hoped fervently that he had not, anyhow; but actually he had no definite recollection of inviting Thomson and Jones.

Still he and they, and Bill, too, possibly could go fishing. The women would be company for Marie. They would have a moderately quiet Christmas—still.

In spite of the camp cottages which they heard breaking into greater and still greater sound, after they had sat over a very pleasant tea together, Tom hoped the camps would not keep the revelry up until too late, although it was Christmas Eve. The noise they were making was not unbearable while they, themselves, were awake. Thompson and Jones had revealed that they had bought a plentiful supply of a concomitant of fishing that is not tackle; and Doris Charters revealed an artistry on the piano that made even the rattle-trap furnished cottage instrument give some harmony. It was very pleasant, without being rowdy.

A SUDDEN chaos of sound; hooting motor horns, a rush of cars, shouts of greeting. It seemed that an avalanche of people had fallen on the house.

"You old runaways!" Hilder Brannigan cried, the first to reach the verandah. "Did you think you were going to get away from us? What could be better than this—a real Christmas Eve party in the bush! Oh, don't be afraid; we've brought a few bottles with us."

By a Girl of 16

Pedlar

I have some wares to sell to-day;
Who'll buy my wares?
Who'll buy?
I have a dream that will not come true,
I have a kiss, a tear, a sigh,
A broken shaft from Cupid's bow,
A strange and tortured cry
That comes from Love that lost its way—
Who'll buy?
Who'll buy?
—YVONNE WEBB.

There was consolation in his heart over what had been said during the progress of the party. Most of the people had their own Christmas dinners to go to; some had gone already.

When he heard the engine of another motor he thought it was another body of guests making off. It was not. His sister Kate, her husband and their three kids had arrived. Kate and Harry had been left in charge of their home. So was the car of their neighbor, Rogers, borrowed for the occasion, that had brought them.

"Mr. Rogers kindly offered the car, and we thought it would be splendid to spend the day somewhere near the sea," explained Kate. "And we couldn't think of any better place than with you. So we put the turkey you left us and the puddings and things on the car and came early, to be in time to cook them."

And then the Carters arrived, also with provisions. "We thought you wouldn't mind, dear Marie," said Mrs. Carter. "This idea of yours of a quiet Christmas appealed so much to us."

MARIE and Tom were in their car, making their way homeward; and Elvie was with them. She had made a last minute appeal to be taken back to town.

"I can't stand all this noise and festivity, when I think of the happy

IT WOULDN'T DARE.
HUSBAND (to wife complaining of indigestion): I expect the Christmas pudding has disagreed with you, my dear.
MASTERFUL WIFE: Disagreed, Mervyn, disagreed?

It was arriving even as she spoke; and soon it was circulating. Tom found himself liking it—he always did like parties until they were over—and Marie's eyes were shining with excitement and pleasure. Elvie had forgotten a mournfulness to which she had returned conscientiously all day. It was really great to have friends round you passing round the good wishes on the minute which ushered in the Christmas Day. You knew then, what a glad time Christmas really was.

And those old-time melodies, sung with a swing by everybody, were a great success.

"Hey! Hey!" It was a voice from the darkness. Warned that someone was calling him Tom went out, down towards the front fence.

"Hey, aren't you people ever going to bed, to give other people a chance to get a bit of sleep?"

It was a delegate from the camp cottages now wrapped in silence.

TOM woke up on the hard boards of the verandah, a rug under and another over him—and someone sharing the rugs. His head was aching, and his body was sore.

day I ought to be having with Harold," she had said, grievously.

She had forgotten her sorrow the night before and well into the morning; and her hosts felt more cheerful when she dropped to sleep. They looked at one another and laughed.

"That was a prime idea of yours," said Tom, "to say that Kate and Harry had arrived with news that made it urgent for us to return home. I hope they stick to the story."

"Well, you've handed over the cottage to them and given them enough money to carry on the festivity," said Marie.

"I wish we knew what to do with Elvie," said Tom, uncomfortably.

The problem was solved for them when they reached home. A wild-eyed young man who had been sitting on the verandah steps rushed towards them.

"Elvie!" he cried, "I heard you had gone away with the Stodgers. I've been waiting here, feeling that someone was bound to come home, even if I had to wait until midnight."

Tom and Marie walked into the house hugging each other, and laughing softly. They had come home for their quiet Christmas.

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CAREERS FOR GIRLS

JEWELLERY *Designing* and MANUFACTURE

By Our Special Commissioner

Women are proving their capacity to succeed in any profession, but it is only of very recent years that they have obtained a footing in the designing and manufacture of jewellery and enamelware.

MOST of the large manufacturing jewellery establishments in Australia have now on their staffs numbers of young women who are exclusively engaged in work of designing.

Practically all employees in the jewellery trade are of necessity artists and there is an ever-increasing demand for girls with taste and originality to cater for the constantly changing fashions in jewellery.

It is not generally known that a good deal of the jewellery sold in Australia is made locally, and although both men and women are employed as designers, it has been found that women have special qualifications for drawing and designing new models in jewellery to cater for the tastes of the most aesthetic wearers.

Most of the designing work is done in connection with the manufacture of badges, medals, diamond and opal rings, brooches, pendants, sleeve-links, armlets, and bangles, and the manager of a leading firm of jewellers told me during the week that many of the girls not only displayed much originality, but were very thorough and industrious in their work.

He mentioned, however, that in the present stage of the industry, much of the finer work of making has still to be done by men, but this is accounted for by the fact that girls are newcomers to the field of practical jewellery-making, and consequently have not had the long training and experience of practical men who have served a lifetime in the industry.

* * *

BEFORE a girl is competent to enter the profession she requires a thorough knowledge of the jewellery trade, and the majority of the girls who graduate into designing commence their careers in the offices of the jewellery factories or in the salesrooms of the retail shops. There they can watch jobs coming in and going out, and get used to handling jewellery and seeing what is required.

If a girl is a natural artist and has had some jewellery experience she becomes very useful in the designing rooms in the course of a few months. Others less gifted may take years to attain the same standard.

The work is very pleasant and does not entail any great mental strain, and in comparison with many other occupations is well paid.

* * *

IT goes without saying that in a profession where employees are handling gold and precious stones of enormous value daily, strict honesty is of cardinal importance, and the experience of one of the largest jewellery firms has been that Australian girls are not only inherently honest, but extremely conscientious as well.

It may be mentioned here that jewellery can be made in Australia to-day quite equal to that turned out in any country in the world, and there have been instances of distinguished overseas visitors who have preferred to have their jewellery modernised during their visit to Australia rather than have it done on the other side of the world.

HOST Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.***

JUST *Listen* to *LOWER* ..... HIS CHRISTMAS IDEAS!

The Turkeys and Fowls have His Sympathy

By L. W. LOWER, illustrated by WEP

About Boxing Day I shall probably be in hospital. Come and see me and bring me a lot of fruit for the doctors to eat.

I HAVE chased roosters for thousands of miles around the backyard, and spent hours bruising their heads off with an axe which originally belonged to one of the early cave men. My last threepence has been filched from me and flung into the Christmas pudding. The only compensation for that is that I know where it is, having marked the place on the outside with an almond.

The kids are going frantic looking for the place where the toys are hidden. I'll be glad when it's all over and that wiry whiskered old coot in the red flannel nightgown leaves the district.

There was one bright spot in the preliminary proceedings. The wife said to me, "What about drinks? I suppose you'd better see to that. How much will it cost?"

I said, "Well. There'll be Aunty and Uncle and grandfather and my brothers, that'll be about ten pounds. Then there's me . . . say, about a hundred and ten pounds."

So she said, "All right. Go and take a hundred and ten pounds out of my purse—but no more." (You lie, you dog. You know you lie.)

* * *

I'M afraid I might have exaggerated a bit. It's a habit I've got into through buying lottery tickets. I nearly left home over a lottery. It was the Queensland £25,000 one. I remarked that I didn't know whether to buy an open car or a sedan. The wife said that she'd like to buy a baby car. I said that it was a good idea because I could use the big car and she could use the baby car to go shopping in.

She said that she didn't intend to do any shopping, the butler could do all that.

Then she wanted to put £10,000 on fixed deposit, and I said it was damned madness, and she said I was nothing but a spendthrift wastrel, and I said that if she didn't shut up she wouldn't get a penny out of me.

Then she said that I always was mean and that I never took her out, and that she hadn't got a rag to her back. This left me cold, as I'd heard it all before. Anyhow, I said that I'd be a big goat to give her six thousand pounds to throw away, and she said: "Is that all you're going to give me out of twenty-five thousand, you miser."

Well, one thing led to another, and at the finish I decided not to buy the confounded lottery ticket at all, and that's how I came to be done out of a fortune and have to work for a living.

That's women for you.

* * *

BUT getting back to Christmas. I carry a fair amount of weight in this country, and what I say usually goes. Where it goes, nobody knows. (Poetry.)

I'd like to see a revival of the old custom of passing round conversation lollies after the Christmas dinner when everyone is too full for words. When I was a young unbroken colt, and before I was harnessed and shoved between the shafts of the marital dray, I carried around a pink conversation lollie with "Meet Me To-Night" on it for months and months.

It was a breath of romance to me. Of course, I had to get rid of it when I was getting married, in order to save any unpleasantness. (I didn't get married to save any unpleasantness; don't misunderstand me). I remember the tears rolled down my cheeks as I sat there eating it.

At the same time I burnt all my photographs and letters and garters and locks of hair and other souvenirs, and passers by, seeing the huge clouds of smoke coming from the chimney, said, "Ah! Lower's getting married! I wonder who is the lucky, fortunate girl?"

Still, seeing that Christmas is the time for goodwill and all that, I'm going to forget all the dirty cracks people have made at me during the past twelve months. On Christmas morning I'm going to start on my wife and say, "Well, old dear, despite your floppy ears and grey hair, and apart from the fact that you make life a living hell for me—with all your bad points, I love you still."

And she'll say, "Oh, Boy! A merry Christmas at you!"

And you too.

Don't gorge yourself.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602869

An Editorial

DECEMBER 23, 1933

CHRISTMAS MEANINGS

CHRISTMAS has a number of meanings. It is a prime religious festival. It is a holiday carnival. It is a season of goodwill.

I wonder how many people will bother reading any further when I say we will talk about the last-named? The trouble is that Goodwill is one of those jolly good words that has been so abused that it almost stinks of cant.

Some of the best and noblest and gentlest words in the language are in the same predicament. They have become the trade jargon of humbugs, hypocrites, sham patriots, and parasitical "social workers." Love. Honor. Motherland. Duty. Truth. Humanity. Goodwill.

There's a law to prevent a commercialised use of the word "Anzac." It is a pity that there could not be a test of the sincerity of people who use all words of noble meaning.

Goodwill has a wonderful meaning. It epitomises the Golden Rule and every other rule of life that elevates man above the jungle beasts.

Could any man of goodwill be a bully —private or public? Could he make poison gas?... or talk slander?... or gain wealth at the cost of another's suffering or deprivation?

The opposites of Goodwill are quarrelsomeness, hate, spite; they extend from private bickering to public strife and, finally, to war and horror.

While there are so many jungle characteristics left in the world, the man or nation who practises Goodwill is, of course, in danger of being misunderstood. Goodwill will be mistaken for weakness, or cowardice.

The only answer to that is that Goodwill will prevail.

Without his faith in the good, and the better, man would never have left the jungle at all.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE ONE WORD NOW

One word could set the old world right,
Could lift the nation overnight,
Bring mortal joy, if all would say it,
And nothing human could delay it.
One magic word—you wonder how?
Well, all we need to say is "Now!"

With all our planning, all our scheming,
We must do more than do our dreaming.
What matters if we do know how
Unless we know and do it now?
With all our dreaming, all our knowing,
"Now!" is the word to set things going!

POINTS OF VIEW

"Be More Careful" Christmas

LET all Australia heed the warning of the traffic authorities.

With the Christmas spirit comes a feeling of abandon. Worry is thrown to the winds, and everybody tries to get to their favorite beach or picnicking grounds in record time.

It is during week-ends and holidays that 50 per cent. of our motor accidents take place.

So let this Christmas be a "Be more careful" Christmas, as Mr. Watson suggests.

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Speech and Dignity

THIS is becoming an old subject, but it is one which should never be forgotten

"Correct speech and clear enunciation, insisted on in the class-room, are often roughly cast aside as being quite unsuitable for the playground and streets, and possibly homes," said Mr. J. Gibson, headmaster of the Grafton High School, at the prize-giving last week.

"Slang expressions, and the rapid vocabulary of the ultra-modern, are only the vogue of the passing hour, and rarely retain a permanent place in their language."

What Mr. Gibson means is that most of us know how to speak well, and when we want to be dignified we do speak well. The trouble is we don't want to be dignified often enough.

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No Kisses for Baker

THE Australian baker's lot is anything but a happy one just now, with the housewives adopting irritation tactics in protest against the rise in the price of bread.

The Melbourne Housewives' Association is employing a baker to instruct housewives in the art of baking their own bread, and their response has been so enthusiastic that a hurry call had to be sent out last week when the association's supplies of yeast were exhausted.

Adding insult to injury, one firm of bakers was fined last week for having failed to have scales on one of its delivery carts! Few housewives know of the existence of a section of the Bakers Act requiring carters delivering bread to carry stales so that customers can ask to have their bread weighed in their presence

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No End To Invention

NECESSITY, they say, is the Mother of Invention, but necessity is by no means always the mother.

There are some useful articles of everyday life which seem beyond the improvements of the inventor, and yet, lo and behold, along comes someone with a new and better way of doing something that everybody has looked upon as perfect for years

The latest surprising example of this is the news that Captain H. E. Adkins, Director of Music at the Royal College of Music, London, who has arrived here to train a military band for the A.B.C., is the inventor of an improved conductor's baton.

If you have ever seen a conductor's baton you will wonder what on earth there is to improve.

But there you are! Captain Adkins has made a baton balanced at one end by an ebonite ball. It is claimed to make conductors more graceful.

Education by Correspondence

THE girl of 16 from the Roper River whose letter was published in our issue of December 16 was a striking example of the efficiency of the correspondence school system of Queensland by which she was educated.

The correspondence school was inaugurated some years ago by the Department of Public Instruction, the director of which recently made mention of its striking success.

"It would seem that in the lonely outposts," he said, "where there are no distractions in the form of movies, that the child turns to study as a friend, and regards the correspondence course as the means of keeping in touch with the world. The results this year from correspondence courses have been almost 100 per cent."

Six thousand prizes were sent away to members of the school.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, where at Christmas-time all creeds meet at a common worshipping place.

Nurses and Slacks

TASMANIA has flashed into the limelight again with an attack on two nurses wearing slacks. Members of the New Norfolk Cottage Hospital staff, they have been severely censured for wearing slacks in the township.

Hospital matrons all over Australia are now looking up their mental book of rules to see how they will be expected to act towards their own nurses.

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Rare Book for Us

THE first copy of Colonel Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" to reach Australia is to arrive in Melbourne in a few weeks. A copy of "The Seven Pillars" has fetched as much as £650, but its present market value is somewhere between £300 and £400.

Lawrence's famous book, "Revolt in the Desert," was published to defray the expenses of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," of which only 30 copies were printed for private circulation.

But "Revolt in the Desert" was sufficiently startling to bring Lawrence into such a fierce glare of publicity that he retired from the public eye in disgust, and now hides his identity under the humble alias of "Aircraftsman Shaw."

At the Scene of the First Christmas Day

By P. GOLDENSTEDT

On a Christmas Day many years ago I stood by the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem and talked religion and the Balfour Declaration with an old sheikh of the Beni Sakhr from Trans-Jordania.

AND as I spoke I could hear a low moan from the direction of the Wailing Wall, where Jews from all quarters of the globe congregate to bewail the glory that was Solomon.

And I thought here surely is a land of mighty contrasts.

It has been the scene of bloody conflict since Joshua crossed over Jordan.

Philosophies and creeds have made it their battleground since Abraham wandered out of the land of Tor.

It has given the world the Talmud, and the Gospel and the teachers of the Koran have adopted it as one of their holy places.

On the spot where I stood Abraham offered Issac to sacrifice.

From that same spot many thousands of years later, on a day in 1914, another voice proclaimed a Holy War.

"Listen to the will of God!" it said "The wish of your prophet, the command of the Caliph, that you give no rest to the enemy.

"If you have no arms, tear his throat with your teeth!"

This proclamation was read before a vast concourse of people in the Holy City.

The reading was twice interrupted by a storm, and the crescent flag of Islam was struck to the ground by a terrific gust of wind.

Of such evil omen did the Kadi of Medina, who read the proclamation, deem it, that, after its conclusion, he fell into a fit and died three days later.

Outside, and somewhat below the Harem Es Sherif, as the site of the mosque is known to all Moslems, the remnant of a lost race mourns for the departed magnificence of Zion, for no Hebrew may enter the temple area that now bears the beautiful monument dedicated to the name of the mighty Omar.

The weary chant has survived the centuries:

"For the place that lies desolate;
"For the walls that are overthrown;
"For our great men who lie dead."

The lamentations of an outcast people. Dejected, tired, and despairing, they lay huddled against the wall, praying from greasy books, pouring forth their prayer to the Redeemer of Zion to gather again the children of Jerusalem.

Across the way—barely half a mile—stands in pious majesty the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—a vast structure covering the site of Golgotha and the tomb of the Saviour in one span

Within its holy shadows have collected Christian pilgrims from the days of Herod.

From its adoring precincts have issued the men of the Crusades, buckling on their armor as they passed along.

As you enter, the eerie silence strikes religion into your very soul.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN a dark underground passage, as you crouch behind the guide, a voice comes out of the centuries:

"Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

And you reconstruct the final scene of that world-moving tragedy.

"And behold there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor. And he was a good man, and a just . . . he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews, who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

"This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

"And he took it down and wrapped it in linen and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

I pictured Mary stooping down and looking into the sepulchre when she saw the "two angels in white sitting, where the body of Jesus had lain," before the sun was up, just as the day "began to dawn," and I understood how, in the uncertain light, the countenance of the angel would be luminous "like lightning, and his raiment white as snow."

With almost blasphemous suddenness my thoughts flew back to 1898 when the Kaiser Whilhelm battered down the arch of the Jaffa Gate that he might make a more fitting entry into the Holy City as the champion of Islam.

The Christian monarch known to Moslems thereafter as Haji Mohammed Wilhelm, was one day to swathe the world in blood.

I stepped out into the evening air

From the crumbled walls of the ancient temple persisted the wailing of the Jews.

High up from a neighboring minaret came the shrill call of the muezzin to prayer:

"Allahu akbar; la ilah ill' Allah, wa Mohammed rasul Ullah!" "God is great! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!"

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FROM the valleys and the fields leading down to Bethlehem came the strains of the simple hymn, "Come, All Ye Faithful" in voices such as might have come from the adorable Maji two thousand years ago.

JANE'S JOURNAL —— The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602870

The LAST NOEL

Fascinating Short Story

AT Traychester carol-singing begins long before the grocers' shops make their displays of candied peel and Christmas fruits. From the beginning of November small boys, most of them without singing voices and none with any memory for the words they are supposed to sing, go round from door to door at nights, at some to receive coppers as the price of their departure, and from others to be driven away with threats and contumely.

Experience seems to teach nothing to these small professional vocalists. The houses from which they are compelled to fly in terror—to the accompaniment of hard words and the barking of dogs—they continue to visit with the same regularity which the more hospitable homes have learned to expect. Perhaps they hope in time to break down the stoutest resistances and soften the hardest hearts, or perhaps they enjoy the wrath they provoke, and act in the spirit of stark, cold-blooded villainy.

Bardsley, that weather-beaten misogynistic newcomer to Traychester, was the hardest nut which the young carol-singers had to crack. Although he was quite old—from the point of view of ten years—he was quick, and he could run. If you started "While Shepherds Watched" he was out upon you before "Glory shone around." And always he carried a terrible stick which was supposed to be the tail of a rhinoceros, and uttered horrid threats about skinning you alive and having your blood in a bottle. The miracle was that he never caught anybody, but if he did—well, no doubt some terrible deed would be done in one of the dark old rooms of that dark old house in Drake Passage. They never left that old house out of their rounds—it was a point of honor to come and worry Bardsley at least once a night—but there was not a boy who did not feel intensely relieved when the adventure was completed.

Bardsley had not been long in Traychester, and nobody knew him or knew anything about him. The young carol-singers did not even know his name, and his name was about all that most of his neighbors knew. Men seldom pay formal calls on each other and women don't call on bachelors; and since Bardsley seemed to have no friends already living in the town, he was left isolated by those who had not the least intention of being unkind.

IT seemed to suit Bardsley thus to be left alone. He did not try to find friends. His London club would have been a sufficient introduction to the local County club, where ancient colonels squabbled over rubbers of bridge at a shilling a hundred; but he took no step in that direction. And Rumor was not slow

"At the sound of her voice there came back to his heart the old clamor and the old hunger for her"

to take advantage of his situation.

The small boys said that he was a miser, that he had "done a murder," that there was a skeleton under his bedroom floor, and that he had sailed the high seas under a picturesque flag displaying a skull and cross-bones. Sentimental old ladies declared that he had been crossed in love. Men, who, in spite of all allegations to the contrary, are less charitable than the gentler sex, blandly hinted that he was living down a past which might not bear inspection.

And, as usual, everybody was wrong. Bardsley was normally a genial soul, but he had spent ten of his thirty-eight years in the wild places of the earth, and loneliness had become second nature to him. It needed only somebody to break the habit. He was busy now writing some of his experiences of those ten years, and compiling what was to be his second book of travel.

The sentimental old ladies were nearest to the truth. There was a girl ten years since who had sent Frank Bardsley storming across the world, swearing that he hated all women and vowing never to speak to one again. But he was hurt and angry, and only twenty-eight. That wound had healed long since, and his habit of solitude owed nothing to the scar.

CHRISTMAS EVE came round, and seven o'clock found him at work as usual in the little dark front sitting-room of the queer little Jacobean house in Drake Passage. He found that he worked easiest between tea and dinner, which was probably why he resented so strongly those interruptions from outside his window caused by children carolling out of tune.

Although he had just pursued from his gate with blood-curdling threats the third party to arrive since half-past five, he was not in the least hard or unkind. He could be sentimental about Christmas, but he did not want messages of Peace and Goodwill from little boys with adenoids while he was trying to project his mind into the West African jungle.

Experience had taught him that he might expect at least two more visitations. There was one party whose

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

A woman's figure was framed by the doorway, and a woman's face peered into his.

star turn was a little girl with a hare lip, and another whose principal vocalist had an obstinate cold which caused him to pause and sniff after every few bars. Neither of these pests had yet arrived, but unless they had been slain in the meanwhile by some public-spirited householder their ultimate arrival was as certain as the morrow's dawn.

He was not kept long in suspense. The gate creaked, footfalls scraped and shuffled in the garden, and there followed that kind of awed whispering which one hears at a wedding when the rumor goes around the church that the bridegroom has changed his mind. Bardsley was by this time expert enough to recognise his unwelcome visitors by their preliminary whisperings. "This," he reflected, "will be Sniffy & Co."

Bardsley was right. A moment later three voices broke out, more or less in unison:

"The-her fi-hirst No-well (sniff!)

Which the angel did say——"

He waited to hear no more, grasped his stick, and bounced to the front door like an infuriated tennis-ball. "I'll cut lumps off you!" he announced as he flung it open.

The stick was an instrument of menace, rather than a weapon. Bardsley was always careful not to catch his tormentors. They did not know this, however, and stampeded before him with squawks of terror. Sniffy and his larger partner in crime went through the gate like rats before a ferret, but the third boy, the smallest, was not so lucky. In his wild haste he tripped on a stone and fell, and in falling he struck his head against the gate. To Bardsley's horror he lay still.

The child—he was no more than eight—was conscious when Bardsley picked him up. He was, in fact, much more terrified of his captor than hurt.

"All right, old chap," Bardsley said soothingly. "I'm not going to hurt you. Feeling bad?"

"Ooo," murmured the boy uncertainly.

"Let's have a look at you. H'm! That was the last Noel for you this evening, my son. You're going to grow quite a nasty bump. Come on in and we'll bathe it for you with some nice warm water."

The child was still distrustful, but Bardsley, laughing reassurance, gathered him up and carried him into the house and through to the bathroom at the back of the hall. Quick and soothing work was done there with hot water, soap and a sponge. Bardsley then surveyed his captive.

He was a nice little boy, with a pair of blue eyes which reminded Bardsley of something locked away in some neglected closet of his mind. He was neatly enough dressed, except that his stockings were torn, and he did not speak in the broad accents of the poorer children of the town. "Probably his people are hard-up sahibs," he reflected. Aloud he said:

"You'd better come into my den and rest for a bit. Then I'll take you home. I've got some nice sweet biscuits, and I'm almost sure there's some ginger wine."

The boy smiled. He was reflecting that the ogre was not so bad after all, and that it might have been good policy to allow himself to be captured weeks ago. He was beginning to pat himself on the back for allowing himself to fall into the hands of the enemy. In a vague way he felt that he had done something clever.

BARDSLEY carried the boy into the room in which he had lately been writing, and sat him by the fire. It happened that he had not been mistaken about the ginger wine, and there were enough sweet biscuits to burst an eight-year-old.

"Now," said Bardsley, having supplied the guest with food and drink, "what's your name?"

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Tommy Elkington-Grant."

Bardsley uttered a little gasp, half rose, and then sat down heavily once more. No wonder he had seemed to know the child's eyes.

"Is your father called Thomas, too?" he asked.

"I haven't got a father. He's dead."

Bardsley inclined his head.

"Was his name Thomas?" he persisted.

"I expeck so. I was called after him."

Bardsley inclined his head again. So his old rival, Tom Elkington-Grant, was gone. He had it in his heart to be sorry at the news while still the coincidence almost stunned him. He had never hated old Tom. All was fair in love and war; he had always been sportsman enough to admit that.

So Tom was gone and—no need to ask who was the mother of this boy! And here was he consorting with street children, singing carols in the hope of earning coppers. Well, Tom had always been a spendthrift. One might have expected some such tragedy as this, and—poor Nell!

He had forgiven Nell years since, even more freely than he had forgiven Tom. It was Nell's supercilious sister Janet of whom he had found it hardest to think kindly. He was convinced that she had always been his enemy, that she had sided with Tom against him, and turned the scales, which Nell had held so lightly, in favor of Tom.

"Don't talk to me for a little while," said Bardsley to the boy; "I want to think."

It was Christmas Eve, and Nell was somewhere close at hand, and very poor. One did kindly things on Christmas Eve. People opened their hearts and purses, gave presents, gave each other pleasant surprises. Certainly he must go to see her and see what could be done for her immediate comfort. She was a widow now, but—well, he wouldn't think of that!

Nell! Even to whisper the name to himself made his pulses change their beat. The old magic wasn't quite dead; echoes of something ten years old, keener than mere memory, came thronging back. Yes, he must certainly see Nell and be kind to her, without, of course, any sentimental nonsense. He would show her what a fine friend he could be, and just resisted the temptation to think, "And then perhaps she'll be sorry for having chosen Tom instead of me."

"Why were you singing carols?" he inquired suddenly of the munching boy.

"To get pennies," Tommy replied.

Bardsley sighed. It was as he had feared.

"Do you know," he continued gravely, "I used to know your mother?"

"Did you?" replied the child, politely, but quite without interest.

"Where does she live?"

"Greenways," said the boy.

Bardsley nodded. Greenways was a suburb at the far end of the town. Nell's living at Greenways accounted for his not having met her by chance in the town. Greenways was at the other end of a long tram journey, and was complete in itself with shops and railway station.

"Do you feel better?" he asked presently.

The boy nodded.

"Well, then," he continued, "I am going to take you home to Mummy in a taxi-cab, but on the way we are going to do some nice Christmas shopping. You'll like that, won't you, old chap?"

Tommy grinned. Evidently he knew what Christmas shopping meant.

"Does your Mummy live all alone?" he asked as he rose.

"No. Auntie lives with us."

Bardsley's eyebrows went up. So he would meet the detested Janet, and she would have to thank him for her share of the Christmas dinner he was about to buy. He was not ill-natured, but there was something in the thought of dropping coals of fire on Janet's cold and supercilious head from which his generosity recoiled only a very little. The best of us is sometimes not above rubbing it in.

So Bardsley presently put on his great-coat, marched out with the boy, and proceeded to behave very much as Scrooge behaved after his nightmare. He bought an enormous turkey, plum-puddings and mince-pies, and he overloaded the taxi-cab with dessert and every conceivable kind of grocery. He bought Tommy a model engine which ran on rails under its own steam, and burst its boiler if it were not properly handled; besides which he gave the boy a pound-note to spend, and at last had to haul him out of a sweet-shop by the ear.

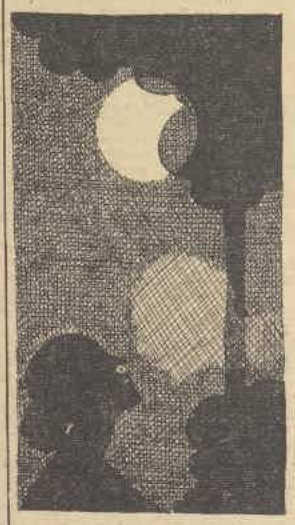
"Now where do you and Mummy live?" he demanded.

"Fifty-four, Stanbury Crescent," said Tommy; and Bardsley passed the address on to the taxi-driver.

Please turn to Page 34

By CLAUDE SMEDLEY

ILLUSION



The moon is riding up the sky;
Illusion, all illusion!
A word of love, a glance, a sigh;
Illusion, too, illusion?
Alas, that we
Should live to see
The false that does surround us,
That we should grow
So soon to know
Deception all around us.
Is no one true?
And shall man woo
Slave ever to hot passion,
The while he knows
The sweetest rose
Is pruned to suit each fashion?
Should such things be,
How lost were we,
In what a sad confusion!
Your lips on mine,
Oh, draught divine!
Love, here is no illusion!

—Marjorie Quinn.

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The HOLLY-TREE GIRL

A Complete Short Story

By MAXWELL DOUGLAS

SUIT-CASE in hand, David Donnithorne strode along the winding, frost-bound lane. The December sunshine, the crisp tang in the air, the quiet beauty of the countryside even under its winter garment — all these things made him glad to be in England again.

When you have been sheep-farming for six years, even in so jolly a place as Australia, everything English is a perfect delight, and there is nothing so English in the world as a winding lane that leads to an old Essex village.

Here were the thatched cottages. Here was the pond covered with a thin layer of ice. So this was Willowby Green. Presently he would come to his uncle's house. Vaguely David felt like the prodigal son and wondered whether——

It was at this moment that something descended on his head. It was not a heavy weight, but it was unpleasantly clinging, and something sharp and spiky scratched his cheek. He looked up sharply.

"Hullo, Santa!" a cheerful voice called out.

David drew a deep breath. Perched in the fork of an old holly-tree which rose green and splendid from the bare garden hedge, was the slim figure of a girl. If she had been a pixie of the woods, he could not have been more surprised.

Her cheeks glowed rosily in the crisp winter air, and her warm, brown hair curled out from under her tam-o-shanter.

"Excuse me," said David, bewildered but polite, "you are—real, I suppose?"

"Rather," returned the girl. "These holly prickles wouldn't hurt my fingers so much, if I weren't real." Her big, brown eyes wore an expression that was half elfin and half wistful. "I suppose I ought to have met you at the station," she added, "but I had to gather this holly for the decorations, and——"

"Was it necessary to decorate me?" asked David, holding up the holly branch which had scratched his face.

"Oh, come, Santa, don't be bad-tempered. Buck up and give me a hand with this holly. Then we'll get along in the Tank. That's the Tank, there."

She indicated an ancient and ramshackle two-seater car by the roadside.

"If I'm Santa," said David, frankly puzzled, "who are you?"

"Oh, I'm Tommy," replied the girl; "but hurry up. You can get through the hedge and catch the holly as I cut it down. Shove your suit-case in the dickey of the car."

"All right," said David philosophically.

Pressing his way through the thin hedge he stood at the base of the holly-tree from which Tommy systematically snipped the short branches with a small pair of garden shears. He had stowed away a large armful in the dickey of the Tank and had just returned to the bottom of the tree for more, when——

"Hey, you!" roared an irate voice. "What are you doing with my holly?"

GLANCING up in alarm, David saw a short, stout, red-faced man stumping across the garden towards them.

"Good gracious!" gasped Tommy in alarm. "It's old Crusty! We shall have to fly for our lives."

"But——" demurred David.

Tommy's only reply was to climb down quickly from her perch in the tree.

"I'll drive," she whispered excitedly. "You grab the starting-handle and hop in as she moves off. If you don't hurry, old Crusty will catch us. He's a terror, I can tell you."

She leapt to the wheel and David ran towards the starting-handle. After a couple of violent turns, the engine broke into a noisy roar.

"Look out!" shouted Tommy. "She's off!"

Just as old Crusty, red-faced and vociferous, came to the gap in the hedge, the car started jerkily forward and, taking a flying leap on to the running-board, David plumped into the seat by Tommy's side.

"Well jumped!" cried Tommy joyously. "That's the way they do it on the pictures. I like you. I love a man who does what he's told and doesn't argue."

"Look here, young lady," returned David sternly, "my considered opinion is that you ought to be smacked. Do you know you've made me compound a felony? How was I to know that that was not your own garden? You've put me in such an awkward position that——"

"You'd have been in a worse position," retorted Tommy, "if old Crusty had caught us."

"I'm afraid my sympathies are all with Mr. Crusty. You had no business to steal his holly, poor fellow."

"But you helped me to steal his holly!"

"Perhaps I did, but you were entirely to blame. How was I to know——"

"I take back all I said," pouted Tommy, "about liking you. I don't like you a bit. You're an arguer, and I loathe arguers. I hadn't time to explain about the holly. Old Crusty's the only man in the village with a real holly tree, and I wanted some to decorate the Parish Hall for the party Daddy's giving to all the village children, and when I asked Crusty, he said: 'Blow the village children!' and I said——"

"And you said: 'Blow Mr. Crusty!' I suppose?"

"Well, words to that effect. I'm a little impulsive sometimes, though it's not my fault, really. At any rate, I said if he didn't give me the holly, I'd take it, and he dared me to take it and—Santa, what would you do if someone dared you to do a thing?"

"That depends," said David cautiously.

"Um!" said Tommy. She glanced critically at him. "You're not bad-looking on the whole. 'Honest and homely,' I should describe your features. And you're big. Men ought to be big——"

"Quite," said David grimly; "the bigger they are the more capable they are of dealing with irresponsible young tomboys——"

The car gave a staggering lurch.

"There, now!" said Tommy reprovingly. "You've nearly made me run over a hen with your arguing. And I'm not"—her tones grew passionate—"an irresponsible tomboy. I'm nineteen. Just because I don't behave like a grandmother——"

"Look here, Tommy!" interrupted David seriously. "Things are becoming too complicated for me. Would you mind telling me exactly who I am?"

"Why," said Tommy innocently, "you're Santa, aren't you?"

"Santa who?"

"Santa Claus. You're the young doctor from Daddy's old hospital who's come down to be Father Christmas at the children's party."

"Oh, am I?"

"Well, aren't you? I never heard a man who talked so unnecessarily in my life. You may be strong, but you're certainly not silent. Here's the Parish Hall. We'll go round the back way and——"

"But, my dear Tommy, I——"

"Oh, for goodness sake come along. You forget that old Crusty is probably after us. He's a retired admiral, you know. He'll trail us like a fleet of destroyers."

Mutely protesting, David followed her along the narrow path that skirted a long, low building, coming round at last to the door of the ante-room that lay behind. Save for a couple of hard-wood chairs on which lay a scarlet cloak and a long white beard, the ante-room was empty. From the body of the hall came a low murmur of children's voices.

"There," said Tommy; "they'll be ready for you to go on soon. They're having a village concert now. I shan't have time to get the holly up, after all."

Again David raised a protesting voice.

"My dear young lady——"

Tommy waved his protests aside.

"That's the door," she explained, "that leads to the body of the hall. That place—where the screen is—is where you go on. It leads by way of a sort of false chimney arrangement on to the stage. The Christmas tree's there, and I expect Daddy's there, too. You see, we've taken a terrific amount of trouble to have everything ready for you, haven't we?"

"Yes. All the same——"

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel outside, and Tommy's expression changed to one of alarm.

"That'll be old Crusty, hot on our trail," she exclaimed. "Get your things on. He'll never recognise you in that lovely beard. Do be quick! Ready?"

David flung the voluminous cloak over his shoulders, slipped the fur-trimmed cap upon his head, and attached the venerable and flowing beard by its wire supports to his ears.

"Excellent," laughed Tommy. "I've changed my mind again. On second thoughts, I do like you."

She peeped out through the little side window next to the outer door.

"Why," she cried, "it isn't old Crusty at all. It's Mrs. Winship and Clarence."

"Clarence?" demanded David, again at a loss. "Who's Clarence?"

"Oh, he's my fiance," replied Tommy astonishingly, and ran through the side door into the hall.

Almost simultaneously, the outer door opened to admit an imposing lady, thickly enveloped in furs, and a stoutish, thick-set young man with a vacant expression.

"Ah," said the lady effusively, examining David with a tortoiseshell-rimmed lorgnette, "so here is Father Christmas."

"Awful bore, what!" said the young man, in tones which accorded well with the vacuity of his features.

"You are the young man the doctor was expecting from London?" inquired Mrs. Winship.

"Miss-er-Tommy brought me along," said David.

"Ah, Thomasina!" Mrs. Winship sighed. "A dear girl, but undisciplined. Sometimes I think I have made a mistake in consenting to an—an understanding between her and Clarence. I fear that she lacks poise; that she——"

"Oh, come on, mother," growled Clarence irritably.

Whereupon, followed by Tommy's fiance, Mrs. Winship sailed gracefully into the hall.

"If ever I wanted to punch a fellow's head," breathed David, into his beard, "I——"

"Well," inquired an elfin voice, "do you approve?"

Tommy had slipped into the room again and was regarding him with mischievous eyes.

"No," retorted David, "I disapprove of you, of this Bolshevik garment, of these whiskers——"

"Oh," laughed Tommy, "I didn't mean you. You're lovely. I meant Clarence."

"Clarence?" snapped David. "I disapprove of Clarence from his socks to his eyebrows. He has a face like a stuffed codfish and a mind to match."

"How dare you insult the man I'm going to marry?" flashed Tommy.

"I'm not! I'm insulting stuffed codfish, as a class, by comparing them to Clarence. This engagement is ridiculous. It is going to be stopped."

"Who's going to stop it?"

"I'm going to stop it!" said David hotly.

TOMMY'S eyes danced with mischief. "Don't get excited, Santa. It disarranges your beard. You'll have to go on soon. The conjuror was coming to his last rabbit when I came away."

"Listen to me, Tommy," said David, with paternal seriousness, "are you engaged to that empty-looking idiot, or are you not?"

"Well," hesitated Tommy, "perhaps not exactly. There's been an understanding, if you know what that means, for some time. It would be a very good match."

"It would be an outrage," flared out David, with surprising warmth. "Why, rather than see you marry a Clarence, of whom, as a tribe, I disapprove on principle, I'd—I'd——"

"Yes?"

"Well, it's ridiculous. You're too young to know your own mind."

"I'm not," flung back Tommy angrily. "I'm nineteen. Why should you treat me as if I were six? What does it matter to you whom I marry?"

"Speaking as a friend who is older and wiser——"

"Fiddlesticks!" blazed Tommy. Almost immediately, though, the anger went out of her eyes. There was something infinitely appealing in her voice. "I—I don't see why I shouldn't marry Clarence, if he wants me to. You pretend I'm too young, but I'm much more practical in these things than you are. Clarence is awfully well off. Daddy's only a country doctor, and he's never done very well, because he never presses poor people for their bills, and there are three of us—two boys at a public school. If I married a rich man, Santa——"

"Tommy," interrupted David, in tones so violent that they almost shocked him, "are you in love with this—this——"

"I'm in love with Daddy," she returned hastily, "and if it will help him——"

"Good," said David, again in a voice that seemed strange to himself. "You're not in love with Clarence, so that's all right. Just you tell him from me that it's all off."

"Who shall I tell him says so?"

"My name's David. David——"

"David? Why, you're towering over me like a Goliath. Don't do it. In any case, I shall please myself. I——" she broke off quickly. "Look out! They're wanting you, now. Here's Daddy. Don't upset him. He's always rather flustered by these affairs."

A pleasant-faced, middle-aged man with a rather nervous manner, came out from behind the screen.

"Ah, Banham," he murmured, "there you are. Your audience is quite ready, quite ready. Will you step this way, please?"

David took a step towards the screen. For a moment he turned his head.

"Good luck, Santa!" said Tommy loyally.

David strode firmly behind the screen. He blundered forward through a cavernous passage and then came out, blinking, upon a lighted stage beside a glittering Christmas tree. A roar of applause greeted him, and he could see row upon row of smiling, childish faces, glowing in happy anticipation.

Please turn to Page 38

HE: I told Peggy that if she refused me, I'd blow my brains out.
SHE: . . . And she refused you?

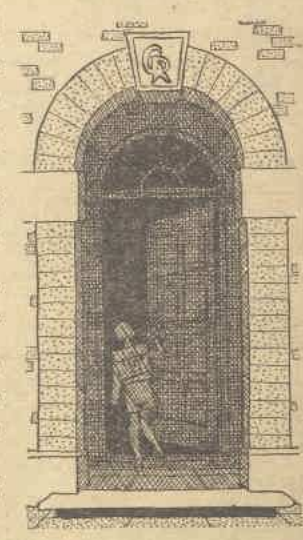
The Schoolhouse Door

My boy, I wish that I could show
You just what schooling means to you:
Not something that you have to do,
Not somewhere that you have to go—
My boy, it's quite the other way,
Not something that you must, but may.

My boy, the door is open wide;
And what is there beyond the door?
All that you hope to be, and more,
Awaits you on the other side.
My boy, the choice is yours to make,
And whether you will leave or take.

My boy, you do not choose for me,
But for yourself, if loss or gain,
I pray you never know the pain
Of wasted opportunity.
School is your privilege to-day—
Not something that you must, but may.

—D.M.



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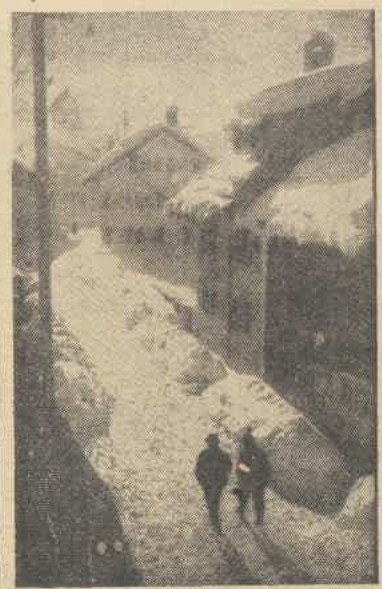
Christmas Snow : School for Lion Tamers

BACK FROM a Christmastide fancy-dress party, this pretty girl is about to add some finishing touches to the family Christmas-tree in readiness for the greatest day of the year. She has chosen the right sort of clothes for an Australian Christmas.



IT WAS AMID SNOW SCENES such as these that Christmas first came to be celebrated as a festival. These beautiful midwinter studies were taken at Meissen, left, and Oberstdore, right, in Germany, the home of Santa Claus. Christmas trees, Father Christmas, and the custom of giving toys to children all originated in this land of heavy snows and dark winters.

OF COURSE we do have snow in Australia. Quite a lot of it in some parts, as this Kosciusko scene proves, but for Christmas purposes most of our snow has to be synthetic.

THE MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY. No offence meant to Gwen Munro's hat, which, of course, is the very latest Hollywood could provide the Australian girl winner of the Paramount "Search for Beauty" Quest. She and Brian Norman are having tea with Charlotte Henry, "Alice," for the new "Alice in Wonderland" film.

JULES CHARBNEAU, of Los Angeles, whose hobby is collecting miniatures. For the past 33 years he has collected more than 300 miniatures from different parts of the world. The photo shows him with the world's smallest camera, from Germany, and a tiny vacuum cleaner, from Paris. Both work.

HERE IS WHAT IS BELIEVED to be the only school in the world for lion-tamers. And, as you see, lion-tamers of both sexes. The pupils have just graduated and are waving their diplomas in triumph in their lions' faces. Some of the lions look as though they are saying "Oh, yeah!"

THE SUNBATHING scene at the left is something like an Australian Christmas. But look at those men with bare chests! Surely all the beach inspectors, municipal aldermen, police, and wowsers must be asleep or away on holiday! The unhappy truth, however, is that the scene is not local. This is the way they do things in London at Chiswick Baths.

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The NIGHT *Before* CHRISTMAS EVE

By
Alison M. Simpson

IT was the night before the night before Christmas, and it was very, very late—almost 12 o'clock. Only grown-ups were left in the streets, and the children, who had been wandering in and out and round about the shops all day had been tucked in their little beds for many hours.

The curtain was lowered in the largest window of the largest shop, and none of the passers-by even dreamed of the beauties waiting behind that curtain—waiting till morning to burst forth in all their splendor—a splendor only possible on Christmas Eve.

Everything any little boy or girl could possibly wish for was there, from the good old Jack-in-the-Box to the very latest in Meccano sets—from the softest of soft woolly balls to the largest of large sleeping dolls.

Nothing was missing, and snow was everywhere. Funny, how even in Australia shopkeepers always associate Christmas with snow. But, after all, grown-ups cannot be expected to understand that Christmas in warmth and sunshine is still Christmas.

The snow made the window look beautiful. Of course, it wasn't real snow—just cotton wool, but it looked white and fluffy on the route of the mountain railway in one corner. A route that ran up and down, and round and round, through tunnels and over bridges to the station at the top of the mount, where the shining train waited to be ready for the first trip in the morning.

There was a doll's house complete with furniture, too, but, best of all was the green Christmas-tree. Its strong boughs bent beneath the weight of countless gifts, each branch lit with a tiny candle, and right at the tip stood a beautiful little fairy. A fairy whose filmy frock glistened and gleamed so that it might have been sprinkled with star dust. Who knows, perhaps it was.

All was still, till the great town clock boomed out the hour of twelve. Then there was silence no longer.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo" went the brightly colored rooster in the corner, but soon his voice was drowned, for all the mechanical toys set up a din. The engines whistled, the motor cars blew their horns, the animals made all sorts of noises. There was a terrible hulla-balloo.

Soon every toy in the window was jigging round and round—that is, everyone but the fairy.

"I can't see why the children should have all the picking and choosing at Christmas time!" said the football. "What about us? Why can't we say whom we want to be given to, instead of being bundled off to some horrid child without so much as a by-your-leave?"

Now, everybody knew that the football usually had the hardest time of all, so they were very sympathetic.

"Well, Footy, whom would you like to be given to?" asked the mechanical clown.

"Aw," answered Footy, "I'm not exactly particular where I go. But I must not be left out in the rain."

"No-o-o." There was a loud chorus of "noes." It was surprising the number of toys who refused to be left out in the rain. Above them could be heard the wails of the hobby horse, the scooter and the cricket bat. Yes, the cricket bat was the loudest of them all. It was a long time before the noise died down, but as soon as he could make himself heard Noah piped up in a loud voice.

"Well, I'm not afraid of rain," he said. "In fact, I want to get wet. I don't believe they make these arks water-tight nowadays, and I want to make sure. I hope I go to a child who will try its out on a lake or a puddle, or even in a bath."

ALL this time the ginger-colored Teddy Bear with the kind look in his eyes had not said one word, but now he began to speak in a pleasant sort of growl.

"I'm looking forward to the day after to-morrow!" he rumbled, "and I know I'll like my new playfellow. Of course, I want him to be a boy, a very little boy—not quite as big as me. The sort of little boy who goes to bed without a light. But," he mused on, his voice becoming more mumbly and indistinct every minute, "he must be just a little bit frightened of the dark—just a little bit frightened, so that he will take me to bed with him." This last was so low that it is doubtful if anyone heard it above the sharp and penetrating tones of the largest and most elegant sleeping doll, who had begun to air her views.

"Of course!" she almost shouted. "No one would ever think of sending me to a poor home. No member of my family has ever entered anything but the very best of homes."

"But, don't you ever want to be loved?" murmured the small cuddly doll who really thought the sleeping doll a very great lady, indeed.

Now, the sleeping doll was too busy looking at the ticket marked 1/6 that the smaller doll wore, to see the lovely smile in her eye. But the fairy saw it.

Now, everything in that great shop came in and went away very quickly. Not so the fairy. She had been there for many years. Ever so many times girls and boys, and even grown-ups, had wanted to buy her, but always the head of the toy department said, "I am sorry. That fairy is not for sale."

This announcement was true enough. the shopman could not sell the fairy She was sent by Father Christmas to help him in his hard, hard task of finding out just what everyone wanted in their stocking.

To-night she was chuckling softly on her perch at the tip-top of the Christmas tree, and murmuring, "I'll see that they get their wishes this year," as the toys talked on and on.

A Story for the Youngest Members of the Family

So Christmas Day was even happier than usual that year for even the toys had their wishes. Of course, it made a lot of work for the fairy, but she didn't mind that.

The football and the cricket bat went to vigorous little boys who led them hard lives, but though they can display many scars, not one of them was caused by rain. The scooter is just as satisfied. He carries a hundred scars and dints, but to this day his nose is unflattened. Even Noah did not have to wait very long for his wish to come true. No sooner did a certain little boy behold a shiny new Noah's Ark in his stocking than he thought to himself: "What's the use of an ark if there isn't any flood?" So he set to work and made himself a flood by turning on the taps in the bath. Noah soon found that his fears were well founded.

As for the Teddy Bear. He often talks about his good fortune to any new toys that come to his young master.

A long time passed before the fairy found a little girl rich enough to be given the largest sleeping doll, but at last that little girl was found. So many presents were lavished on her at Christmas time that she would hang up two of the very largest pillow cases she could find instead of the sock that was enough for less fortunate children.

The elegant doll was peeping out of one of these pillow cases when Christmas morning dawned. Soon the little girl, whose name was Marion, was clutching her tight and shouting, "What a lovely doll! She shall be queen of the nursery. Come on, Queenie—"

Her happiness went on for several weeks, till one day, being very spoilt, she cried, "You horrid doll!" and threw her beautiful favorite right across the room.

So the queen of the nursery found herself sitting on a hard shelf in a dark and dusty cupboard.

NOW, the fairy found it hardest of all to find a home for the cuddly doll, for everyone of the little girls who came into that shop had at least one toy. It was very near 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve, and she was beginning to give up hope, when she heard a gruff boy's voice say, "Please, Miss, I want a doll for a little girl who hasn't got anything to play with," and a lovely smile came into her face

Just at this time there was a great and fearsome monster abroad in the land. Perhaps you have heard of him He is known by the name of Depression

That is why the Walker family were not looking forward to Christmas that year. They hated to have an unhappy Christmas for Bill and Marnie. Now Bill was nine years old. He had seen the Depression monster before, and he knew that he was a dangerous enemy to Father Christmas.

Please turn to Page 15

Years vanish
WITH NEW
WONDER MASK

Spread this Mask over your face—leave on for 10 to 15 minutes, and you will be amazed to find how wrinkles and age-telling lines have responded to its influence.

Wrinkles, Crowsfeet, etc., are generally caused through malnutrition of the tissue which lies immediately under the outer skin.

Malnutrition may be caused in several ways—incorrect massage methods, which destroy these delicate tissues—nerve strain—or failure of the blood stream to convey the necessary nourishment. This marvellous new formula skirmishes deep down into the pores, attacks the various harmful acids, carrying them away to the surface, and at the same time tightening up and stimulating the sagging muscles.

Even in one treatment you will notice a marvellous improvement, disfiguring and age-telling lines disappear painlessly, as if by magic. Treatment can, without trouble, be applied by yourself at home, with the certainty of securing immediate results

Send 15/-, and a compact, beautifully packed—an ornament for your dressing table containing Beauty Mask, Orange Skin Food, Anti-Wrinkle Cream, Pore Cream, and a packet of Tissues, will be sent post free by return. Should further particulars be required, they will be sent post free on request.

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Magnificent *Front Door* For SYDNEY

WOMAN *Architect's* DREAM CITY

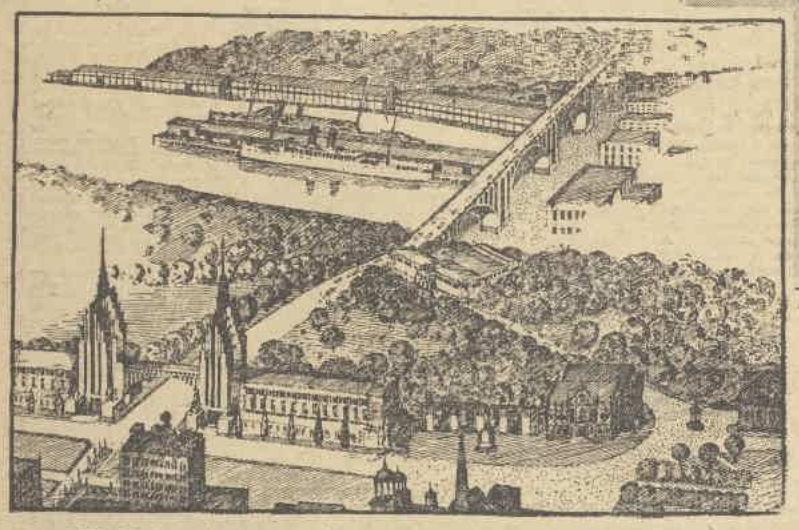
By FLORENCE M. TAYLOR, A.R.A.I.A.

There is not a grand, imposing, or even decent entrance to any city in the Commonwealth, but Sydney has it in its grasp, says Mrs. Florence Taylor, leading Australian woman architect, to do something noble, if it will develop a little civic pride and set itself to the task.

THE Town Planning Association decided last week to advise the City Council to adopt Mrs. Florence Taylor's scheme for the widening of the upper end of Martin Place.

Mrs. Taylor is Australia's leading woman architect, and in this article she describes the scheme herself.

SKETCHED BY John R. Brogan, a well-known Sydney architect, this design shows Mrs. Taylor's plan for the widening of the Martin Place extension. If such a scheme was put into effect, Sydney would at last possess a real civic centre.



ONE OF the main features of Mrs. Taylor's scheme is the continuation of Martin Place through the Domain to Woolloomooloo and across to Potts Pt. by means of a viaduct. The drawing above, by F. G. Hood, architect, shows how it could be done.

THE entrance door to Australia's principal city—Sydney—opens directly on to the slum area of Woolloomooloo. We ought to blush for this, particularly when there is no reason why we should tolerate it. A city the size of Sydney, with its population of 1,262,440, is entitled to have improvements made to the old order of things as fast as they outgrow their usefulness.

Without question, we have the most beautiful city in the world, with the Sydney Harbor Bridge coming forward as the handiwork of man to help in its beautification as well as to give a most efficient and greatly-needed service.

Nevertheless, Sydney is lacking a little in soul, or shall I say in appreciation of the noble souls in its midst, as otherwise it would give them a place in which to express themselves.

Could anything be more pathetic than to see the women on Poppy Day recently in the congested confines of Martin Place working all day long for sweet charity, or the soldiers and their friends on Anzac Day trying to get a glimpse of their ceremonial heads.

It was these two considerations that prompted me to submit a design for a civic square to the Lord Mayor, Alderman Hagon, suggesting that as the buildings have been pulled down between Elizabeth and Macquarie Streets in Martin Place, it be widened out to form a more adequate place or civic square.

* * *

OBSTRUCTIONISTS to my scheme bring out the threadworn shibboleth that we can't afford it. They talk as though we were asking future generations to bear our expense without any benefit to them. They are the people who squirm at everything new, such as the Sydney Harbor Bridge, because it costs money. They forget the convenience of it—or because of inconvenience caused to their business, but this objection cannot be raised in this case, as the money has already been spent on the resumptions, and no further expense will be incurred.

All that is required is the sacrifice of a very small percentage of the revenue that will accrue from the residue lands. This is estimated by Mr. J. J. Granitch, of the Valuer-General's Department, as 10 per cent., and by Mr. Desmond O'Brien and Mr. Small at just under 15 per cent. But the good prices that are being realised may compensate for this, and there is just a possibility that we can acquire a civic square, if we act quickly, for next to nothing.

Those Old Relics

BUT the matter should not be allowed to rest there. There will have to be a redistribution of buildings in Macquarie St. The hospital buildings are in the wrong place—fresh air and quietude are required for them.

The Supreme Court and Law Courts are without accommodation, though they have some kind of an apology for it. The old Mint is serving no useful important purpose. If the Parliamentary Buildings are not pulled down soon they will fall down. They have been up 122 years anyway.

To think of putting St. Andrew's Cathedral in Macquarie St. shows crass stupidity. Imagine the jangle of bells and church music of this in proximity to the other three churches—St. Mary's, St. James', and St. Stephen's, which is now being erected on a hopelessly inadequate site.

I have suggested a second scheme, that an entrance be made by viaduct from the high level of the ships' decks in Woolloomooloo Bay instead of from the low level of the wharves, and this, with slight grades, could continue on the one hand over Potts Point hill as an express route in avoidance of William Street and King's Cross, with all the difficulties that beset traffic going to and from the Eastern Suburbs; and, on the other hand, could continue through the Domain as a tree-lined boulevard 150ft. wide to connect with the 150ft. wide Martin Place at Macquarie St. between twin towers connected by a light arch as the gateway to the city.

* * *

THE tower on the left could serve the Parliamentary Buildings, and the one on the right could serve the Law Courts and Supreme Court.

There is no reason why the entrance to the city should not outrival the imposing structure we have in the Sydney Harbor Bridge. We have the brains to design it, we have the brawn to execute it, in fact we worship brawn on our beaches and regard our men as gods; we can get the money from the Unemployment Relief Funds, since we are too weak and irresolute to earmark it from normal revenue, as administrators should do without hesitation, seeing that they haven't spent money on new public buildings in this class for over 100 years.

The Parliamentary Buildings and the Supreme Courts were built by Governor Macquarie, who had the strength of courage and confidence in the future of the country to provide buildings that the then poor and small population could afford far less than the rich and large population of our day.

Further, I am quite certain that no citizen worthy of the name would object to spending money on providing a realty fine entrance to his greatly-loved and beautiful Sydney.

They recognise the importance of having a nice entrance to their homes; why put up with a backyard entrance to the city?

The Night Before Christmas Eve

Continued from Page 14

BILL'S straight little body trembled as he thought how terrible it would be if there was no present for Marnie on Christmas morning. Bill was very loyal to Father Christmas, and, after all, Marnie was only two, and she might never forgive that fine old fellow. That Bill could not bear, so he sat down and he thought for a very long time, till suddenly his face lit up and he walked down the street and asked Mrs. Sims if he could mind her baby for an hour every day. "I'll do it for a penny an hour," he added, with the air of offering a special cheap rate, and the deal was closed.

The Depression monster guarded the chimney again that year, for there were no toys in Bill's sock. Still, he was only a very tiny bit disappointed because there was the soft woolly doll for Marnie, and, after all, Father Christmas was awfully old, and you couldn't blame him if he wasn't a very good fighter.

As for the cuddly doll, life was wonderful for almost a year. Then suddenly it stopped. That day Marnie and Cuddly set out to see Father Christmas, and had just reached the corner when all at once, there was a terrible crash, a bang—and Cuddly found herself lying in the middle of the road. She felt very lonely till a little boy came along. "Why," he said, "Here's a doll," and he picked her up and carried her off.

Marnie had been knocked down by a motor car, and she was really very sick. Daddy and Mother and Bill all tried to soothe her as she lay in her little white bed at the big hospital, but she just cried and cried, and called, "Cuddy! Cuddy!" And no one knew where Cuddy was.

Now the reporter who had to find out all about the accident heard about the lost doll, and he wrote a long story for his newspaper, and called it "Where is Cuddly?"

When Marion's father read about Cuddly he turned to his wife. "Better look out some of the girlie's toys and send a doll to this poor kiddie," he said. So the beautiful sleeping doll was taken out of the dark cupboard, dusted, and mended and despatched to the big hospital. Gentle hands placed her in the bed beside that small girl who slept so quietly, but no sooner did Marnie wake than she pushed her away and cried for "Cuddy—Cuddy—Cuddy——"

"What is the use?" thought the nurse. "She will never get well till she has her doll, and it will never be found." But she was wrong. Someone else had read, "Where is Cuddly?" too, and a small boy brought her into the ward just as her name was called.

So that is how Marnie found two dolls in her arms when she woke, and she began to think, "Why, it's even nicer to love two dolls than it is to love one!" and everyone was happy.

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MUSIC RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

BAND MUSIC *On the Air Will it be* OVERDONE?

Is the Australian Broadcasting Commission overdoing band programmes? Next week there will be bands on the air on six nights—on one night the popular brass ensemble from the Malvern Tramways and on five the newly-formed A.B.C. Military Band.

EVEN the most ardent admirers of such splendid artists as Maggie Teyte, Steuart Wilson and Madalah Masson were heard to complain about the frequency of their broadcasts. Wilson, for instance, was to be heard on A stations on some seven or eight consecutive evenings.

This was a glaring example of too much of a good thing, numbing the public palate. It would be a pity if something similar happened with the band scheme, which is very much a good thing.

Better Repertoire

Bands, both brass and military, always have been popular in Australia, and the commission will find a vast and most receptive radio audience for its several months' season by the band conducted by Captain Adkins from Kneller Hall. Persistent rehearsals for some months shaped the 40 picked players into an unusually well-disciplined and responsive ensemble, and the visiting conductor, since taking over control, has freely expressed his enthusiasm for its merits.

The band's programmes are sure to stimulate the already widespread interest in band work, but I feel that their greatest service should lie in lifting the usual band repertoire out of the ruck of the commonplace. It is about time that such hardy perennials as "Zampa," "Poet and Peasant," "Light Cavalry," and those ill-sounding selections from grand and light operas were given a rest.

LAELIA FINNEBERG, the Irish prima donna, singing in London now, whose voice is said to equal Melba's. She may be visiting Australia soon.

Original Compositions

Even in the A.B.C. Band's lists to date there seems to be nothing new and startling, although the settings of "Finlandia" (Sibelius), "The Preludes" (Liszt), and such Wagner overtures as "The Flying Dutchman," "The Maestersingers," and "Lohengrin," Act 3, are worthy, and should be enjoyed.

At the same time, it should not be forgotten that in recent years some of the most important composers of the day have been seized with the possibilities of bands. Men such as Holst and Elgar have written compositions specially for them. Nor are these works complex and unlistenable.

Band music gives pleasure to thousands. It can still do so, and yet be artistic and original.

Evelyn Hall

EVELYN HALL is one of the most consistent and hard-worked members of the broadcast opera caste. She has sung in practically every opera, and has a really big opportunity when she undertakes the role of the Egyptian princess, Amneris, in "Aida."

She has a contralto voice of very rich and sweet quality and considerable power.

Judging by her interpretations during the season one can look forward to an authoritative delineation of Verdi's spectacular opera.

A Charming Traviata

The broadcast last week of "La Traviata" was wholly delightful. Dorothy D'Orn, the Melbourne soprano, who sang the role of Violetta, disclosed a most attractive voice, lyric in dimensions, but when the music demanded, coloratura in executive skill. One was mostly impressed, however, with the authority and poise of Miss D'Orn's interpretation of the part. It is to be hoped she will be heard in other operas.

Alfredo is a role which particularly suits the graceful sweetness of Lionello Cecil's voice. The popular tenor was in wonderful fettle, and sang with a verve which did a great deal to animate the whole production. Franco Izal made the most of his belated opportunities in this score as the elder Germont. His singing of "Di Prozenza" was specially effective.

"Rigoletto" Again

Following "Aida," I see that the next opera will be a repetition of "Rigoletto," on Friday evening, December 29. As before, the cast will be headed by Izal as the Jester, Cecil as the Duke, Nora Hill (soprano), who sang so delightfully as Gilda on the last occasion, and Evelyn Hall as Maddalena.

Phyllis McDonald

In the Christmas Day national programme, and following the third military band concert, there is to be a vocal and instrumental programme, in which there are four items by that gifted young Sydney violinist, Phyllis McDonald. Early this year this talented young fiddler, whose early training was carried out at the Golden Grove Convent, Newtown, returned from London after eleven years of concert and orchestral experience in the best musical company there. I wish the A.B.C. would give Miss McDonald an opportunity to present one or two big works with orchestra.

Gladys Verona

Melbourne, for some time now, has monopolised the services of one of Sydney's most talented sopranos—Gladys Verona. She will be back in her home city for a broadcast programme on December 27. Miss Verona first studied at the N.S.W. "Con.," specialised in opera, sang with the orchestra under Henri Verbrugghen, and later with the Williamson-Rigo Opera Company.

Overseas she made a very successful debut at Covent Garden as Antonia in "The Tales of Hoffmann." She toured Great Britain with the Carl-Rosa Co.

Aldrovandi for A.B.C.?

A MEETING of musical enthusiasts headed by Mrs. Florence Taylor has elected a committee of prominent people to approach the Broadcasting Commission with a request that in the interests of musical entertainment and education the services of Maestro Wando Aldrovandi be retained permanently by the Commission with the object of making opera a permanent feature of the programmes.

Little Theatres

Cyrano de Bergerac

ONE must pay the greatest tribute to Dr. Cardamatis for the beauty he has placed before our eyes in the impressionist theatre production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Theatre Royal this week. The "Impressionism" in the settings is towards conventionalisation, and does not mean one has to imagine an inn, a convent, or any other scene, from a few dots and dashes, as it were. Where Oscar Osche and, to a degree, Sybil Thorndike, combined "Realism" in settings with their color artistries, Dr. Cardamatis conventionalises, and does not underline.

The colorful twilight atmosphere is full of romance without a word being spoken.

The lighting was designed to give the audience a general impression of the scenes before them, being subdued, and largely prohibiting one from easily picking out individual personalities in minor parts.

One was given an idea of a stage full of individuals welded into one harmonious picture.

Had the actors had fine voices to bring them into prominence when required, this effect, by heightening the "aesthetic distance," would have made the production enjoyable as a play as well as a picture.

As for individual actors, Adele Quinn's Roxane "lifted" the play very often, because of entire audibility, which proved so welcome, in spite of her vocal monotony.

John Gould, as Cyrano, was disappointing at first, but improved from Act 3 on.

His voice was sometimes blurred through speaking too fast, but in his "fall from the moon" scene, and in the final death scene, he was entirely admirable.

Wilfred Blacket as the superior de Guiche, Gwladys Rowling, the woman of the inn, and Colin Jones, the fool who gets kicked off the stage, were outstanding in minor parts.

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BETTER VOTING

A "SO They Say" writer in The Australian Women's Weekly (Nov. 18) suggests that women should not have a vote. While I do not in the least agree with this, I do think that voting should be a voluntary action. While compulsory voting brings in a large number of votes, they are seldom a true indication of the people's feelings in the matter. Often an elector cannot conscientiously support either of the candidates, yet he is forced by law to give one of them his vote.

Granted that a large number of people would evade their responsibilities, but would it not be better to have a representative elected by an intelligent few than an irresponsible thousand who voted only because they are forced to do so? One would then be sure that the electors had given the matter the serious consideration which is due to it.

Mrs. V. Cantwell, Wattle Flat, Vic.

First letter £1.

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A PIXIE'S PLEA

THE letters you have published concerning fairy tales have interested me very much. A few months ago I made a plea over the wireless to the parents of Sydney, asking them to keep the lovely legendary things alive.

I think it is rather cruel not to give every child a chance to love them. Most children are imaginative, and I cannot imagine the narrowness of Mrs. E. Savige's mind if she really objects to fairy tales in school books.

Fairies and religion—to my mind—have many things in common, both beautiful in their different ways, especially while one is young.

I think if children are denied fairies they lose something very precious, and my heart goes out to the poor little mites whose parents are so mundane that they do not know the way to "make believe."

Pixie O'Harris, 24 The Crescent, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

o o o

THE DANGER OF FAIRIES

RE pars on Fairy Stories (25/11/'33). Why these mythical illusions should be taught to children I cannot understand. The following example will serve to support my ideas.

A child all through life had been visited regularly each Christmas by Santa Claus. She was 14 years of age when the truth was, rather crudely, thrust upon her. Later she told her parents she wouldn't believe there was a God; as Santa Claus was only a myth, she naturally thought God was only a foolish tale for children, also.

Mrs. O. McDermott, Swanson St., Weston, N.S.W.

o o o

BANKS AND WOMEN

YOUR article anent women being awed by the precise atmosphere of the banks was good reading. It behoves women to become better acquainted with the working procedure of these indispensable institutions. And then such a faux pas as the following case illustrates would not occur so frequently. A lady went to draw some money out of her husband's account. She herself signed the husband's name on the withdrawal form, little realising that she was committing an act of forgery until she was told so by the bank-teller.

Mrs. L. Davies, 80 Mary St., St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

o o o

NO PRIVACY

RE Martin Whyte's version of "Women Afraid of Banks," does he think for one moment he is going to get away with that idea that we don't know the reason?

Personally, I think if there were more privacy woman would have no fear at entering banks. Does any woman, or even man, like to show his or her ignorance before a lot of other people. I don't hold with Martin Whyte that the banks consider their customers. There was a bank device placed before them to stop all this so they have no excuse.

Maude Betton, Nelson Rd., Fairfield, Sydney, N.S.W.

o o o

PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW

I HAVE made wholemeal bread for 20 years, and though it is difficult to bake I rarely have a failure. The bread is undoubtedly better and stronger food than the more common white loaf, and it is high time the public were taught this. I have had praise for some of the bread I make; on the other hand I have seen it thrown away when I have been unwise enough to give it to beggars.

Mrs. C. C. Peniston, P.O., Tarampa, via Lowood, Qld.

Radio Music for Children

Music That Lasts

I WISH to endorse the remarks of Miss Dagmar Roberts.

Attendances recorded at various community singing evenings show us our young folk are really fond of music—more especially singing.

We older ones realise that from early understanding until 15 or 16 years of age are our most impressionable years.

Most old melodies, when learnt as youngsters, are passed on by us to our children, while few of the newer songs will survive even our generation.

I do not denounce modern music, but I think that while we are developing the future generation it would be wise to subconsciously educate the mind to a much higher standard than we have at present.

The fact that our good music has lived for generations, while the modern jazz is forgotten within a few months, should be sufficient proof of its worth.

Alice M. Pryor, Garden St., Stanthorpe, Qld.

Sweeping Outburst

I CANNOT agree entirely with Miss Dagmar Roberts' sweeping statements re "Children's music." I heard some of the songs she mentioned sung by children in the children's hour on a certain station, and though personally I prefer to hear young children sing of flowers, birds, bees, etc., I still think that love-songs can be beautiful. Had she opposed the child of five singing "In the Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden," in a midday session last week I would second her. I assert that the Radio Uncle responsible for her outburst gives great delight to children and adults during the hour of 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Mrs. T. Denston, 45 West Botany St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Give Them a Chance

BROADCAST music is probably the only channel through which our children have the opportunity of developing a sense of musical perception and appreciation.

The quiet hour in the ideal atmosphere of home circles makes parents loath to remove children from such an environment for outside entertainment with its attendant excitement and distractions.

Mrs. A. C. Hoban, Yass St., Young, N.S.W.

Marriage or Career

Why Not Do Both?

IN reply to Miss Davies' letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/12/'33) re marriage and a career, would it be impossible for her both to marry and fulfil her life-long ambition as a commercial artist? Of course, this would mean no children, but should she ever desire a family, she could forfeit her job as an artist.—**Mrs. J. Allen, 73 Cooper St., Preston, N18, Vic.**

Happiness Counts

MISS DAVIES (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/12/'33) is faced with the difficulty which usually confronts the girl who is bent upon a career.

Her problem is whether she can achieve lasting happiness and economic security through marriage with someone whom she respects and admires, or whether she will get the same happiness and security through the fulfilment of her lifelong ambition.

If she only "respects and admires" the young man, she should take the chance she has been offered in the department store.

A happy and contented married life must be based on something greater, higher, and finer than just respect and admiration—deep and lasting affection. —**J. Lamb, 10 "Ilan Court," Wylde St., Potts Point, Sydney.**

Send Some Cake

ON reading your letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/12/'33) for the first time, I was sure you should marry your young man, but a second perusal leaves me not so certain. You are evidently ambitious and willing to endure lots to "get there," Miss Davies, and it seems to me that happiness in your married life would hinge on whether your life-partner had similar aspirations.

Why not give the career of commercial artist a "fly" for six months, and find out for certain if this "realisation of your life's ambition" is as contenting as you dreamed it would be? That should be a satisfactory test for both.

P.S.—It would be a happy thought to send our Editor a piece of the wedding cake.—**Mrs. Agnes M. Boyle, Inglewood, Vic.**

Grandmother Has Her Say

Recapturing Joy

REGARDING a letter published recently in The Australian Women's Weekly, wherein grandmothers who act as honorary nurses to their grandchildren are referred to as long-suffering old ladies.

The happiest time in a woman's life is when her children are young, and when her children are grown up, and have married and left her, she recaptures a little of that happiness when she is entrusted with the care of her grandchildren.

Most grandmamas cannot have their grandchildren with them often enough.

I know because I am one of them.—**Mrs. Alice Deem, 2 Ebden St., Elsternwick, Vic., S4.**

Grannie of 27

I AM a mother of seven sons and four daughters, grannie of 27, great-grandmother of four. I am of the opinion that Grannie as a rule loves her grandchildren as much as she did her own.

I am now living with my youngest son, whose baby boy thinks I am his best play mate. His maternal grandmother loves him so much that she sends for him about once a week to be with her for the day. I have known many most devoted grandmothers.—**Mrs. P. Fredericks, Queen St., Bulimba, Brisbane, Q.**

A Wise Granny

THE old lady mentioned by Miss Edith Willis who had never tasted the white meat of a chicken, must have been somewhat of a failure as a mother and granny, but I know there are those who make martyrs of themselves and then complain about it.

A wise granny is valued exceedingly; there is no greater privilege than to be allowed to give and take service from child and grandchild.—**Mrs. Mabel D. Horn, c/o Buttonhole Co., 116 Liverpool St., Sydney, N.S.W.**

Pleasure's Mine

IN answer to Mrs. I. Greenwood's letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/12/'33) re "Grannies and their grandchildren," I wish to say that I agree with her in that I am always ready and anxious to mind my grandchildren at any time. While my health lasts I will always find it a pleasure to do so. I have not forgotten just how tiring the little ones can become to young mothers. Any extra trouble they may give me when my daughter leaves her kiddies with me is fully compensated for by the knowledge that she is having a good time, and by the pleasure and fun I obtain from the sweetness and simplicity of the youngsters themselves.—**Mrs. A. Gray, 17 Rowland St., Mont Albert, Vic.**

LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for the first letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

HOMEWORK

I CERTAINLY agree with those parents who have been protesting against "Homework" for school children. It has been so long the system that parents accept it without thought as to its damage to health in physical and mental strain. If a parent prevents it, the child suffers accordingly in class. The Government has not done anything, so could not parents combine in refusing to allow it, and the matter would soon be attended to. Surely children can learn enough at school, particularly if some of the unnecessary subjects which are immediately forgotten when they leave were discarded.

Mrs. R. Yeomans, 61 Pine St., Randwick, N.S.W.

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THAT MAE WEST CURVE

ON reading Miss M. Goldwin's remarks concerning the "Mae West Figure," I thought I would like to say that, to my idea, the enthusiasm over this type of figure will be short-lived, as the everyday Australian girl is too fond of frocks which allow of perfect freedom to have her lithe body cramped up with tight corsets. It would be a rare spectacle indeed to see our own sun-tanned girls parading in "Mae West" fashion along the streets.

Miss E. Wiburd, 307 Auburn Rd., Hawthorn, E.2, Melbourne, Vic.

o o o

ETIQUETTE

WHEN LEAVING after a dinner party do not attempt to shake hands with all your acquaintances. A bow and a smile is sufficient. It is etiquette to leave as unobtrusively as possible, thus avoiding breaking up the party. You must not fail, however, to say good-bye to your hostess and express your gratitude for the pleasant evening.

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WOMEN IN POLITICS

AFTER reading Miss Hope Mac's letter "No Votes for Women," one can only conclude that she has been most unfortunate in her choice of women associates. Political problems, besides being intensely interesting, affect women as well as men—women are bound by the laws, and surely have a right to some say in the matter of making them. Miss Mac should get interested in one of the women's political organisations she so despises, and learn to fulfil her responsibility to her country. She might then learn to appreciate the tremendous work of the women who pioneer.

Miss G. A. Colegrave, 16 Longmore St., St. Kilda, S2, Melbourne.

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BAD HABITS

THERE is no doubt about many more men chewing their fingernails than women. If you are not satisfied, cast your eyes around the trams and trains and notice the victims of this dirty habit. They are all youths and men. Utterly unashamed of their chewed-down nails, they hold out papers and smoke cigarettes, and even give a demonstration on some stunted nail that has not been touched for a day.

But search these same trains and trams for women nail-chewers, and you will search in vain. If there are any female hands that have been made ugly, they will be carefully guarded from roving eyes, and not openly displayed to the world.

Mrs. Iris Burns, 34 Anderson St., Belmore, N.S.W.

In and Out of Society — By WEP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602877

FOUR-YEAR-OLD BARRIE sleeps peacefully in the shelter of the parental arm after a strenuous game of baseball. These budding "Babe Ruths" both answer to the surname of Gargan, and handsome William Gargan has planned a wonderful Christmas for his tiny son. There's another even tiner Gargan, christened Leslie Howard.

Hollywood Stars Believe In Santa Claus!

By Saide Parker

CLOSE-UPS and camera angles will be relegated to the background, in fact, completely forgotten in Hollywood for a brief spell, while the good St. Nicholas holds sway.

While we are constantly hearing that wedding bells have been ringing for this star and that, Christmas bells will be the peal that discloses happily united families, tiny folk of the rising generation, stars in the making maybe.

IN Ann Harding's home there will be special jubilation, for Ann has planned an old-time Christmas dinner and all the time-honored traditions will be observed, from the serving of the boar's head to the wassail bowl.

It will be a complete family party, and only members of the family will be invited. There will be a silver-haired grandmama and a favorite aunt and uncle with their two small daughters. Baby Jane will forsake her customary nursery dinner and taste the compleat joys of being grown-up.

For Jane is celebrating her fourth Christmas this year, and it is to be a memorable occasion with a huge Christmas tree, glistening with presents. You just couldn't persuade wee Jane that Santa Claus doesn't know their address.

To Barrie Gargan also this will be the fourth Christmas. Father, William Gargan, has planned all sorts of excitement for the sturdy lad with a mop of curls. The most exciting thing about it was, perhaps, a little unrehearsed, for this year, for the first time, Barrie will have a small comrade to share the thrills.

Leslie Howard Gargan, thus christened after the star of "Animal Kingdom," in which William Gargan supported Leslie Howard in both stage and screen version, arrived during the year.

But there are notions that concern Barrie only; there's a brightly colored steel waggon and a kiddie-car with real rubber tyres. William Gargan himself looks back on the happiest Christmas of his life with a touch of humor now.

For the debonair William's happiest Christmas has nothing to do with toys and trees and the usual infantile enjoyments; it spelt a job and comparative affluence after many weary, worrying months with his wife very ill and a small child in need.

William tramped the streets of New York. He was ready to take anything that offered, even a job in a soda fountain, but alas, the owner of that fountain did not consider histrionic ability any asset behind a refreshment bar.

Then, just before Christmas, an agent rang and diffidently offered him a job at £40 a week. "The salary is small," he said, but he didn't get a chance to finish. William was half-way round to his office before the agent could hang up the receiver. And since then William has never looked back. This Christmas the two small Gargan boys are to reap the results.

* * *

TO Katherine Hepburn memories of her happiest Christmas post-date the days of credulity in the Santa Claus idea by not many years.

Her father had merely smiled indulgently on his small daughter's flair for dramatics, but he encouraged her in her school plays and the charades she led at their home. There is, of course, a lusty family of Hepburns, and they were all pressed into service.

"Then, one Christmas morning," says Katherine, "I looked out my window. There was a lot of hammering going on. My father had built me my own little theatre in the backyard. What a Christmas that was! That sort of thrill comes only once in a lifetime."

There's humor and pathos and many stories of acute need behind Richard Dix's idea of Christmas. When this star signed his first contract he established a ritual of which few have ever been aware, and of which it is definitely impossible to glean any details.

The bare facts, which leaked out through a beneficiary who, despite the strictest injunctions, could not keep the good tidings to himself, are that, every Christmas, Richard runs through a list of the needy folk connected with the film industry.

To every name appearing on this honor roll, for that is what the members regard it as being, he sends baskets of provender and everyday needs.

In the Dix menage there is a chauffeur and a gorgeous car, and both car and chauffeur spend the busiest day of the year on Christmas Eve.

The reason that the secret has been so closely guarded is the fact that the gifts are anonymous, and only just an odd recipient, here or there, has recognised the Dix chauffeur or machine, and thus identified their benefactor.

ANN HARDING has planned an old-time Christmas for her four-year-old daughter, Jane.

It is just one of the gestures of the celebrities that reveals a very human side to their glamorous personalities—a human element that the popularity contests do not take into account.

There are no long vacations for the men and women who supply us with entertainment all the year round, no matter how successful or how brilliant they may be. For many, December 25 is only a date on the busy production schedule. But Hollywood hangs up its stocking just the same.

Film Fame For Judy Kelly

Just a little over four years ago, a slim, brown-eyed lass, still in her teens, arrived in Sydney fired with the ambition to become a second Sarah Bernhardt.

To-day she is a featured player at Elstree Studios, England, and has just played an important role in one of the most spectacular films produced in a British studio.

JUDY KELLY is the girl. She first became known to the public as the winner of a competition conducted to find the ideal Australian talkie star.

When Judy arrived in the big city her hopes were temporarily dashed, and she was forced to accept the position of usheress in a suburban picture show.

The winning of the competition opened a new vista to the little country girl, who had to wear borrowed plumes to enter the contest. Over the seas she travelled, her hopes again high. But there was plenty of work still ahead for Judy.

She had to be "groomed." That is to say her hair was made over, teeth were drawn; she spent many weary hours walking across the studio, acquiring the correct gait, learning to hold her hands in graceful pose. But the latest tidings from Elstree prove that Judy is well on the way to success.

Gorgeously attired she appears in "Catherine the Great" as one of the whilom friends of the Emperor of Russia. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Elizabeth Bergner play the leading roles in this magnificent production, and the fact that the little Australian will be billed with two stars of this magnitude speaks volumes for her achievements.

PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

"YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU"

Stanley Lupino and Thelma Todd (B.I.P.).

SOMEBODY has said that there are only seven distinct plots possible in a play. All the bright young geniuses, who for the last few centuries have been busy creating breath-takingly original dramas, have been merely using variations upon one or other of these standard themes. In that case, why not go back to some half-forgotten classic and dress it up in modern clothes? "You Made Me Love You" is lifted straight from Shakespeare, and is just "The Taming of the Shrew" tricked out with wireless and backless gowns and motor cars and other modern trimmings—some of the cars are relatively antique. It is quite a piquant idea for Petruchio to be presented by an expert tumbler like Stanley Lupino, and the suggestion of a divorce is a novel touch. Thelma Todd makes a beauteous termagant, and does her Katharine stuff in traditional style. She and Lupino put immense energy into their matrimonial wrangles, and the scene where she literally tears about their ears the house which has been borrowed for the honeymoon will drive small boys into an ecstasy. Another scene which is quite amusing is the ride in the incredibly ancient car. (Lyceum Theatre.)

✦ ✦ ✦

"THE SONG YOU GAVE ME"

Bebe Daniels and Victor Varconi (B.I.P.).

"TREAT 'em rough" may be sound policy in dealing with spoilt musical comedy stars. Not being intimate with such people we keep an open mind. At any rate Varconi's rudeness in interrupting Bebe Daniels' song number after supper in the cabaret arrests her attention. That is half the battle. Later, when he has been engaged as her secretary, his cool aloofness quite defeats her. It is such a contrast to the adulation of her "three musketeers." She uses the whole battery of her glances and all the allurements of semi-undress, and in one way and another makes her feelings pretty plain. Yet to her astonishment and mortification he shows no signs of falling at her feet. Ah, but he does love her, though he is too poor and proud to let her into the secret. Can you guess how it ends? Of course you can.

This musical romance marks Bebe Daniels' debut with British International Pictures. It is not an entirely happy occasion either for them or for her. The direction could have been speeded up and the sound improved. And her methods would probably have lost nothing by being less obvious. There is some artistic photography of cut glass and silver table appointments.

✦ ✦ ✦

"THE FRONTIER MARSHAL"

George O'Brien (Fox).

"WE don't want any lynchings in this town," says someone in this old-time story of the wild west. It reminds us of a recent gruesome happening in California. But there is nothing horrible about this film. It is just hearty adventure, with pistols going off like machine guns and George O'Brien performing his usual feats of athleticism; thoroughly good entertainment of its kind. The chief villain is the mayor, who is outwardly a most upright citizen, but secretly in league with various gunmen and no mean marksman himself. George E. Stone is amusing as a little Jew storekeeper. And there is a sumptuous female, snubbed by the married frumps, who has evidently been modelled on Mae West in style and get-up. She is fanciful enough to address O'Brien, whose cheerful mug is very unremarkable, always as "Good Lookin'" and, in shielding him from a bullet, she dies placidly to the strains of Tschaikowsky's poignant "None but the Lonely Heart," leaving him to wed the suitably homely girl he loves.

✦ ✦ ✦

KATHERINE HEPBURN, whose acting ability has placed her in the front rank, gives a fine interpretation of a strongly dramatic role in "Morning Glory," a forthcoming release from R.K.O.

"FLYING DEVILS"

Bruce Cabot, Arline Judge, Eric Linden (R.K.O.).

A COMPETENT production this, concerning stunt flyers who appear to spend their time in drinking, when they are not risking their lives thrillingly as side-shows at various state fairs and carnivals. Besides drink, there is the complication that the head of the company has an injury which seems to craze him at times and that he is of a jealous disposition. So when the young brother of his right-hand flying man joins the band we know there will be trouble with the boss's pretty wife. However, we feel great confidence that young love as innocent as this will prevail. And our confidence is justified. The noble elder brother perishes, alas, in the crash which destroys the villain; but we should have minded this more if he had not had such a peculiar barking style of speech. The young hero thereupon abandons the dubious occupation of stunt flying for the respectability of the air mail service, in which he is joined by the remaining, and most drunken, member of the original band, who reforms for the purpose.

✦ ✦ ✦

"THE STICKPIN"

Henry Kendall and Betty Askell (British Lion).

AN enjoyable thriller with a humorous twist. We are introduced to the inside of a newspaper office and to a criminal who has recently served his term. He has a grudge against the editor who features him in the news, and accordingly blackmails the editor's wife for a harmless indiscretion. Henry Kendall, as an amateur burglar of safes manufactured by his firm in order to retrieve the compromising letters that are causing the trouble, is very urbane. The other players are exceedingly easy and natural, and the whole thing is handled with a light touch in the English manner. This is the kind of film that the English studios do very well. "The Stickpin" is put as a support to "Paddy the Next Best Thing" at the State.

CLIVE BROOK, appearing in the "Midnight Club," at the Prince Edward.

✦ ✦ ✦

"MEET THE BARON"

Jack Pearl and Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante (M.-G.-M.).

A MODERN Baron Munchausen is a good idea. And it sounds to begin with as if it would be a further improvement to make the arch humbug and instinctive liar not the Baron at all, but his servant (Jack Pearl), who is discovered with a fellow servant (Jimmy Durante) by a rescue party in the wilds of Africa, where the Baron had left them to their doom. But somehow the way the idea is worked out is not so funny as it might be. It is too exaggerated. Still, there are some good moments. The civic welcome to the travellers arriving in New York is one of them. There is the scene, too, where Durante, as manager for the bogus Baron, frantically tries to check up on the performance of the contract with the radio company and prevent his friend from giving too generous measure.

Then the "Baron" goes to lecture at a girls' school, of which Edna May Oliver is the brisk headmistress. Here he meets his soul's affinity in Zasu Pitts, who is a housemaid, dazzled by the "Baron's" attentions and perturbed by the unfortunate things that happen to him into more distracted moans and helpless hand flappings than ever. Personally, we enjoyed most of all the satirical laughter of the mule in the riding school when, exposed and humiliated, Pearl and Durante creep away.

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Strange EXPERIMENTS *in* Thought Force

A British Prime Minister .... and Telepathy!

Universal interest has been reawakened in telepathy since the claim of an English medical man, Dr. Cannon, described in the cables recently, that he communicated with the Grand Lama of Tibet, by telepathy, concerning the suicide of the late Justice McCardie.

Although Dr. Cannon's claims may be false, some very remarkable experiments have been made, by well-known and prominent men, in the past.

ONE OF the most common examples of everyday telepathy is said to be when two people take up the telephone at precisely the same time to ring each other.

NEARLY 50 years ago the Society of Psychical Research was formed in England expressly for the purpose of studying and proving the existence of telepathy. The society is now one of the most important of its kind in the world.

In 1884 Prof. Sigdwick announced that the society had arrived at the important conclusion that ideas, thoughts, and "feeling" under certain exceptional, and as yet unknown, conditions could be trasmitted from one human being to another otherwise than through the recognised organs of the senses.

Later, F. W. H. Myers, the president of the society, famous as a medium and student of psychical matters, endorsed the professor's definition, and said that telepathy was a fact. The "exceptional, and as yet unknown, conditions," however, still remain a mystery.

Mrs. Piper's Case

IN 1889 Professor William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, discovered a remarkable clairvoyant living in Boston. Her name was Mrs. Piper, and she later became world-famous. The professor, who was sceptical about this sort of thing, met Mrs. Piper through his family and reported that when she was in a trance she seemed to acquire an extraordinary lucidity which enabled her to give details about other people's private doings, such as would not have come within her normal knowledge.

The London Society for Psychical Research was informed, and was so impressed that Mrs. Piper was paid to go over to England where research lasting many years was made with her assistance.

In 1898, a Russian doctor who did not believe in telepathy, experimented with a woman who was able to read closed letters. This form of thought transference, known as psychometry, is said to be another development of telepathy.

The doctor, however, had no time for the new-fangled nonsense, and put it all down to hypereasthesia.

Deathbed Message

IN 1908 another Russian, a Dr. Notik, experimented with a girl of 14 who, at a distance, and between closed doors, wrote down what he was thinking in automatic writing. Automatic writing is a type of trance when another mind appears to take the subject's arm and make it write. In this case it was Dr. Kotik's mind.

In 1912 Dr. Bock, of Munich, experimented with telepathy and became so adept at it that when his mother was dying he knew she was ill and was on his way to see her before the telegram summoning him to her bedside had arrived.

He performed many tests with thought-laden cards.

One person would be asked to hold a blank sheet of foolscap in the hands, and to concentrate on a picture postcard while doing so.

The blank paper would then be given to the telepathetic subject who would describe the postcard.

During the war, two other German professors, Prof. Schottelius and Dr. von Wasielewski, experimented with telepathy and proved its existence to their own satisfaction.

Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipzig, was interested and endeavored to raise public enthusiasm in telepathy by a series of articles. He encouraged people to practise it among themselves.

> ***G. H. Eastabrooks, of Harvard University, who performed experiments with students, defined telepathy as the action of one mind on another, at a distance, without the aid of the normal five senses.***
>
> ***The distance may be one foot or a thousand miles, and the action of one mind on the other may consist in making the subject hear voices, see visions or ghosts, read a lot of numbers, or merely have a feeling that something is wrong.***

THE most famous experiments in England were performed by the S.P.R., with Prof. Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek at Oxford, who after the war became well known for his work on the League of Nations.

Another well-known man who took part in the experiments was the late Lord Balfour, at one time Prime Minister of England.

Balfour believed implicitly in telepathy.

Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle endorsed the Murray-Balfour experiments. Here is a typical example of what was done, and the result.

Several persons gathered in a room adjoining a hall. Professor Murray would go out to a safe distance in the hall, the door being closed, or he would go into a room beyond the hall, both doors being closed.

The persons remaining would then arrange in low voices the material to be kept in mind by all, but one would be selected as the "agent" to concentrate upon the material chosen. The professor would then return and would give his impressions.

The following is typical of a partial success.

Subject: "Mr. S. playing badminton at the Badminton Club, Bogota; Lord Murray watching, and ladies watching, one with fan."

Prof. Murray's interpretation was: "This is something to do with your voyage to Panama. It's South America! It's people in white playing a game! It's your villain S. . . . he's playing a game . . . the word Bogota is coming to my mind . . . I think it is at a games club. Lord Murray is there."

Few Failures

OUT of 505 similar experiments, excluding 68 in which no impression whatsoever was gained by Prof. Murray, the percentages ran: Successes 38, partial successes 32, and failures 29.

Many, if not all, the partial successes were so near full successes as to be very impressive.

It is hardy likely that men like Prof. Murray and Lord Balfour would have lent themselves to a hoax of this kind.

But even if they had, this would not explain why numerous other well-known and respected people should want to do the same.

One of the most recent experimenters in telepathy is Upton Sinclair, the novelist, whose wife, Mrs. Craig Sinclair, is a highly-developed telepathy medium.

In a series of experiments conducted in 1928 between Mrs. Sinclair and her brother-in-law, over a distance of 40 miles, more than half the tests were accurate.

Robert Irwin, the brother-in-law, who lived in Pasadena, made a drawing of some object and concentrated on it.

Mrs. Sinclair would "pick it up," so to speak, and redraw it.

Prof. MacDougall, of New York, who took an interest in these experiments, said: "Evidence concerning telepathy is of such a nature as to compel assent of any competent person who studies it impartially."

ONE thing that makes telepathy hard to study is that it is so much a thing of everyday life that people will not bother. They do not see the necessity for it.

Yet if some person or persons once discovered a sure method of thought transference the knowledge might be very dangerous in unscrupulous hands.

Charles Richet, the famous French psychologist, said: "The fact of telepathy is one of the most terrifying in existence."

Tischner is more hopeful. He said: "Let us try to imagine what would be the importance and functions of telepathy in everyday life, if these faculties were common.

"Effects would be far-reaching to the advantage and disadvantage of the community. But we would adapt ourselves gradually to these few facts, and in the long run the good results would suppress the evil ones."—F. W. L. Esch.

BELL-RINGER *Girl Sets* EXAMPLE

Bell-ringing is one of the few jobs in the world that is not rushed. Most cathedrals and churches find it almost impossible to get a team of bell-ringers who will practice and ring a peal when wanted.

IT is a young man's job, but more often it is performed by the veterans of the congregation, and in the case of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, one of the ringers is a girl of 18, Miss Frey Shimmin.

With Manxmen for ancestors and a Swiss Christian name, Frey Shimmin was bound to do something that no other schoolgirl had done. Until recently she was the only woman bell-ringer at St. Paul's.

Two years ago, when she was 16, she read an advertisement for volunteers to learn the art. Several other girls offered their services when she did, but were not strong enough for the work.

As the heaviest bell is 31½ cwt., a bell-ringer—man or woman—needs to be a fairly sturdy person, and has to learn as a first lesson how to handle the bell rope, as, if the hold is slackened the bell is likely to lift the ringer off his or her feet.

Miss Shimmin has just finished a crowded school career this week, when she left the Methodist Ladies' College as head prefect. She passed Leaving Certificate Honors, has completed a business course at the school, was captain of the hockey team, a member of the baseball team, plays tennis, and swims, and, apart from all this, has managed to study music and win the A. Mus. A. degree.

The bell-ringers practise once every week, and Miss Shimmin is one of the ringers at the Cathedral every Sunday night, when 12 bells are rung. She has seen many of Melbourne's historic functions from St. Paul's belfry.

She was the only woman ringing wedding bells for the wedding of the Lord Mayor and Miss Cynthia Brookes, and helped to ring the muffled bells when Dame Nellie Melba died.

MISS FREY SHIMMIN, photographed in the bell-ringers' room at St. Paul's Cathedral.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Let this Summer be Your Life's Happiest..

Guard and Glorify Your Skin With This New SUNPROOF Powder

The light fades upon a glorious Summer's day . . . the shadows lengthen . . . evening comes, revealing glamorous, satiny skins, clear, smooth, fresh, and irresistibly lovely . . . skins that have been protected from Outdoor harshness by Sunproof Powder. How becomingly this new creation blends in with the sun-kissed skin; how well it adapts itself alike to the conditions of the Beach, the Boat and the Ballroom! See the subtle, clever tone-change of your skin as you smooth on Sunproof Powder—rejoice as your own warm vibrant colour intangibly, yet surely, appears through the downy softness of its mist-fine veil. How marvellously sun-tanned you look when you wish, yet how ivory-skinned you actually remain! Use Sunproof Powder on limbs as well as face—use it for fierce country conditions, as well as when by the Sea. Use it in Town, too, when days are warm and ordinary powders turn greasy round about your nose.

Sunproof Powder comes in NEW Summer shades you won't find duplicated in other powders—a magic Rachel, a rich Natural, a delightful Blonde shade, a Brunette, a Peach tint, and Duo-Tone, the shade that artfully creates the effect of light and shade, giving life, interest and sparkle to a face that is liable to look faded and "flat" under the effect of prolonged sunlight.

SUNPROOF POWDER

a new Kathleen Court Creation, sold by all smart Chemists and stores, in big, gay boxes—at **1/6d.**

Have you seen the wonderful Kathleen Court Midget Lipstick?—They're only —1/6d. Made in New York.

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with—

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.

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HOLLYWOOD DONS FESTIVE APPAREL

• *BETTY FURNESS looks rather wistful in her black taffeta gown, when she displays the high neck in front, but, when she turns her back, an extremely low decolletage changes that wistful expression to one of immense sophistication. The wide belt that emphasises her slender waistline is made of shining silver kid, while a cleverly contrived frill confers an arresting finish at the foot of the gown, and its old-world ruffle conforms to the setting of her fully puffed sleeves.*

• *IRENE DUNNE looks delightfully cool in her frock of large mesh. Dainty organdie frills give it a charming freshness, while the bow and gloves of glazed black satin add a distinctive note of chic. The transparent brim of her hat and the dainty be-frilled large muff are other noteworthy features.*

• *ELIZABETH ALLEN (centre) is a picture of exquisite simplicity in her flowing gown of softest white velvet. There's a classical note in the artistically plaited rope of velvet that encircles the lady's neck and dainty arms.*

• *ADELE THOMAS (left) entertains her guests in a tunic frock, whose eastern trend belies her blonde coiffure. The ensemble is contrived in gorgeous autumn tones with the motif of the Oriental designs in yellow, red and silver.*

Photographic Beauty

Charming Pictures For Your Home

The Australian Women's Weekly Photographs

May be obtained at the following rates on application to Photo Department, Australian Women's Weekly.

Size.	Unm'td.	M'td.
8 x 6	2/-	2/6
10 x 8	3/6	5/-
12 x 10	5/-	8/-

Larger Sizes on Application

THE modern trend for Home Decoration, probably through the influence of the "films," is all in favor of photographic art.

The heavy blacks, chaste whites, and serene greys of camera studies are effective in the extreme, and beautiful subjects are legion.

The photographs reproduced in The Australian Women's Weekly so often reach an unusually high standard of attractiveness and artistic value that readers must at times feel the urge to possess those with a particularly strong appeal.

At the cost of, say, a couple of visits to the "pictures," you may indulge in a private version of any chosen photo. You will want to make a collection of them and ring the changes on them at will.

Run a Home Gallery of Photographic Art--Beautiful & Topical!

Dining in White and Dancing in Black

TO illustrate the functions that make Christmas memorable in Hollywood, this graceful quartet have donned four distinctive gowns, each designed to meet the needs of a different occasion.

When dinner is the occasion at which Elizabeth Allen extends the season's greetings, she wears a graceful gown of chaste white, but she achieves a striking color contrast by means of a cluster of vivid red flowers at the waistline.

Having dined and wined, Betty Furness suggests black taffeta for the belle of the ball, a discriminating choice that rustles with a fully developed sense of its own importance. Her belt of silver kid affords the only note of color.

Sallying forth across the lawns of her home, lawns dappled with golden sunlight, Irene Dunne strikes a very original note in her party frock. With its short puffed sleeves and its long pleated skirt, her frock is destined to grace a party when convivial spirits gather at the cocktail hour.

Hostess and Guest at the Cocktail Hour

For the hostess of the party, Adele Thomas chooses a slimly fitting tunic and skirt in tones of golden brown. The material is a soft, flat crepe and the ensemble will certainly gladden the eye of each guest on arrival at the portico of her home.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

THREE-PIECE *Holiday* COSTUME *For* EVERY OCCASION

Shirts and Shorts Styles on European Beaches

BEACH dresses and shorts completely outrivalled beach pyjamas and slacks this summer at smart European bathing resorts.

Shorts have been most popular of late, not only for beach and holiday wear, but for tennis, golf and most other sports. When worn on the beach they are very short, for other occasions they are made longer. Always they are tailored and very trim.

FOR the beach they are made in white, string color, and navy blue linen; for sports in white and in grey flannel. They are worn under tailored skirts which button up all the way down, having the four bottom buttons left undone.

Shirts for Shorts

Shirts worn with these shorts are also tailored and look like a man's sports shirt with short sleeves. They are made of washing silks, linen, or knitted woollen, and are of the same shade as the shorts or in a deep color such as navy blue shirt with white shorts, brown with string, deep red, or royal blue or bright green with either.

When the shirt is a different color there is often a double-breasted waistcoat worn, matching the shorts.

Tailored buttoned skirts have dark blouses and self color shorts; they are made of linen, flannel, and shantung. The skirt and shorts button on to big mother-of-pearl buttons which are on the blouse.

Suit for All Occasions

These three-piece affairs are invaluable for holiday wear. One can look well-dressed in a white linen skirt and navy blue linen blouse—then when off to the beach, unbutton the skirt and you are in perfect beach costume of white shorts and navy shirt—your bathing costume could have been on all the time, too!

SMART HOLIDAY pyjamas of white linen. Ideal for beach or sports wear. The scarf and hat are made of red and white striped crepe or pique. The shoes are just a leather sole with bands of white linen.

TRIM TAILORED shorts of white linen or crash. The double-breasted shirt is of white washing crepe-de-chine. Beach hat of blue and white printed linen.

With contrasting blouses and sweaters you will be able to have a variety of costumes, using the same lower half all the time.

Tempting are the newest bathing and beach costumes. The bathing suits this year come in new rough weaves. Many are backless, and most have shoulder-straps that slip off the shoulders for sun-baking. One-piece bathing suits were worn a great deal in France this summer—but it is necessary to have a perfect figure for these. Stripes of black and white, and red, white and blue make attractive costumes, especially when worn with plain white skirts or beach frocks.

HOLIDAY OR TOWN DRESS of white crepe. The unusual scarf which crosses at the back and comes round the waist as a belt, is in crepe-de-chine with wide stripes of mulberry and narrow stripes of pale blue. String beach bag.

The Beach Dress

The beach frock is sometimes only a wrapover skirt with a small portion of bodice in front and two crossed shoulder-straps at the back. Some have low necks back and front and tie with butterfly bows on each shoulder. The majority have high decolletes in front—generally

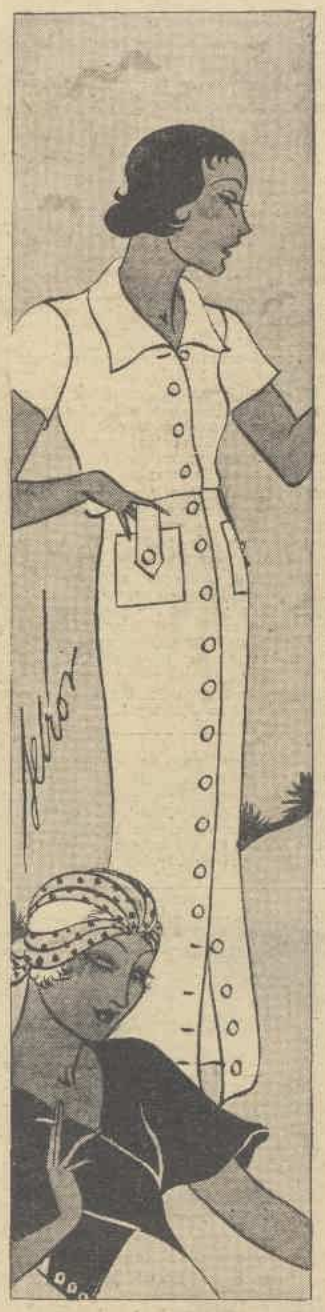
TAILORED WHITE linen skirt with matching shorts. White or dark colored skirts are worn with it.

..n to a drawstring of another color. Linens, rough crepes, ginghams, towelling, and sponge cloths are mostly used —in stripes, plaids, spots, and plain colors.

A cape or sailor collar, independent of the beach skirt, is a novelty; it crosses in front and buttons on to the skirt at the sides or back. There is one sketched on this page. The skirt length for beach frocks is sometimes ankle, sometimes mid-calf length. It is advisable to have a fine wool jersey sweater to slip on when the breeze turns cool. One beach costume has a crossover skirt of white linen, a backless top of red, white and blue stripes, and with it goes a high-necked red woollen sweater.

A tan and yellow plaid dress has a sweater of bright green. A royal blue bathing costume has white shorts and shirt with the lapels striped with red and blue—a red linen skirt is worn when desired. A beach dress made of white, pale blue, and green striped linen, buttons straight up the centre back and is worn with a green bathing suit and sweater. Black bathers look smart with the dress in black and white spots, or stripes or half black, half white—a red or emerald green jumper.

There are several new beach accessories to be seen. Woven string belts



BEACH DRESS of string color rough crepe or linen with emerald green shorts. Separate cape, which buttons over dress or shorts. Hat made of bands of spotted linen.

replace the canvas ones of last year, white pigskin and white leather are also waterproof. Surf shoes have appeared in weird and wonderful designs, some being just linen bands sewn on to leather soles.

Huge beach hats for those who want shelter from the sun—generally one color on top and another underneath, the same two shades as the beach dress, berets and little hats made of strips of material showing the hair between—are great favorites. Metal anchors about three inches long decorate most beach millinery.

One or Two Hints

IF you have made up your mind to sunburn this year, see that you take away the correct cosmetics; a good oil or cream will help the sun to produce an even tan and will make a foundation for face powder. Apply powder sparingly, and, above all, harmonise it with your skin; it only means having one box of ochre color and another cream. Mix them to match the tan of your neck, even if you have to do it every day. Nothing is worse than an over-powdered white face with a brown body. Very little rouge should be used; cream rouge will stay on best. Most good lip-sticks will survive the ocean waves.

If you have a pale skin and desire a tan, sunburn can be bought by the bottle, in liquid form. It produces a nice even brown that lasts quite some time. In this way white gaps left by bathing-suit shoulder-straps that show in evening dress can be made to disappear

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TIME OFF!

Societies Go Into Recess

A fevered rush to settle up the "hang overs" of the year, a hurried round of social meetings, and then two or three months to gather strength for 1934.

THIS is the state of affairs existing in most of the organisations at this season.

The long rest period has begun. Already some of the well-known societies have ceased functioning, and their members are relaxing in true holiday fashion.

Among these are the Professional Women Workers' Association, the English Speaking Union, the Lyceum Club, the Housewives' Progressive Association, many of the inland branches of the Country Women's Association, and the National Council of Women.

The Kindergarten Union of New South Wales has but a brief respite, closing on December 22 and resuming on January 2. The actual kindergartens, however, broke up on December 14 for vacation until January 30.

The Girl Guides' Association closes its headquarters only from December 21 to January 3, as several camps are to be held after then, and the office must of necessity be open.

The Guild of Empire also feels the need for complete rest before commencing another year of arduous work. It finalised its activities with several parties last week, officially closing on December 21 till January 15.

The respite for the Racial Hygiene Association is briefer, lasting only from December 22 to January 3.

The Scottish Hospital is coming into line with similar organisations and establishing auxiliaries as aids to its work. Miss Norma Morice has been appointed organiser, and the first auxiliary has been formed by the women members of the Highland Society.

In the Summer children spend their energies more freely than ever. Yet the light foods which they prefer contain little nourishment to create new energy.

Cold "Ovaltine" is the ideal solution of the problem. It is brimful of energy - giving nourishment. Every child loves the delicious flavour.

"Ovaltine" makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. There is only one "Ovaltine."

NEW REDUCED PRICES:
2/-, 3/3, 5/9
All Chemists and Stores

A. WANDER LTD.
218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.
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'OVALTINE' COLD
Delicious and Nourishing

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

● Modess is the finest sanitary protection you can get. Softly comfortable, inconspicuous, and assuring perfect protection. Yet it costs only 2/- at all chemists and department stores.

2/- For Twelve

THE HABIT of little folk to suck their fingers is overcome at the Day Nursery, Woolloomooloo, by the ingenious method of tying up the fingers and pretending that the children are catching butterflies.
—Women's Weekly photo.

HAVENS of *Safety* for CHILDREN of *Working* MOTHERS

Sydney Day Nurseries

To have the constant companionship, care and guidance of her children is a joy that mothers realise to the full. But many mothers are denied these joys, as, owing to the stress of the times, they have had to become breadwinners.

IT is in these cases that the Sydney Day Nursery Association proves such a boon to working mothers who are trying to help themselves.

There are nurseries established at Woolloomooloo, Forest Lodge, Surry Hills, Eastern Suburbs, Northern Suburbs, Newtown and district where mothers may leave their children from the age of one month to six years, for the small cost of 6d. per day.

A DISCARDED motor tyre makes an admirable swing for the small children.
—Women's Weekly photo.

The nurseries are open from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m., and with her child or children in such good care, the mother is able to go to work with a mind free from worry on their behalf.

Nursery schools have been established at Northern Suburbs and Woolloomooloo nurseries.

Lady MacCallum is president of the Association, which is fortunate in the enthusiasm of members of the different committees, each of which supervises its own nursery.

* * *

THE principle sources of revenue are public donations in various forms, Government and municipal grants, interest from investments, and fees for caring for the children.

In the case of a mother searching for employment, the nursery helps by taking the child without charge until conditions improve, but it is a noteworthy fact that parents make a strenuous effort to pay the daily fee for their children.

CHRISTMAS parties for the mothers and children, too, have been held at every branch of the Day Nursery Association. The Woolloomooloo party, held last Saturday, was particularly bright.

A VISIT to the nursery at Woolloomooloo was full of interest and enlightenment.

There is an average attendance of 53 children a day, and very pretty and attractive the little ones look in their bright blue overalls.

Indeed, brightness is the keynote of the surroundings, and the little people are taught right from the very start to develop their independence. Each child has his or her own locker for clothes, own pegs in the bathroom for towel and washer, individual bed, which in sunny weather is placed out on the roof garden.

ALL in a row and ready for any fun, these little people enjoyed having their photograph taken.
—Women's Weekly photo.

THIS LITTLE LASS in pensive mood was rather shy of the camera when snapped at the Woolloomooloo Day Nursery.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Even the wee ones have no difficulty in distinguishing their own lockers and beds, as each is marked with a distinctive picture.

In the nursery school, the children are taught early habits of order and precision without curtailing their joyous freedom, and mothers say that the children carry these habits home with them.

Nursery furniture, tables, chairs, and wash basins give the children a sense of responsibility and ownership, and the sharing of toys develops unselfishness.

* * *

THE favorite place in the large playroom leading off the roof garden is the dolls' corner, and even the small boys creep in to share the games played there.

The children are served with morning lunch, hot dinner and afternoon tea, with special attention given to the right selection of nourishing foods. Cod liver oil night and morning helps to build up the constitution of any child under weight.

The nursery is visited each week by the hon. medical officer, who sees to the physical well-being of the children.

When days are cold or wet there is a downstairs nursery, but the little people like best to be up on the roof garden, where those who are old enough enjoy the slippery slide, bicycles, and swings which help to pass pleasant hours in the fresh, open air.

Debaters *are* Organising

Women Join In...

THE United Association's debating team, which carried off the Radiola Cup this year for the second time, may find itself up against many members of their own sex in next year's tourney.

Women are engaging in organised debates in an increasing number, and there will be a considerable addition to their ranks when the Combined Churches' Debating Societies' Federation is functioning to its full capacity.

Young women's associations are prominently identified with the work of the federation, and are sharing equally with the affiliated men's organisations in the conduct and management of its affairs.

The C.C.D.S.F., which numbers among its objects the promotion of public speaking and debating and like educational activities, is a combination of Church bodies under the aegis of the Council of Churches.

Represented on the general council and central executive are the delegates of the Girls' Friendly Society, Presbyterian Fellowship Union (Girls' Work Division), Methodist Girls' Comradeship, and the Y.W.C.A..

It is proposed that a special trophy be secured for an inter-denominational debating competition to be held between the various young women's associations.

BE original when making your gifts this Christmas. Send your friends a subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The rates for New South Wales are only 11/- for 12 months, 6/- for six months, and 3/3 for three months. This includes postage.

ALLY SALMON
Now in two grades

RED LABEL
The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

GOLD LABEL
A high quality red salmon —slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

The pick of the catch!
In ¼, ½ & 1lb. tins

You can't stop him scratching

PULVEX Can!

No use scolding your dog because he's always scratching. The only way to stop him is to get rid of his fleas. Powder him with Pulvex, the non-poisonous, non-irritant preparation that kills vermin and protects animals from further attacks.

COOPER'S
PULVEX
KILLS all fleas
Obtainable from all good dealers.
Wholesale from:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney, and N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd., Melbourne & Brisbane.
"Ask the man who owns a show dog."

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

VIRGIE Coyle, niece of the judge, arranged to go deep-sea diving last week?

The marriage of Alice Carruthers to Geoffrey Maitland has been fixed for February 8, 1934, at St. Marks'?

Mrs. Amy Phillips, of Birmingham, says that she has learnt to be a kangaroo in Australia, as her relatives keep her bounding about from place to place?

Margery Halloran has the most exquisite and extensive trousseau we have seen, and mostly made by herself?

Did Her Best

AT a Christmas party for children last week, one little girl, who had been told by her elder sister on no account to have awkward silences if any little boy asked her to dance, thought she was quite safe in saying: "Do you like your headmaster?" to her partner.

She was non-plussed, however, when John Dettman replied, "I have to, he's my father."

Has Altered Her Plans

ALTHOUGH she saw her friend Eve Hirst in the distance at the same party last week, Cecil Beckworth had, apparently, to "cut" her. The reason was that daughter Pam has developed whooping cough, and Cecil, while not quarantined from grown-ups without children, must keep away from those who have them. This has altered her plans for the Christmas holidays, and she has decided just to have a small party, consisting of Marion Lintus, David Lowndes, Neville Menlove, and herself, at the Australia, on Christmas Eve, instead of a large one at home.

Experienced Travellers

HAVING left their station home, "Goodooga," on the Queensland border, in a hurry, driven out by flood waters, Major and Mrs. Richmond have been staying at "Hulverstone," Double Bay. Now the "Talping" is taking them on a six weeks' trip to China.

With truly remarkable heroism, Mrs. Richmond, who has five children, of whom the youngest is seven and the eldest fourteen, is not taking a nurse. She says the baby has already seen four continents and so is quite an experienced traveller.

The Richmonds also hope to visit Mrs. Richmond's brother, Captain Adam Wilson-Brand, who is stationed in India, in the near future.

What Is In The Name?

AT Winchelsea (one of the Cinque ports), if you wander into the old churchyard you will see the tombs of the House of Allard. So when Sir Mason and Lady Allard planned their Palm Beach home, they called it "Winchelsea."

The family are spending Christmas there, and Mrs. H. S. Beale and her two boys and girls are expected soon.

Quite Worth It

AS it is in Beach Road, with lawns sloping down to the water, and is particularly well furnished — including a most attractive willow pattern dinner service—the Stewart Dawsons are quite happy to pay eighteen guineas a week for the Curlewis' home at Palm Beach, which they have taken for the Christmas holidays.

Peace And Goodwill

IT has often been remarked that if all amateur sportsmen were to unite they would be irresistible. The only trouble is, they never do unite. That is to say, hardly ever.

In Adelaide last week, however, when Conder of the A.B.C. was there on an official visit, he was given the unprecedented (surely) honor of an unofficial welcome by a combined party of athletics, baseball, boxing, wrestling, bowls, cricket, cycling, hockey, hunting, football, lacrosse, polo, rowing, soccer, swimming, tennis, and goodness knows what other associations.

The Major is more or less expert in all these sports. He is said to be one of the best Australian rules football centremen Tasmania has had. Some add "and the roughest!"

The Major admits he once trod on an opponent's ear. But that was a mistake. He aimed for his face.

Engagement Announced

JUST announced is the engagement of "Golly" Ogden and Ruth Deane (of Killara). "Golly" spends most of his time at his station home, "Windy," Quirindi, but pays flying visits to Sydney to wool-class. No wedding plans are yet made.

Beware Black Soil!

MR. and Mrs. Keith Fisher will, we feel sure, agree with Sir Philip Game in his admiration for people who travel miles over black soil country.

Recently the Fishers were at a dinner and dance party, given by the Crowleys, in the North-West, when down came the rain. Everyone flew to their cars, to try to get home before the surrounding districts became a morass. After going for about 10 miles, the Fishers' car stopped, and they had to camp in it throughout the night.

At dawn they walked for five miles, through squelching mud, to the nearest house. Their hosts (who were strangers) provided them with dry clothing.

Two days later their overseer arrived from Burren Junction with horses, but the car was not retrieved for another week.

Comparatively Quiet Honeymoon

AFTER the furore of the wedding, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Melbourne had a comparatively quiet honeymoon, for, even if they did get stared at at the Australia, and attend a cocktail party or two, they were more or less lost in the crowd.

A gracious little gesture now they have returned to Melbourne is to be a dinner-party in honor of their groomsmen and bridesmaids. The Sydney guests will be in Melbourne specially for the occasion. Mr. Arthur Bunting, M.L.C., and son Bob, are leaving Sydney on Thursday to attend the party.

Unusual Achievement

IT is an unusual achievement to have one's name inscribed on one of the very modern appliances used at St. Luke's Hospital. This has happened to Doreen Higgins, as a result of the sale of her cookery book.

Tennis and Bridge

SADIE BUDGE has two ruling passions at present — tennis and contract bridge. Especially, however, tennis. She says she doesn't care who she plays with so long as they can play.

She and Naomi Williams are even about to pit themselves, at the White City, against Perry and Crawford — or, if not that, some other champions, anyway.

Tossing On The Billows

AT St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Sunday, Canon Howard Lea said that "those who have recently been a voyage know what may lurk for one on the sea," and had the congregation sing a special hymn for "those in peril on the sea" for Sir John Harvey, who left the day before for Hongkong.

Before leaving, Sir John took an affectionate farewell of his friend "dear Frank Anderson," as he, together with Sir Alexander Gordon, Frank's former room-mate in their bachelor days, calls Professor Francis Anderson.

Not Very Surprising

AS they have been "walking out" for some time now, the announcement of Ruth Allen's engagement to Charlie Buchanan last week was not a very great surprise.

Ruth is a lifelong friend of Jean Ruthven, whose sister Nancy is to marry Charlie's brother John.

Ruth, whose fairness has been much admired since she, Margaret Honey, and several others, combined to give their first party on leaving school, is certainly good-looking, but not more so than her mother.

Live Wire Family

MRS. ROSS - GORE'S children certainly do not hang "heavy on hand." Betty, who has been a live wire ever since her schooldays, is off to England, and matrimony, quite soon, and now Bobby, at fifteen, has got himself a job with the Orient S.S. Co. He has passed the Intermediate, and it seemed too good a chance not to leave school.

Although five feet eleven, Bobby is not as tall as his young cousin, Thomas Gore, who is six feet three. Tommy's schoolmates call him "Taxi."

Story Of Romance

THEY say there is enough romance in the lives of Australians to make many good scenarios, and herewith is an entry for first prize.

Bertha Clay, a Sydney girl, took up typing when her father, Dr. Clay, died. When Mr. Tom Sturton, wealthy bachelor squatter, came to town, he used to get a good deal of typing done at her office. Then he died, possessed of £250,000. To her amazement, Bertha Clay received £10,000. She decided to travel.

Setting forth in good health and spirits, she met a delightful bachelor on the way home. Four months later she and Mr. Jordan married. Now she is the wife of the Chief Justice.

When Mrs. Jordan lived on the North Side she was a frequent visitor to the Spit swimming baths. Now she lives in Rose Bay (near the Convent), and, with her sister, Mrs. John Roche, takes a great interest in sailing.

He Must Be Keen

PHILIP GAME is leaving his work at Mudgee for a short visit to his family at Sutton Forest over the Christmas holidays. Philip is now busy writing his thesis for an honors' Science degree in Geology.

After this breathing space he is to return to his lonely life of tramping about ten miles daily tapping rocks, which he adores.

LOOKING AT LIFE. —By Driff.

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Original "NO TRUMP" BIDS

By Frank Cayley

Many people still play auction bridge, so it is only fair that I should devote an occasional article to them — but only an occasional article, because auction is a dying game.

I PLAYED auction recently with a man who was a good player—at least he told me he was a good player, and I was loath to contradict him.

Here is a sample of his bidding which honestly was no better or no worse than that of the average auction bridge enthusiasts: East dealt and Mr. "Good Player" sat South, with "Yours Truly" in the North position.

The hands:

("Yours Truly")
S: 7 5 4
H: K 10 3 2
D: 6 4 3
C: K Q 5

("The Wise Man")
S: A K Q 9 8
H: J 7
D: A 10
C: 6 4 3 2

("The Dealer.")
S: 10 6 3
H: 9 5 4
D: 9 8 7 2
C: 10 9 7

N / W E / S

S: J 2
H: A Q 8 6
D: K Q J 5
C: A J 9
(Mr. "Good Player.")

The bidding:—
East (gloomily): "No Bid."
South (loudly): "One No Trump."
West: "No Bid."
North: "No Bid."
East: "No Bid."

The play was of a very straightforward nature, West leading out five winning hearts and the ace of diamonds.

Result: "One no trump" bid and made.

Now, do you know South was annoyed and thought it unsporting of West ("The Wise Man") not to call his spades?

What utter nonsense. Why should West, who has a partner to consider, turn to the declarer and say, "Look here, your 'no-trump' bid is in serious danger. Don't you think you had better change to something safer?" Yet that, in effect, is what Mr. "Good Player" expected West to do. After a bit of argument my partner, somewhat red in the face, and flustered, turned his angry gaze on me: "And what do you think?" he queried. "I'm right, aren't I?"

I did not answer directly, but laid the cards out again on the table. "Now then!" I said, "If you had made your correct call of 'one heart' there would have been nothing to worry or argue about. West would have bid his spades, but we would have carried on in our suit and made game with ease."

"Oh, I like five cards before I call a suit!" he said. "None of your new-fangled contract calling for me."

He made a number of mistakes in his statement:

(1) The bidding of four-card suits is not new-fangled.

(2) It is not contract calling any more than auction, and was in vogue before contract was played.

Bridge players should remember that an original "No Trump" call is one of the worst that can be made. Try to find a reasonably good four-card suit headed by K, Q, A J, or better. By calling in this way you induce the enemy to betray their strength and you can then decide whether "No Trumps" is sound as a final declaration.

IF MAKING an egg custard—boiled, of course—to serve with stewed fruit, reserve a little in a separate basin. When the custard is cold add one tablespoon of made mustard, one tablespoon of vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste. No extra sugar is required. Mix the vinegar, salt, and pepper well into the cold custard, then use with an ordinary salad. It will be found a very palatable dressing.

That LAST MINUTE *Racking* of BRAINS

Being the Weekly Shopping Diary of SAIDE

WITH Christmas just a matter of days away, there will be a rush that occasions, as the good old proverb reminds us, considerable haste without its proportionate measure of speed.

Just before embarking on the final shopping marathon—and do not overlook the fact that there will be a closed season for shopping for one and a half days before Christmas—think out a definite list and do not be deflected from it by the most plausible salesfolk.

WITH commendable forethought I have compiled the following list of likely gifts. Each one would be very acceptable, and the prices offer a wide range and each again is easily procurable.

The couple depicted on these bridge cards have a very dashing air, and a recent host and hostess at bridge will recognise the subtle

compliment conveyed when they receive such a personality gift. Two packs, tastefully boxed, the cards themselves made from the very best "board," with a surface that will survive the most ungallant shuffling, are 8/11.

* * *

For the family outings every conceivable wish is catered for (I use the term advisedly!) in this picnic port, alias luncheon basket. It is fitted with a complete set of Pritchard ware, unbreakable, mark you, and other gadgets include the most amazing range from a thermos flask to a corkscrew. The whole has been designed on a basis that makes

it possible to carry it in an extraordinarily small amount of space, for £7/2/6.

* * *

Another toilet adjunct, quite different from anything of that nature which we have seen hitherto, is also available in a multiplicity of colors, and has a chromium finish. The filtering process is again a feature, but quite its most resourceful point lies in the lid. For it is a

mirror, and the handle is adjustable so that you lift the lid up in the hand as though it were an ordinary hand-mirror or balance it in the manner of the nimblest shaving mirrors. It is 22/6.

* * *

HERE'S something quite new in flapjacks. A variety of colors includes blue, red, green and tortoiseshell. The powder filters through in the manner prescribed in best

flapjack circles, and the whole is so flat as to lie smoothly and pleasingly at the side of one's bag. The price is 13/6.

* * *

Still in the same vein, here is an equally new and very artistic suggestion for

milady's boudoir. Hand-mirror, brush and comb are available in the most delicate shades. Of the inner mysteries of its composition I am lamentably uninformed, but the appearance to the uninitiated is that the whole is composed of glass, and very delightful it is for £3/3/- the set.

* * *

Here are two samples of Australian-made brass, and they are truly noble representatives of the craft (I assume

that those who are so resourceful with brass are called craftsmen). The kookaburra which carries its child in so reckless a fashion is 11/6, and the archer, modelled on an obvious believer in the efficacy of the "daily dozen," is sold at 18/6 a pair.

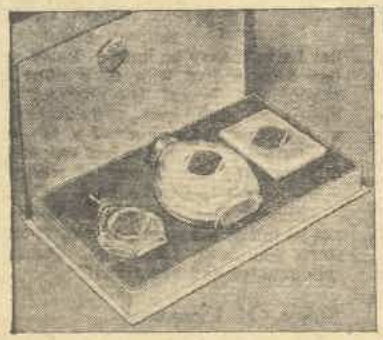
☆ ☆ ☆

Delectable details for the lass on the threshold of the matrimonial plunge are just being placed in her drawer by the lass with the ex-

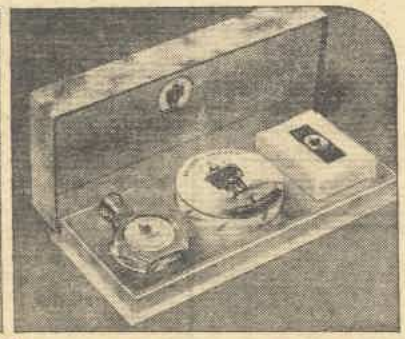
clusive air. No doubt the location of that drawer is significant.

Complete sets in the most delicate shades comprise a slip, a slumber gown and scanties. They are all artistically embroidered in the most exquisite China silk for £2/2/- the set.

Gifts with the Charm of Old England that Men and Women like!



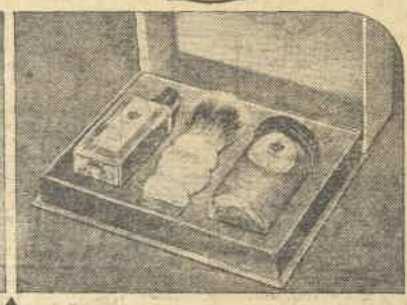
Exquisite Blue and Silver Coffret of Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, with Talcum, Complexion Soap and Eau de Cologne, 5/3 each.



Popular Coffret, containing Sprinkler bottle of Lavender, lovely Mitcham Face Powder, and Complexion Soap, 4/- each. Others, 2/- to 8/6.

YOUR gift to "him" or to "her" should be different—personal, charming, and in perfect taste, something to use and to enjoy. Potter and Moore's coffrets and exquisite perfume are all this and more, and are always happily received. See the Potter and Moore's display at your favourite store or chemist's—you will be surprised at the wide range of delightful gifts for men and women. You will be pleased, too, at their very reasonable prices.

Coffret for men, containing attractive Bakelite Shaving Bowl de Luxe and bottle of Lavender Liquid Brilliantine, 6/- each. Others, 3/- to 10/6.



Coffret for men, containing Liquid Brilliantine, British-made Shaving Brush, and Lavender de Luxe Shaving Stick, in glass container, 9/6 each.

Toilet Preparations by

POTTER & MOORE

LONDON

Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne Coffret, with Complexion Soap, and Bottle of Eau de Cologne, 2/9.

Lavender Complexion Soap and Box of exquisite Face Powder combined—a beautiful gift, 2/6.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

AT a prize-giving last week Lady Game varied the usual routine by omitting a formal speech, addressed to no-one in particular, in favor of a few personal words of congratulation to each prize-winner.

"I have always wished someone would do that," said one mother. "As a rule, a function which is called a 'prize-giving' consists of several ponderous speeches about things in general, while the boys and girls who have worked to get the prizes are rushed over in a few minutes, and hardly anyone knows, or seems to care, who is who, and why."

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. JACK ARMSTRONG have left to spend Christmas with Mr. Edward La Touche Armstrong at the Armstrong's old home, "Leven," Bates Street, East Caulfield. Later they will visit their country house for a time. Then, returning to Melbourne, they will visit Dr and Mrs. Mark Ley.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. GEOFFREY HUGHES was dismayed as the time drew near to saying good-bye to Lady Hughes, because her two children were not to be found anywhere on the wharf.

They were discovered, however, just in time. Lady Hughes is off to Tasmania, in the "Narkunda," for a month.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOAN WILLOUGHBY DOWLING has been making a round of country visits. For a week she stayed at Coolah, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Dangar. A day was spent with the Tom Baillieus, and another with the Clive Alisons. Joan's especial thrill however, was when she stayed with the Fred McMasters, and was entertained with "talkies" in the home.

☆ ☆ ☆

A PRETTY wedding planned for Wednesday was that of Stella, youngest daughter of the L. S. Booths, to John Sumner, son of the late Mr. J. Sumner and Mrs. Sumner, of Ashfield. Stella chose a frock of blue marocain, with coat to match, and the choice of her bridesmaid (Elsie Booth) was grey marocain, with pink hat and gloves to match.

THIS IS the bride whom Mr. Philip Hill brought home from England recently. Mr. Hill is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hill, Moree, and Mrs. Hill was formerly Marian Phayre, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Phayre and the late Lady Phayre, of Oxford.

☆ ☆ ☆

RON DOYLE and Elsie Bailey, winners of the N.S.W. section of the Australian dancing championship, are returning during the week with honors thick upon them from the finals for the Australian title, which were held in Leggett's Ballroom Melbourne.

Though the date was December 13th, good luck was with the N.S.W. couple. The final decision went by popular vote. They scored a majority of ninety-two votes, their total being 390 and the runners-up 298.

The runners-up were last year's title holders, winning on that occasion by the narrow margin of eleven votes.

HOST Holbrook says: Since 1788 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant ★★★

SINCE red geraniums and ivy were Charles Dickens' favorite flowers, these were sent by the Dickens Fellowship as a greeting to Mrs. Maybelle Harris when the "Straithaird" moored, with an intimation that a "pleased to see you" party was being organised for the New Year.

Parisians have their eyelashes shaved now, Mrs. Harris said, so that the new sweeping eyelashes, which are attached to a thin strip of skin-tinted plaster, can be affixed. A farewell party was given her in Cadogan Gardens by the Henniker Heatons, who are relatives. Rose Henniker who is very handsome, is writing another book. Mrs. Basil St. Vincent Welsh and Mrs. M. N. Sowers are giving welcome home parties in Mrs. Harris' honor.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON a short holiday from Young, Mrs. Simpson King gave a dinner party at the Australia on Thursday last week, followed by a party at the Forum Club the following day.

Guests included Mrs. Eric Whetton and Jean, Mrs. S. Hicks, Mrs. Fred Manning and Leila Manning, Madeline ("Biddy") Dwyer, Hope Garling, Mollie Goodall, and Mrs. Whetton, senior. Daughter Helen, who was famed for her predilection for bicycling while at "Ascham," was with her. Barbara is now in Africa.

☆ ☆ ☆

TO welcome home Mrs. D. Macmaster, who has been visiting son Hugh at Cambridge, Mrs. H. E. Weston entertained last week at the Kirribilli Yacht Club, which was exquisitely decorated with masses of gladioli and hydrangeas. Mrs. George Dale, Miss Paul (of "St. Mark's Cottage," Darling Point), Mrs. Crawford Robertson, Mrs. Leslie Waterhouse, Mrs. Mackay, and Mrs. Macmaster's sister, Miss Farquharson.

CUPID has been busy in the Callachor family. Ena, who is pictured here, married Mr. Jack Baldick during the week at St. Mary's Basilica, and her brother, Julian, will marry early in the new year.
—Norton Trevaire

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. HOWARD ELLIS, who has been visiting Sydney, left in the "Mariposa" for his home in Suva.

☆ ☆ ☆

JEANNETTE MORETON, daughter of Mr. D. S. H. Moreton, accompanied her father, who is president of the Queensland Association, to the annual reunion at the Wentworth. Mr. Clifford Sproule was in attendance on Jeanette, his bride-elect. Their wedding is to be a quiet one and will take place at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Mrs. Ida Brissenden and Miss E. E. Moreton, the bride's aunts, are the daughters of the late Hon. Seymour Moreton and Mrs. Seymour Moreton, who lives nowadays at Valentia St. Hunter's Hill.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE star turn at Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hammond's silver wedding celebrations at Gordon last week, when four reception-rooms were thrown open to accommodate the guests, was Keith Allen's piano rendering of the "Three Blind Mice," how they set out quite happily, but finally had the most horrible adventures, until the final last straw of the farmer's wife.

Those present included Major and Mrs. Milton Jarvie, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. James, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jardine, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Belcher, Mr. J. L. Muirhead, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Malley, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Scott.

MRS. WILLIAM REDMOND, who is leaving by the "Oronsay" with her husband and young son for a world tour. "Bill, jun.," will remain at school in England.
—Dayne

FOR all those who have entertained them since their return from England, Mr. and Mrs. David Gillespie and their family of seven gave a party at the Wentworth on Monday night. Guests to the number of 250 came not only from Sydney, but from Brisbane, too.

☆ ☆ ☆

WE were very intrigued to find, at the Pickwick Club, on Friday, a sherry party of London and Liverpool Globe Insurance Co. people on the top floor, a pretzels party given by Dorise Hill on the lower floor, and an unclassified party given by Dr. Kitty Ardill-Bryce in the middle.

At the pretzels party were Sir William Lennon's nephew, Mr. S. R. Lennon, and his wife, Joan Ord, Enid Hull, Mrs. William Lowe, Peggy Hess, who seemed particularly addicted to the "Shadow Waltz," and Babe Cobcroft.

Others present were Mr. John Keep, Jean McCormick, Sylvia Macken, Betty Ann Hill, John Sandes, Jim Toohey, and Jo Weekes.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT the Royal Sydney Golf Club's children's party on Friday, Mrs. Gwen Wharton, who brought daughter Gwenda, helped the children by carrying round armfuls of ice cream cones and Mr. Rex Chambers spent his time in blowing up balloons for nephew Anthony, Dr. F. O. B. Wilkinson's son.

The belle of the party was Lady Sheldon's grandchild, Marcella Rex, whose picturesque amah, as well as mother, was in attendance on her. Mrs. Arthur Street brought grandson Ian Parkes. Mr. Clifford Kitchen brought "Mickey" (John) and Maitland Levy, Livio Boccherini and Virginia Heath were with Mrs. John Brunton. Mrs. Roy Buckland looked fascinating in a green and white check, and her young son David had the best of times with a balloon as big as himself. All enjoyed themselves, but Mrs. Langford Gibson's Ross found, when he essayed the slippery dip at the end, that he rather over enjoyed himself.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS IRENE SHAW, who has been living for a year or two at Leura, has returned to Sydney, and is flat-hunting at Edgecliff. She is staying for the present with Mrs. R. N. Blaxland at Wellington St., Woollahra.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS May Crawford is now engaged (to Ferguson Munro), the gift of a teaset by the parents of her kindergarten pupils was particularly happy.

At the "breaking up" in the Masonic Hall, Double Bay, last week, an innovation was a "tin can band" where the children are not only told they mustn't make a noise, but, science's latest decree, encouraged in it—provided they keep noise in time. Fond parents present included Mrs. L. Treweeke, Mrs. H. S. Halloran, the Langley Brookes, A. Streets, Lambles, and E. P. Englebachs.

IN honor of Molly Seaborn and her fiance, Neil Buchanan, Mrs. Garnet Marsden, in black floral chiffon with crystal beads, bracelets, and earrings, entertained a large party at Romano's on Saturday.

Although things had quietened down since the birthday night on Thursday, when everyone was so cheery that one could hardly have heard an elephant, let alone a pin, drop, it was a very happy evening, with the presence of a Duke to lend an extra thrill. Those in the party included Mrs. Leslie Seaborn, Keith Hay, Mavis Fleming, Joan Melville, Nina Simpson, Betty Hopkins, Dr. Broughton, Ben Arnott, D. S. Evans, E. Scott-Scott, Jim Marsden, and Mrs. Steel.

TO farewell her sister, who was leaving for Hongkong the next day, Mrs. Ian Campbell, with Captain Ian's aid, gave a cocktail party at her Woollahra home on Friday.

Those present included Commander Charles Gifford, Royce Shannon, Captain Jim Rennick, Jane Conolly, Mary Harvey, Nettie Clark, Joan Crowhurst, Dorothy Perkins, Enid and John Riddle, Wilfrid Wallace, Neville Pixley, John Flynn, John Marten, and John Brain.

☆ ☆ ☆

THERE were many "little Willies" at the first night of "Peter Pan" at the Savoy, but instead of being over-burdened with grown-up relatives, they formed the majority of most parties. Their bursts of laughter and applause made the show go with a tremendous swing. They started to clap almost before Ann Gordon asked "Do you believe in fairies?"

Ann Gordon, whose hair was rather long and curves rather feminine, nevertheless was a winsome and lissom Peter, and not nearly so solid-looking as her family of lost little boys, some of whom were very substantial.

Gertrude Johns made a wonderful Nana, and Marguerite Cullen-Ward a delightful Wendy.

But the acting honors go to Jane Conolly, whose performance as the sweet Mrs. Darling was truly Barrie-ish, and the best thing she has given us.

ON A HOLIDAY VISIT from Milan are Mr. and Mrs. Bianchi and family. Mrs. Bianchi, formerly Miss Edwardes, of Turramurra, is shown here with her four children at Palm Beach.

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FARMER'S

"The Gift Shop"

—asks you to remember that all purchases made up to 9 p.m., Friday next, 22nd December will be delivered within the extensive range of Farmer's Free Delivery Service on or before Saturday 23rd; and that country orders will be forwarded as promptly as possible.

50 only! DIXON'S

Sterling Silver-plated Teapots

The year's sensation in Silver Plate! 50 only at this absurd price!!! Genuine "James Dixon's" Sheffield Teapots, 30/-. "Sugars" to match, with lids, 17/6, also Cream Jugs. Price, ea. 17/6. *Ground Floor, George St.*

Slice and Core

ONE OPERATION

Latest novelty. For all apples. .. **1/4½**

All Aluminium Egg-Beaters

Feather-light, the last procurable, **8/11**

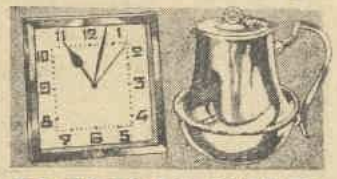
Reading Lamps

Perfect gift! Adjustable Shade. Stands, clamps in any position. With 6 feet of flex, globe, adaptor. Price, **9/6**

Box of 3 coloured lawn

HANKIES

Special Xmas Value! 1/11. Box of 3. They're hand-embroidered on coloured lawn; in many beautiful pastel shades. Three hand-embroidered corners. What a gift!



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17/6 WATER JUGS, 15/-

Amazing Plate Special! 10 only! E.P.N.S Hot Water Jugs, fine quality; 17/6. Sp., 15/-

32/6 ALARM CLOCKS, 27/6

12 only! Square shaped, chrome plated Alarm Clocks, 30-hour movement. Sp., 27/6

PURE SILK HOSIERY

SERVICE WEIGHT Pure Silk Hose, full-fashioned; In beautiful shades; reinforced for service. **10/6**

FINE CHIFFON A pure Silk Hose, with dainty lace clox; even weave—in new Paris tones **14/11**

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SPECIAL LINENS

Ecru Linen, 2/11

Ecru linen with punch-work centre, oval shape, all by hand! 11 x 17 in.

For Hosiery, 4/11

Novelty Stocking Bag, hand-worked with applique designs in ecru grass lawn. Quite a bargain.

Bulgarian at 2/6

Bulgarian hand-embroidered Tray Cloths, exclusively worked on cream, Irish linen. 18 x 10 inches.

Hand-made, 1/11

Hand-made Crochet d'Oylees, boxed for giving. 2 d'Oylees. 8-in.

How SEASIDE Influences Children

"A Mother," writing in a recent issue, expressed the opinion that home life in a seaside village was not one that promoted the best interests of children. Miss Truby King does not agree.

By M. TRUBY KING

CHILDREN who are lucky enough to be brought up by the sea are very greatly to be envied by their city cousins.

Think of it, you city children! After school, out come the bathing togs and away you skip to the yellow sands, hand in hand, with the wind blowing through your hair. Is there not an ache in the heart of every city child for just this enjoyment?—

Oh, children of the city, who have never known the call
Of the breakers and the sand-dunes, I would take you, one and all,
For the secrets of the rock-pools would rejoice your weary eyes,
And the ever-changing beauty of the sea would make you wise!

Sands are the natural playgrounds of children. Have you ever seen an unhappy child at the beach? No! There are holes to be dug for the sea, crabs to be searched for, little waves to chase and big waves to dive through. Who could be sad with such playmates?

Instead of cigarette cards, there are shells to be collected—all the colors of the rainbow, and all fascinatingly different in their shapes. Then there are castles to build and races to be run on the hard sand, breakers to shoot or gentle ripples to float upon.

A child is much nearer the heart of things on the beach than on the streets. There is more scope for imagination, more freedom for the body. Altogether one could hardly think of a healthier existence.

"A Mother" seems to be lamenting the fact that for nine months or so out of the twelve the seaside resorts are stagnant. So much the better for the child-brain which is rapidly developing and should not be over-stimulated. If some adults find these months dull it is because they have dulled minds—warped minds—minds which require for their stimulus dances, bridge parties, cocktails, and a ceaseless round of tennis and other amusements.

So far as the welfare of the child is concerned, it is all to the good that only three months of the year are spent in riotous gaiety, hurdy-gurdies, sideshows and sweet stalls. They at least have the rest of the year in which to recover from the over-excitement of these summer days . . . not, mark you, that this "season" fever in moderation is not a good thing.

* * *

THE wise mother would let her child have only one late evening a week during these festivities, so that his nervous system is not over-taxed. How often one finds a child going back to school utterly worn out after his holidays, simply because they have been no holiday to him at all! What with an endless round of parties, self-indulgence in the way of over-eating and late nights, his poor little body is all upset and his mind in no fit condition to tackle the new term's work.

Irregular meals should not be permitted, nor should the child's main meal be doomed to be sandwiches day after day. He needs something hot for the mid-day meal, at least occasionally. Soup can be warmed up in a billy, and chops or sausages grilled over an open fire. Don't be content just to fill up his little inside with bread, biscuits, and cake.

As to "A Mother's" suggestion that ambition could not thrive in anyone brought up by the sea, I can only say that if the sea is going to stifle a child's determination to get on in life, what little ambition that particular child had is not worth fostering. I, for one, cannot admit that there is nothing in the seaside-dweller's surroundings to inspire him to higher ideals and foster his ambitions.

Gifts for the Toilet

OLD ENGLISH lavender, daffodil, carnation and boronia are the fragrant perfumes that are carefully blended through the treble-milled talcum powder that bears the title Imex.

Gifts of soap powders, and perfumes, luxurious gift sets for women, that contain soft clinging powder—soothing bath salts—talc, powder. Gift sets for men of shaving soap, brilliantine, and talc, powder. Whether you would select a small gift or an elaborate one—you will find it among Imex suggestions.

Even with Chronic Constipation

BILE BEANS

RESTORE NATURAL REGULARITY

DAY after day Clements Tonic brings new life to men and women who are "run down," nervy and fatigued. After the first bottle there is a feeling of renewed strength, a better appetite and sounder sleep. Colour returns to pale cheeks, and troubles are forgotten. For Clements Tonic brings renewed health by fortifying the blood and feeding the nervous system. It is a natural restorative, free from drugs and injurious stimulants. Here are two of the many letters received from grateful users:

"Nerves Just Danced"

South Broken Hill.

"I suffer from dreadful headaches. My nerves just dance; in fact it is sometimes impossible for me to see out of my eyes. I take your tonic regularly for a month or perhaps more until I feel well again. Then I do not take any more, perhaps for a couple of months, so you see it does me a lot of good."

(Mrs.) D.J.B.

"Insomnia Disappeared"

Stanmore, N.S.W., 10th Feb., 1933.

"I feel I must let you know what Clements Tonic has done for me. I have been suffering from Insomnia for a considerable time. A friend advised me to take Clements Tonic. I have only taken three bottles and the result is wonderful. I feel altogether a different woman."—(Mrs.) E.O.S.

(Original letters on file for inspection)

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you nerves of steel"

A Wonder-Value! Xmas Beauty-Gift

'Outdoor Girl" Week-end Beauty Kit **2/6**

Never has 2/6 purchased such amazing value! This kit of the world's most NATURAL beauty aids contains:—

OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER
LIGHTEX FACE POWDER
LIQUEFYING CLEANSING CREAM
TISSUE-BUILDING CREAM
LIP AND CHEEK ROUGE
CLEANSING TISSUES

What a gift! So inexpensive . . . so varied . . . and so lastingly practical! Get an "Outdoor Girl" kit to-day. Give one to every friend this Xmas!

OUTDOOR GIRL

American Olive-oil-base Beauty Aids

FARMER'S

TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENT, GEORGE STREET.

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Louise Mack Advises

LET *Christmas* CUSTOMS *Catch* YOU *Napping*

Christmas gifts float around us. Yet the Money Grub carries on grubbing. Doesn't Christmas make you long to exterminate the money grub species?

OUR brilliant "Old Gardener," whose lore in The Australian Women's Weekly has resulted in the sparkling garden outside my study window knows a great deal of gardening science, undoubtedly, but perhaps he doesn't know how to kill money grubs, and, of course, he is not expected to know that.

I don't know that I do, either.

But I am always hopefully trying to find out, having been born with an irresistible impulse to tread on a worm whenever I meet one.

Money Grubs, I don't mind telling you, are my pet abominations.

A mixed metaphor?

Not at all.

Lots of people do make pets of abominations. What is more abominable than a slimy toad, a hairy-backed spider, a carnivorous cactus, or a writhing cobra? Yet lots of people have made pets out of that catalogue.

And though I hate to say this, lots of people, oh, an infinite number of people in fact, **have made pets of Money Grubs.**

Yet when you consider what a wretched creature a Money Grub really is, that fancy seems hard to explain.

For the Money Grub takes everything lovely, dear, and desirable, everything magic, and radiant, and visionary, and sends it issuing forth changed out of all semblance to its former shining beauty, converting it into a dull, ugly, meaningless mass, the victim of the Money Grub's gastric juices.

* * *

ARE you a Money Grub?

The answer to that should be, frankly, **"God forbid."**

But, if you are, let me tell you that you are, first of all, **blind;** all the Money Grubs are.

> **"Essendon," Victoria, writes: "When I read of our Melbourne wedding where the presents had to be carted in lorries I thought how splendid for trade. But my neighbors disagree. The husband, a rich man, won't let his wife give a single present this Christmas. He says the depression is still here, and everyone ought to cut out Christmas presents altogether."**
>
> **There's a Money Grub for you.**

So blind, that you cannot see the beauty of that "host of golden daffodils beside the lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze," because the word "daffodils" to you means bulbs to be purchased at so much per dozen.

So blind, that you can look at Turner's perfect water-colors catching the glories of his inspired journeys through Switzerland, Italy, Greece, England, and you can say to yourself as you look, "£50,000"

So blind, that the long line of that dark green headline running athwart the turquoise waters of harbor or river represents to you **profitable investments at so much per foot.**

And deaf, too; so very deaf, that the Money Grub cannot hear the first fine careless rapture of our magpies tossing their gorgeous song into the white and green foam of our vast bush spaces, but hears instead only a buzzing like tar-rar-rar-rar-boomdeay (or may there be a land boom **soon**).

So blind, so very blind, that you cannot see the **writing on the wall** announcing that Faith, Hope, and Charity are all against you and your values.

THE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE has been invited to Australia during the Melbourne Centenary celebrations next year. She is the daughter of the late Duke of Albany, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Her husband, the Earl of Athlone, is brother of the present Queen.

"Mene mene tekel upharsin" says the Writing on the Wall.

Why, your values are not values at all, Money Grub; you are just a fake; you are **weighed and found wanting;** the Writing on the Wall says so.

* * *

WELL, my dear Money Grub, you, being blind, won't read this Christmas article of course, but it may be that some of the strap-hangers in your tram will be talking about it and maybe you, exercising the dearest cult of your profession, **the something for nothing,** maybe you will prick up your ears at the word **money,** and then, maybe, you will pick up the word **Money Grub** and wonder what it is, or who it is, and fall to thinking; and in that thinking it may happen to you that you realise what a lot of **speding-money-on-other-people** is going on just now; what a lot of **presents** are being given by all sorts of shabby, seedy, unlikely people, some buying penny toys for little pallid children, some buying cheap socks for queer, misshapen husbands, and quite a number of threadbare husbands anxiously inquiring the price of a leg of pork, a forequarter of veal, or even a Christmas ham.

Putting two and two together, then it may be that the Money Grub will approach an uneasy moment when he imagines that the force of Christmas customs may catch him napping and make him give somebody something.

Yield to that impulse, Money Grub, for heaven's sake yield to it!

The love of money is the root of all evil, and Money Grubs live on the roots.

Money in itself can be very beautiful.

As John Galsworthy says in his latest (and last) book, **"Money's only being able to do what you want to."**

That's the kind of money we approve of, but it's not the Money Grub's kind of money at all.

The Money Grub doesn't want to do anything with his money except make more of the same kind.

More! MORE! **More!**

That's his everlasting song.

And the reason that's all wrong is that Life is just a workshop, trying to turn out perfect specimens.

Galsworthy, who knew so much and though so nobly, says in almost his dying words, **"Character is our way of showing our desire for perfection; nursing the best that's in us."**

Well, that best **can't** be love of money, for the love of money is the **root of all evil,** and we have that direct from St. Paul, who was in matters such as this the soundest judge the world has ever known.

GOLD! GOLD!

Hundreds of Men — Women and Children MAKE LUCKY FINDS

Lucky Prospector:

Mrs. TOMS,
559 Dowling Street,
Moore Park,

who was one of the many lucky customers to find a Sovereign in the Xmas Cake.

To date, nearly 20,000 pieces of rich Xmas Cake have been given away—the cake is simply chock full of SOVEREIGNS, HALF - SOVEREIGNS and thousands of silver coins—and remember, every sovereign is now worth over 35/-.

No Catch—Everyone has the same chance

There is no catch—the coins are placed in cake under strict supervision — so many hundreds of coins to every 1,000 pieces of cake, and EVERY CUSTOMER presenting a docket of 2/6 or more at Buckinghams gets a piece FREE. . . . Owing to rush and cost of handling two pieces are limited to each customer.

Present Docket . .
Enjoy Cake . . . .
Look for Sovereign

BUCKINGHAMS LTD.
OXFORD STREET

INVESTIGATE!

We purchased the entire Melbourne and Brisbane Stocks, valued at £38,000, of the old-established house of—

STEWART DAWSON LTD.

and are selling the Goods at HALF PRICE.

NOW SEE FOR YOURSELF THE GENUINE BARGAINS OFFERING in—

Jewellery, Wristlet Watches, Silver, Xylonite and Ebony Brushes, Electroplate and Cutlery, Cut Glassware and China, Ladies' Handbags, Diamond Rings. In each Department delightful Christmas Gifts are obtainable at a reduction of 10/- in the £.

4-piece "Du Barry" Set, in all the wanted Pastel shades. £3/15/-. HALF-PRICE 37/6

Handsome Oak Case, 53 Pieces, best quality Spoons, Forks, Cutlery, etc., £15/15/-. HALF PRICE £7/17/6

Fine Diamond Brooch, 15ct. Gold, Platinum faced, £9/10/-. HALF PRICE £4/15/-

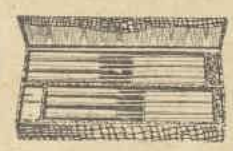
Fine Diamond Brooch, 15ct. Gold, Platinum Setting, £7/10/-. HALF PRICE £3/15/-

Fine Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold, Platinum Setting, £16/10/-. HALF PRICE £8/5/-

Gold Expanding High-grade 15-jewelled Watch, £7/15/-. HALF PRICE £3/17/6

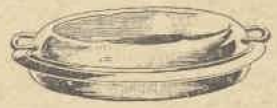
Fine Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold, Platinum Settings, £22/10/-. HALF PRICE. £11/5/-

Full-size Cut-glass Sets—Goblets or Tumblers, 7 pieces, 45/-. HALF PRICE . . . 22/6

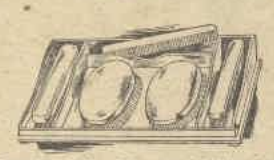


Six each, Stainless Table and Dessert Knives, in case, £2/10/-. HALF PRICE. £1/5/-

Imitation Tortoiseshell 6-piece Brush set in case, £5. HALF PRICE 50/-



Silver-plated Entree, convertible into 2 Dishes, 38/6. HALF PRICE 19/3



Dressing Table Set, pure Bristles, best Xylonite backs, £6/15/-. HALF PRICE 67/6

Firth's best Stainless Dessert Knives, 22/6 half doz. HALF PRICE 11/3

Lever Self-filling Pen, 15ct. gold nib, 10/6. HALF PRICE 5/3

CORNER OF PITT **PROUDS** LTD & KING STREETS

EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mather! Is that another new hat you're wearing?

MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!

MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?

MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.

MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.

MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C.," and study your income and expenditure month by month.

MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?

MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send One Shilling to Box 3095P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

PUBLIC NOTICE

W. S. KELK, Problem and Emergency Agent, 70 Macquarie St., Chatswood, Sydney. **Ambitions** aided, **problems** elucidated, **emergencies** met (day or night), **difficulties** overcome! Reliable, energetic, confidential, **non-legal!** Specially note, Phone No. J3495.

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BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

SCHOOLMASTER: Now, if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?

Little Willie: Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?

LITTLE GERTIE: The dentist wasn't painless.

Mother: Why, dear, did he hurt you?

Gertie: No, mother, but he yelled when I bit his finger.

POLITICAL SPEAKER: I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here tonight!

A Voice From the Crowd: Don't be too pleased. We are not all dense!

"THE house shook," said the earthquake victim. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place, and——"

"Great scot!" exclaimed a little man in the corner, "that reminds me, I quite forgot to post my wife's letter."

WAITRESS: Don't you like your college pudding, sir?

Diner: No, miss. I'm afraid there is an egg in it which ought to have been expelled.

A COLORED boy was reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read, "Not dead, but sleeping." Scratching his head, the negro remarked: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

A MOTORIST was helping his portly victim to rise from the ground.

"Couldn't you have gone round me?" he growled.

"Sorry!" said the motorist, "I wasn't sure whether I had enough petrol."

MODERN MISS: Mother, may I take the sippers off the beans?

"HOW did you learn to walk the tightrope? Just pick it up yourself?"

"Oh, no, it has to be taut."

MOTHER: Darling, you mustn't stare so much at the vicar.

Sue (aged 5): Well, how did he get inside that collar?

FIRST BOY (at baths): Say, Jack, how do you teach a girl to swim?

Second Boy: That's easy. Take her hand and lead her to shallow water, then put your arm around her waist and say, "Darling, don't be fright—"

First Boy: Oh! rats! This is my SISTER.

Second Boy: Oh! In that case just take her to the edge and shove 'er in.

Paris created the fashions . . .

. . . but YOU do the ironing . . .

Dame Fashion decided that this would be a season for Cottons, heedless of the extra laundering and ironing involved. Those alluring Linens, colorful Cottons, Muslins and Organdies of endless variety—starch them with DANDY and see how their breath-taking charm of newness is restored — their dainty, summery loveliness completely recaptured. Use DANDY for *all* starching.

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Sussex Street, Sydney

The *Perfect* HOSTESS & the *Ideal* GUEST

. . . . . *and* other matters of interest . . . A hint for fond parents, and some clever ideas

SERVE occasional meals in the garden. They can be such happy, informal affairs.

WE WILL suppose that you have a friend coming to stay with you over the holidays. Naturally you will want to make the guest-room as attractive as possible, and your guest happy—so...

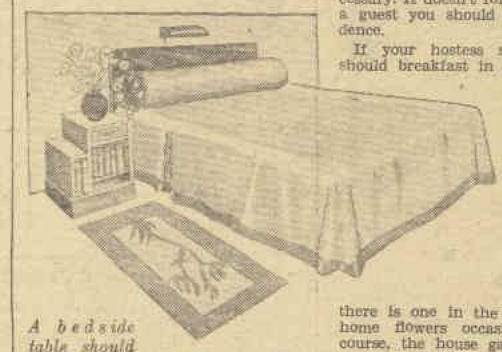
FIRST of all, air the bed, then make it up with hospital precision. For the occasion, if you have no colored sheets in your linen press, tint a pair blue, lemon, or in any other pastel shade to harmonise with the general furnishing scheme. This is quite a simple and inexpensive procedure.

Your nicest bedspread and bolster cushion come next.

On the bedside table, which should be just level with the bed, some books, magazines, and papers of interest—an ash-tray, in case she smokes. Writing materials in the room show thought and consideration—though it's usual for the guest to provide her own.

Flowers, of course, decorate the room. A comfy chair and colorful cushions, and all is in readiness.

Make arrangements to meet train or boat, and immediately on arrival make her feel very much at home.



A bedside table should be just level with the bed. It is awkward to have it too high.

Give her an idea of the general routine of the day, meal times, etc. Arrange outings and amusements.

Serve afternoon tea on the porch, or verandah, and occasional meals in the garden—she'll love that. And if your guest has a penchant for early morning tea or orange juice, don't neglect this little service. It is more to her than you possibly guess.

Don't be too effusive, don't fuss. Let her feel that she is in her own home and would appreciate a certain amount of privacy and freedom.

When going, let her feel you have really enjoyed her stay—no matter how uninteresting she may have been. Let her think that she has been the piece-de-resistance of the season. Some day she may be!

The Ideal Guest

YOU have accepted a very nice invitation to stay with friends somewhere. Being Christmastide, you'll take your hostess along a little gift, and some sweets, or a small toy each for the children.

Make yourself as agreeable and as amusing as you can, and remember to make yourself inconspicuous when necessary. It doesn't follow that if you are a guest you should always be in evidence.

If your hostess suggests that you should breakfast in bed, in order that she may attend to the children without interruption—don't insist on turning up in the breakfast - room and helping. You'll probably be in the way, and upset the routine.

Take your hostess or her daughter to a show or theatre if there is one in the vicinity, and take home flowers occasionally, unless, of course, the house garden amply fulfils indoor decoration.

By the way, don't outdress your hostess—appear three times a day in devastating frocks or gowns.

Isn't it better to be remembered at the end of your visit by the kindness you did, not by the envy you aroused? You may have been the best-dressed girl at the party arranged in your honor, but were you the best-liked? You may have been the most gazed at individual at some gathering, but were you the most admired? Merely to attract attention is not to gain distinction.

On the other hand, you might be the guest of some bright, scintillating hostess—grandly superior She has been everywhere, known all the people worth knowing, seen all the sights worth seeing, done everything worth doing. You feel hum-drum, behind-hand, a little stupid and ashamed, and you are glad to escape, to be back with those who make you feel at ease by their gracious tact and thoughtfulness—where you feel on equal terms with everybody.

But, getting back to the perfect host and ideal guest atmosphere! After you go home, write your hostess a very nice little note of thanks, and, if you can afford to do so, send a little gift. It may be only a trifle, but it is a thoughtful link in the chain of friendship. And friendship makes life worth-while.—Eve Gye.

A HINT ON WRAPPING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE WEE FOLK

MANY people seem to think it is funny to wrap up a tiny parcel in sheets of brown paper, tying each sheet on firmly with knots which no baby fingers can undo. This does not give pleasure to the child, but constitutes one of the little annoying things which go to spoil the day. Presents should be tied with ribbon, in a bow; or, if string is used, in very simple loose knots which the child can undo quickly. If the child is old enough to use them, it is a good plan to place a pair of round-ended scissors within reach, to facilitate the unwrapping.—M. Truby King.

Did You Know This?

A little egg yolk—raw—will remove chocolate stains from most types of materials. Rub it in gently with a clean handkerchief, and afterwards wash the fabric in warm soapsuds. Rinse thoroughly.

CLEVER IDEAS

HINTS FROM READERS

HERE IS a nice cookery book in which to keep the many beautiful The Australian Women's Weekly recipes: Purchase a school exercise book with a stiff cover. Cover it neatly with a pretty wallpaper, procurable at any decorator's for a few pence. Now cut a colored illustration of a cake or pudding, etc., from an old magazine and paste on the front. Print the words "Recipe Book" underneath, in black marking ink, and either cut the recipes from the paper and paste in or make a copy of them.—**Mrs. L. Morris, 10 Severn Street, Moonee Ponds, W4, Vic.**

IF WHITE clothes have turned yellow, they may be whitened by this method: Dissolve quarter cup of borax in one cup of boiling water. Soak the clothes in this mixture added to 1 gallon of cold water for about 3 hours. Take out, wring lightly, and dry in the sun.—**Mrs. W. Gaff, "Bald Knob," Landsborough, Q'ld.**

WHEN PEELING chokos: If a large teaspoonful of salt is put into the water, it will prevent the gluey substance adhering to the hands. Another use for salt, economical, too: Clean your teeth with it. It refreshes the mouth. I have used nothing else for years.—**Miss A. Whittle, P.O., Tugun, S.C. Line, Q'ld.**

NOW THAT the holidays are drawing near, this hint to travellers may be of use: When preparing labels, thread them in pairs; do not detach. Write the address on one, then you have a clear label for the return journey.—**Mrs. J. Williams, 82 Upper Pitt Street, Kirribilli, N.S.W.**

TO PREVENT scratches on polished floors and at the same time reduce noise with movable furniture, try this: Cut discs about the size of a shilling from an old felt hat and securely fasten these with glue to the legs of chairs, tables and other movable pieces of furniture not fitted with castors.—**"Mary J.," Townsville, Q'ld.**

SCREWS WHICH have become firmly lodged can be turned quite easily if a feather dipped in vinegar is passed around them.—**"Estelle," Ballarat, Vic.**

SAVE GAS and saucepan space by cooking a full dinner, as follows: Into a large pan place jam jars containing stew, fruit, rice, vegetables, etc.; cover each jar with greaseproof paper. The boiling water should come about two-thirds of the way up the jars. Cook potatoes in the water. Keep pan closely covered.—**J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E3, Vic.**

WHEN GOING for holidays: A good idea is to make a cretonne cushion cover, and fill with any articles of clothing. When quite full, sew up, and use as a cushion on the journey. This often saves an extra suitcase.—**Mrs. Roy Robinson, "Currawong," Bimbi, N.S.W.**

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising zest.***

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Our *Fashion* SERVICE & FREE *Pattern*

OUR free pattern is cut on simple lines but it can be used in a multiplicity of ways. Interest focuses on the sleeve treatment and the finish in a self-color in the afternoon frock depicted at right is particularly charming.

Afternoon and dinner frocks for all ages from matron to the debutante, together with delightful garments for the kiddies, complete the service.

Our free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust and all hems and seams must be allowed for in the cutting.

WX255.—Frock with flared collar. Material required to fit 36-inch bust, five and five-eighths yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch contrasting. Short sleeves require three-eighths yard less. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. Size 44-inch bust requires five and seven-eighths yards 36-inch and seven-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. Short sleeves require three-eighths yard less. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX256.—Frock of spotted material. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48-inch **PATTERN, 1/1**

WX257.—Crepe-de-chine frock with three-quarter length raglan sleeves. Material required, five yards 36 inch. Short sleeves require quarter yard less. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 46inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX258.—Frock with fancy magyar sleeves and panelled skirt of figured marocain. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36 inch and one and a quarter yards 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX259.—Attractive frock of crepe marocain with puff sleeves shirred at top; contrasting scalloped collar and flared skirt. Material required, four yards 36 inch, five-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting and half a yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX260.—Frock of figured marocain with extended shoulder line and interesting sleeve, also panelled skirt. Material required, four and five-eighths yards 36 inch and half a yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX262.—Child's voile frock with gathered front and back panel and tucked sleeve. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

WX261.—One-piece pyjama suit of figured material suitable for maids and adults. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36 inch to fit size 10-12 years, or five yards 36 inch to fit 36-inch bust. Short sleeves require three-quarters yard less. Other sizes, 6-8, 8-10, 12-14, 14-16 years. Sizes 6-8, 8-10, 10-12 years, **PAPER PATTERN 9½d.** Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years, and 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust, **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX263.—Small girl's cambric frock with cross-over bodice and shoulder cape. Material required, two yards 36 inch. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

WX264.—Boy's overalls. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 4-6, and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
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BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

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A BUSINESS *Arrangement*

Continued from Page 5

"GOOD-BYE! Good-bye! Come again!" said Mr. Rupert; and she waved a hand to them as she moved into the drive. She caught a glimpse of the secretary's face as a final benediction for her journey home. It wore a very glum expression. A strange young man. She reflected that people sometimes became devoted to things like pig-faced bassinets, people like her godfather, for instance. But at the same time young Mr. Brown was not within a quarter of a century of Carfew Northcote's age. He was still young enough to find a more animate object for his admiration than a pig-faced bassinet.

She forgot about him, however, and reached Eastblyth after an unentertaining drive in the darkness of a November evening. Jeames, the ancient and traditional butler, found the bassinet as much as he could manage to carry, and she helped him with it up to the library, where she placed it on the refectory table.

"To-morrow we will pack it up and send it off to Mr. Northcote."

"Very good, m'm." Jeames went downstairs thinking of the Man in the Iron Mask.

Tiger had her solitary dinner by the fireside, and afterwards read an Edgar Wallace until midnight. The bassinet stood on the table with the firelight glimmering on its dull, smooth metal; every now and again the girl became aware of it, and glanced round at it. It was indeed pig-faced, and in a subtle way conveyed the impression of being alive, so that she felt she was not alone in the room. It was a little eerie, but she did not permit herself to become superstitious. She had been taught by her father that for any unusual phenomenon there is always a reasonable explanation.

In spite of this, however, she did not sleep quite as soundly that night as was her custom; the helmet played a part in strange, uneasy dreams—though with these she credited the roast duck which Vanna had cooked so deliciously for that fireside dinner.

Thus she awoke for perhaps the third time, and, turning restlessly, half sat up in her vast four-poster bed to rearrange her pillows. In that moment she heard a sound which stilled her into alertness. She sat right up, clasped her drawn-up knees, and listened, waiting for it to come again that she might hear it more clearly and account for it.

Her life on the yacht had taught her to be prepared, continually and subconsciously, for any change in the sound of the ship's movement through wind and sea, and she had brought the same instinctive watchfulness of ear to her house-living. She knew every creak of ivy against buttressed wall, and all the multitudinous whisperings that the old house made when its people were asleep. But she did not recognise the small, different noise which had beyond all doubt disturbed her when she was between waking and sleeping, and which was not repeated, although she sat there in the darkness waiting for it.

The very fact that she did not hear it again aroused her suspicions more deeply. She tried to remember its character, searching back almost for the impression it had made on her half-conscious senses. No mouse could have made it, for there had been weight behind it; a door slamming in a draught would not have disturbed her, for that was a sound one often heard.

TO sit still when there was reasonable cause to move was never in Tiger's nature, and she swung her feet out of bed into the fur-lined bedroom slippers on the bedside mat. She reached for the blue-and-golden Chinese cloak she used in winter for a dressing-gown, and set off to make a tour of the house to assure herself that all was well. She tied the girdle of the cloak closely round her slim body and pulled up the skirt through it, lest it impede her freedom of movement. Scorning a candle to show her the way, she opened her door quietly, and slipped out into the passage.

The night was heavily clouded, and neither star nor moonlight lessened the darkness of it. The windows were as black as the walls in which they were set.

She reached the bottom of the stairs before she came upon anything to make her pause, and this, a breath of air in her face as she stepped off the last stair into the long hall, told her that one of the small windows by the front door was open. She could not see it, but her keen nostrils detected cold, earthy smells in that movement of air.

She stopped, and as she did so, something moved slowly and stealthily across the polished oak of the dining-room floor, and came into the hall.

She crouched backward until she was half-sitting at the bottom of the stairs, and sheltered by the carved banisters. A tiny light broke the blackness, and in the brief moment it was there she saw a face, bodiless in the dark but at the height of a standing man, and recognised it with a faint thrill of surprise and understanding.

She turned, and went silently up the stairs again, hurrying a little lest that light fall on her before she reached the top. She went straight to the library and noiselessly closed the double doors after her. She felt for the matches, which always lay on the edge of a bookshelf just inside, and struck one.

The bulky mass of the pig-faced bassinet was still where she had left it on the table in the middle of the room. She blew out the match, and in the pitch dark made her sure way to the opposite side, where, on the wall, in an old oak rack, six Elizabethan rapiers rested. She reached down the one nearest the window, which of all of them best suited her wrist, and went back to the table, where she perched herself on a corner, bare legs dangling, and waited the coming of the intruder, with the sword grasped firmly in her right hand, its long, lean blade lying along the table-top, by the side of the helmet.

She had to wait ten long minutes, however, before she heard the faint click of the door-handle, and saw a thin line of yellow light appear where the doors met in the centre. It widened, and the light went out. The man stepped into the room, and stood quietly listening before he proceeded further. Tiger breathed softly, easily, and smiled a little. In a moment he would switch on the torch again and renew his search, having failed as yet to find what he had come for.

THE bright eye of the torch suddenly appeared some ten feet in front of her, and revealed her to him; revealed also the pig-faced bassinet and the rapier in her hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Brown," she said. "Don't move. Don't move a quarter of an inch. I can throw this sword—I learnt the trick in Barcelona. It would penetrate your throat, or maybe your stomach, and it wouldn't stop until it came to the hilt. But I don't expect you're going to be unreasonable. Please shine that torch on to your face. I want to see it."

He gasped when he saw her, and listened in startled surprise to her words. He began to say something, cut himself short, and when, the next instant, she lifted the sword, he obeyed, and turned the beam of the torch on his face. The expression of mingled alarm and consternation which the discovery of her had caused was still on it, and Tiger was in no way surprised to see it. She had expected him to be upset, this burglarious secretary of the brothers Jevons.

She saw his next thought, and leapt off the table in a lunge which brought her sword-point against his chest at almost the exact moment that he switched off the torch.

"Don't be a fool!" she said sharply. "You should have thought of that before! Put it on again! D'you hear. Switch it on or I'll run you through."

Again he obeyed her, either because he was not naturally gifted as a housebreaker and could not think of anything else to do, or because he was shaken by the miraculous way in which the rapier had crossed the intervening space; in any case, he lost faith in his own resources, and became for the moment a very flabbergasted man.

Tiger seized the opportunity to light a candle, which she placed by the side of the helmet, and ordered him into a chair in front of her. A certain amount of spirit returned to him.

"If I'd had one of those in my hand," he said, scowling at the sword, "you wouldn't have had things all your own way."

"I realise you are interested in mediaeval arms and armor," she retorted. "There are five more of these rapiers on the wall over there. I daresay they would have caught your fancy, and you'd have taken them along with the bassinet. They're good ones. They belonged to an ancestor of mine who killed more people in duels than seemed likely, but Monsieur Fourre—he's my fencing master—swears it's true. He looked up the story. Well, I suppose I'd better telephone for the police."

"The police? But——!"

"But why not? You're a burglar, or pretty nearly. You'd have stolen this if I hadn't been here to stop you." She laid her hand on the helmet.

He stared at her white hand on the black metal, and at the scorn and contempt in her dark eyes.

"I'm not an ordinary—burglar," he said lamely. "For God's sake don't look at me like that!"

"You're not in a position to choose how I look at you, and I don't need to be told you're not an ordinary burglar. An ordinary burglar wouldn't have banged about so in the house he had feloniously broken into. Just stupid carelessness——"

"I fell over a chest in the hall."

"Just stupid carelessness. A knave is not all you are, but a foolish knave."

HE gazed at her, and she saw angry desperation in his face, taking the place of his former doubt and anxiety. There was something not unpleasant about his eyes.

"You've thrown away your freedom, your job, and your decency for the sake of a measly eighteen-hundred-pounds-worth of antique iron," she told him. "I've got no sympathy for you——"

Surprisingly he cried out:

"Eighteen hundred pounds! Did you pay all that for it?"

"It's worth more," she assured him.

He was looking at the bassinet with a queer expression which might have been cupidity but which held some other emotion she could not at the moment define.

"Eighteen hundred pounds!" he said bitterly, and added almost violently: "Suppose I had got away with it—what would you have done?"

"Called in the police, and suspected someone at Daningtree. Nobody here knew the thing was in the house."

"You'd have stopped the cheque?"

She nodded.

"Look here," he began. "I came here to get that bassinet back——"

"At the request of your employers? I'm not going to believe that——"

"Be quiet!" he said. "I'm trying to tell you something!"

Anger burned in her eyes. She had never been told to "be quiet" like that in her life. He was watching her. He must have realised that he had been too peremptory and that words would no longer avail him. The desperation of his mood increased. She saw that he intended some sudden move, but the direction of it when he made it took her by surprise, for it was neither towards her nor towards the door.

Instead, he leapt sideways, and in a flash reached the wall where the rapiers were lying in their rack. Tiger, taken unawares, had barely time to swing herself off the table and put up her sword before he was facing her again with one of the rapiers in his hand, its point resting on the floor in front of him. His eyes were very alert.

"Great heaven!" cried Tiger; "do you want me to kill you?"

"I do not——"

"You haven't a chance!" she told him. "I've handled a foil every day since I was a kid—Monsieur Fourre, if you've ever heard of him, won't fence with me without buttons and masks."

"I've heard of him," said Mr. Brown. "He was champion of France some time in the last century——"

HE moved forward as he spoke, and his sword came up into the guard position.

"But Monsieur Fourre must be an old man now," he went on. "His age, not your prowess, may be the reason of his caution."

Tiger's rapier leapt, and met his blade. Steel crashed against steel, and she realised that a fencer's wrist was near her opponent's hilt. The mere fact that he had heard of Fourre had been enough to suggest that he might know something of the art, but she had not expected to find quite such a complete knowledge.

She spent a swift minute trying to break through his defence, before she came to the reluctant conclusion that unless she fought seriously she would not easily beat him.

She was never frightened of a little blood-letting, for she had seen and caused it more than once in the adventurous days, and, with but a momentary qualm, she set out to reduce her opponent to order as speedily and by whatever means her swordsmanship could devise.

"The prize—is—the pig-faced bassinet," he said when one of her lunges, well-diverted, brought their hilts together and their bodies close.

"Any prize you please," she answered, aglow with a fight that had set her blood tingling. "But you'll have to do more about it than this!"

He took up the challenge, and she found that he had not been using all his strength and all his skill; he quickened the pace, and she learnt what it meant to be forced back against a wall by a blade she had to exert all her power to circumvent. The man was a better fencer than any she had encountered.

Only once did Mr Brown pause in his attack. He touched her sword arm with his point, and a trickle of blood ran down the white skin to her hand, and for a moment he seemed disconcerted by the sight. He allowed the pace to slacken for a brief moment, and she took full advantage of it to drive him back a little. If she had noticed the cut in her arm, she paid no heed to it.

He laughed softly; perhaps it was satisfaction that he had drawn the first blood, perhaps admiration at her imperturbability. He returned to his former pace, and for three fierce minutes the battle reached a crescendo.

"NOW!" said Mr. Brown suddenly, in the midst of an involved melee of thrust and parry and feint. As he spoke the word, Tiger's sword was whipped from her hand and flung sideways, to fall with a clatter in the fireplace. Mr. Brown's rapier did not pause after this astonishing disarmament, but flashed forward in lunge of great swiftness. Tiger felt the naked blade against her ribs, and the small quivering shock as it pierced the panelling at her back. It held her pinioned by her clothes, the Chinese cloak and silk pyjama jacket. An inch to the left and it would have passed through skin and flesh.

"By the beetle!" she said. "You can fence, Mr. Brown!"

He stood frowning at her for a moment without speaking.

"I have always been interested in arms and armor. I'll leave the rapier, but I'll take the pig-faced bassinet."

He turned his back on her, and strode to the table while she leaned breathless against the wall, watching him, the sword holding her there. She did not attempt to release herself; indeed, she might have had difficulty in doing so unless she had chosen to slip out of her clothes and face him half-naked.

Please turn to Page 34

"Mummy, I saw Mr. Brown kiss Auntie."
"That doesn't matter, they're getting married next week."
". . . And when is Dad getting married to the cook?"

TO KEEP YOUNG

Don't let your mind become rigid and incapable of taking in ideas. Because a thing was true fifteen years ago, it does not prove that it is true to-day.

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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

TAKE NO RISKS — YOUR SKIN IS TOO PRECIOUS

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By EVELYN

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

IF YOU KNOW that not one detail of your appearance could possibly be better, you will have confidence—it will shine from your eyes, bring life to your face and happiness to your heart.

WHEREVER *You* GO *This* CHRISTMAS LOOK *Your* LOVELIEST!

You can, quite easily, if you make the most of your good points

WITH Christmas festivities and holidays before you . . . picnics, motoring, hiking, surfing, entertaining, with, maybe, a little dancing—and even cruising for the lucky ones—you'll want to look your very best all the time. So here's help, and some sound, practical advice.

TAKE a seat in front of your mirror and study your reflection. Be honest with yourself.

If your lips are too thick; if the structural formation of your mouth is prominent; if your mouth is too wide and drooping, you should use very little lipstick or none at all.

Perhaps you are the lucky possessor of a pretty mouth, then don't cover it with scarlet lipstick in the hope of improving its loveliness. Choose your lipstick with care. Be sure it is the right one for you, and that it exactly matches the natural color of your lips, and when you have touched the upper and lower lips with it, smooth it over the rest of your mouth with your little finger.

If your eyes are set too closely together, do not on any account coat your lashes with mascara, or draw attention to them in any way by plastering blue on the eyelids—leave them severely alone.

If you have a sharply pointed chin, don't powder it so that it is conspicuous. Apply your powder gently and smoothly instead of flapping it on with an overloaded puff. The chin will be less noticeable if a slightly darker shade of powder than that on the rest of the face is used.

Now—your nose. So many drastic mistakes are made by dabbing layer upon layer of powder in too light a shade upon a nose just a little too broad or large for beauty. The natural result is conspicuousness. Instead, a light dusting of powder that exactly matches the skin is sensible—and advisable.

Remember, too, that the way in which rouge is applied has a great deal to do with a successful make-up. The lighter shades look best at night, and are also better suited to blondes; dark-haired women should keep to dark rouge.

Don't just dab on rouge. Study the shape of the face.

A round face looks best with rouge applied rather high up on the cheekbones. Be careful to apply it towards the nose rather than towards the outside of the face.

A too long face is improved by using rouge low down.

The coveted oval face is comparatively rare. But something can be done to produce the illusion of such by skilful rouging. Apply it as a triangle with the base under each eye and the apex towards the ear.

Banishing Blemishes

EVEN the most attractive and most careful of us suffer from that fatal enemy of beauty, a stray spot or blemish. So annoying when they turn up just a day or two before an important engagement. Usually they will disappear if treated at once. They should be dabbed first with diluted eau-de-Cologne—half a teaspoon and the same quantity of hot water—and then smothered with boracic powder. The treatment should be repeated frequently, and boracic dusted over before applying face powder.

Your Elbows

ELBOWS naturally grow in importance with summery, short-sleeved frocks. They are generally, too, victims of neglect. But elbows are noticed, if not by ourselves by other people, and if discolored and rough they completely spoil the effect of the prettiest day or evening frock.

It is a good plan to cream your elbows when you are doing your face. Resting the elbows for a few minutes at a time on two half lemons from which most of the juice has been squeezed will remove any redness.

If the Weather Be Hot

DON'T expect to sun-bathe for hours on end straight away—unless you've already accustomed yourself to the sun.

Beware of the mid-day sun, or you will suffer whether hiking, boating or picnicking—and especially on the beach. Hot sun (and more so, in conjunction with salty winds) can produce the most painful and hideous redness and blisters on bare skin.

Shade face and neck by wearing a wide-brimmed hat, and a silken scarf. Dark glasses will prevent wrinkles and eye strain, and should always be used when sun-bathing.

Magical Home Treatment

I MUST tell you now about a clever home-made "Iron" and ice-pack. After you have cleansed your skin, apply a good quality skin food. Get a small clean glass bottle with a smooth flat base. Fill this with fairly warm water, cork it well, and use gently like a flat-iron on your face—"ironing" in upward and outward directions. Go twice or three times over this, the whole process, leave for a few minutes, then wash first in warm water and rinse in cold, to which a few drops of eau-de-Cologne have been added.

Now, empty the bottle, and fill with the coldest water obtainable and "iron" your face again. It acts like a face-pack, closes the pores and tones away wrinkles and age marks.

If you start to-day, you'll certainly notice a difference by Christmas—surprise yourself, and not only yourself, but your friends.

LOOK INTO your mirror! Study yourself impartially. You will, of course, have a shampoo, so that your hair will look its very best for Christmas festivities, give yourself a "facial," and make up according to directions given on this page. Then, all ready, survey yourself with joyful pride—and set off happily.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: My eldest boy (aged sixteen) does not seem himself at all lately; he sleeps badly, is difficult to please with food, and is nervy and irritable. He is just sitting for examinations. Do you think this is the cause of his condition, doctor?

THE symptoms you mention are all too common around examination time. I remember my final year in medicine. There were 16 of us going for the finals in the college at which I resided—16 people who had got along together during years with as few "rows" as are possible with that number of people living together. And yet, when the finals came along, everybody was snapping everybody's head off, and even the quietest was liable to fly up in the air at a moment's notice.

Emotions are not only mental changes. They are also bodily states, and are possibly a special preparing of the body for the activities to follow. The examination candidate, especially the youngster, is in a chronic state of nervousness as the fatal hour approaches, and, consequently, not so stable, bodily or mentally, as the person pursuing humdrum routine.

This is not to say that examinations are a bad thing! They are a very good thing, for they give an incentive that makes a person work much harder than he otherwise would, and hard work never killed anybody yet.

However, the results should not be accepted as showing the relative merits of the candidates, for a good memory and a smart coach are the essentials of success, and many a brainy boy may not have either.

Of course, a boy may be sitting for examinations and sick at the same time, and in doubtful cases a doctor should be consulted. However, if he is not sick it should be remembered that he is facing a mental hurdle which he has to clear himself, and allowances should be made for the fact. After the business is finished, a holiday as far away from the examination atmosphere as possible is an excellent thing, with perhaps a tonic to buck him up.

PATIENT: My little boy suffers from hives and often awakes at night scratching himself, and has great difficulty in going to sleep again. What will I do for him, doctor?

HIVES is a very trying minor ailment of children, occurring usually between the ages of two and five. It is often caused by food and is really a relative of eczema. As a matter of fact, hives (and giant hives, or urticaria), are not confined to infants only, but occasionally are found in adults.

A friend of mine developed giant hives while studying medicine: anything that warmed the skin, such as a woollen singlet, brought out his back in great white weals ringed with a dusky red inflammation. The trouble was eventually traced down to citrus fruits, and eliminating these from the diet cured the trouble. However, citrus fruits very rarely cause hives.

Often in children it is a matter of diet, though in some it seems to occur regularly at different times of the year; others, again, are affected every time they cut a tooth. Sometimes there appears to be no definite cause at all, and the condition seems to be the result of some nervous instability.

The cause must be sought for. Try eliminating various foods from the diet, particularly fruits; strawberries are common offenders, and tomatoes have been proved guilty at times. But a general digestive upset is also quite enough to cause trouble, likewise an overdose of chocolate.

Scratching must be stopped, for the scratched marks may turn septic. Irritating undergarments (coarse woollens, for instance) must be replaced by cotton or silk undergarments.

A dose of some mild aperient, such as cascara, or the inevitable castor oil, will help, particularly where a digestive upset has caused the trouble. The irritation is best treated by applying moistened baking soda.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

A wonderful exercise for reducing the hips: Kneel on the floor, raise your hands as shown, then, slightly raising yourself on your knees, roll your body round and from side to side from the waist.

MISS PATRICIA NELSON

The Beautiful Dancer from the Casino de Paris now appearing with great success at the Criterion Theatre, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

A Perfect Complexion

THOSE clear, transparent skins, fine-textured as the petals of a flower—how are they achieved? And how preserved? Cosmetics, however skilfully applied, cannot disguise an unhealthy skin; greasy, clogging creams but help to mask blemishes. That your skin may possess the fine, luminous quality that is so lovely, it is necessary first to clear it thoroughly of all impurities.

Mercolized Wax is the simplest, safest, and most effective beautifier of complexions. It absorbs and thus removes impurities; clears the skin and keeps it clear. Mercolized Wax is guaranteed not to contain any form of mercury and does not encourage hair growth. Regularly night and morning use Mercolized Wax, as it is invaluable for Windchap, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Powder Base.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax

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Summer is just ahead! Why put up with a hot, stuffy laundry when you can make it cool, comfortable and convenient for 10/- a month. Choose your gas copper to-day! You will never want to go back to the old, with its smoke and dust, and the storing up of dirty fuel! *Gas is the clean way!*

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Your GARDEN over the HOLIDAYS

THE OLD GARDENER tells you how to make it thrive without you . . .

There will be a lot to do in the garden before you go on holidays, Miss, otherwise when you return it will look sadly neglected. Most people these times cannot afford to have a gardener while they are away on holidays.

MY word, how those chrysanthemums are growing! You must tie them up, also those dahlias over there. They need tying, otherwise, during your absence, wind or storms may smash them.

What's this you have got over here? A heap of old grass cuttings and leaves, just the thing we want. Pack that all round your plants—don't be afraid of it. Stack it on thick, and all that old rotted manure you have got in that other corner—stack it on also, if you've not enough leaves and grass.

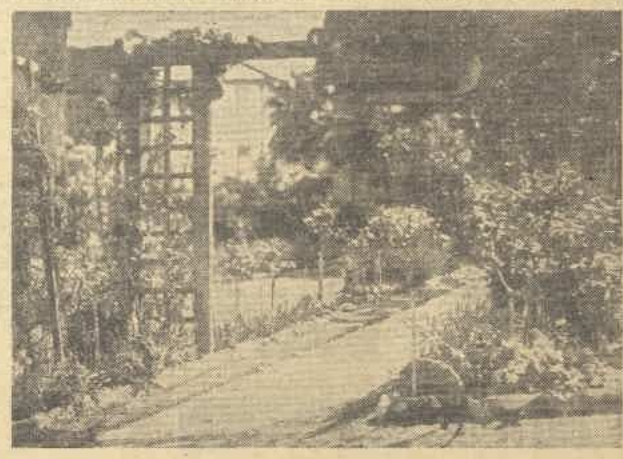
Then, before you leave for your holidays, don't be afraid to water. Give your garden a thorough soaking, Miss. You might not think so, but this will last from a week to 10 days, and the plants will be thriving while you are away.

Now, come along over here till I have a look at your roses. They need attention, Miss. Plenty of mulching—and a thorough soaking of water. Also cut all those old dead roses off, and be sure to cut to an eye pointing outwards. Each eye, pointing outwards, will give you a new shoot, which means another rose. You know, Miss, the person responsible for the shape and flowering period of the rose is the person who cuts the rose. By methodical cutting, the rose bush will continue to flower much longer, and will always be kept in its proper condition. Give them a good spraying with kerosene emulsion. That will keep them free from aphis and green fly during your absence.

About that zinnia bed. Nip all those young flowers off, Miss, in order to give each plant a chance to make a decent sized bush before flowering. I notice there is some rust on the leaves; spray them well with lime sulphur or Bordeaux mixture. Lime sulphur, 40 to 1, Bordeaux mixture, which you purchase in powder form, use it two tablespoonfuls of the powder to every gallon of water.

My word, you have had the "Red spider" very badly on those azaleas and rhododendrons. Spray them well before you go away, Miss, with volck, kerosene emulsion, or nicotine (black leaf 40). Volck, use one to sixty. Kerosene emulsion, or nicotine, use the same strength as I have mentioned before to you—that is, one cake of sunlight soap, a tablespoonful of kerosene, a teaspoon of nicotine to every two gallons of water.

Use the same strength on all vegetables suffering from "Red spider," Miss. Your beans and cucumbers, and those marrow vines have "Red spider" on them. Notice how the leaves are discolored. Just look underneath the leaf, and you will see the damage they are doing.



JUST a glimpse of one of our beautiful Australian gardens, which surrounds "Curraweena," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hull, Clifton Gardens, Sydney.

Now, Don't Forget . . .

TIE up all those young tomato vines, hill the soil all around those beetroot and beans, lettuce and all other vegetables.

Fill the furrow with mulch, Miss, give them a good soaking with water before you leave home, and they will go steadily on till you return.

If you mow your lawns a day or two before you leave, give a thorough soaking with water, and they will keep nice and fresh and green till after the New Year.

Oh! My word, I didn't notice those delphiniums, Miss; what a nice lot you have. See that white powdery substance on them. That is mildew—they will not flower well while they have that disease. Spray them with lime sulphur immediately, using 50 to 1. Give them a good mulching, also.

For YOUNG WIVES *and* MOTHERS

The Children's Christmas

WERE it not for the children, where would be the joy of Christmas? Indeed, would we keep up the Christmas festivities at all, except in our hearts? In at least the poorer homes, no outward recognition would be made of the anniversary of the birth of Christ were there no children in the family. And yet, in our eagerness to bring pleasure to their little hearts, do we not sometimes forget the inevitable consequences of over-indulgence of their "tummies"?

LET us plan this year's Christmas Day meals so that Boxing Day will not see our children "off their tucker," or in bed with a bilious attack. It is quite possible to provide endless pleasure in a manner consistent with the best nutrition.

December 24 should be a semi-fast day—by that I mean the children should have light meals with no etceteras, such as sweets, cakes, jam or biscuits. Breakfast should consist of a good packeted cereal with milk, a little wholemeal bread or toast and butter, and a piece of raw, ripe apple. (No egg or meat dish should be given at this meal.) For dinner, allow steamed fish, or fish roe, with a baked potato, some junket, and an orange; or, a small helping of light meat, freshly-cooked vegetables, and some good brown gravy, with stewed fruit and a glass of milk to follow. For the evening meal, provide wholemeal bread and butter, honey, drink of milk, and a piece of raw apple. Marmite may be used in place of honey, if liked. Nothing but water and fruit drinks should be allowed between meals.

Excitement usually wakes the child very early on Christmas morning, therefore he needs a rest before the midday meal. The joy of waking before the grown-ups have stirred and finding one's stocking full to bursting, and the foot of the bed littered with brown paper parcels of all shapes and sizes, is a joy never to be forgotten.

Having "discovered" all his presents, he is bound to want to get up and play with them, blowing trumpets all over the house and winding up the trains and other mechanical toys, ceaselessly, till their springs give way. This is the child's hour—don't complain to him that father has a headache and can't stand the noise; but, if necessary, send him out to the furthest ends of the garden till he has gotten rid of some of his superfluous breath.

To Avoid Those Tears

IF you are having Christmas dinner at home, bring the child in about noon and insist on a rest before his meal. The child should lie down on a bed, and relax completely, perhaps getting some well deserved and much needed sleep. If this is impossible, he may be given one of his new books, but should not be allowed to talk or get up from the bed for at least half an hour, and preferably an hour. If this precaution is taken, the child will be able to enjoy and digest his Christmas dinner much better, and he will also store up a little more nervous energy with which to carry him through to the end of the day without any tears.

By M. TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King, Renowned Authority on Baby Welfare.

Then comes the Christmas dinner! Why is it that so many people imagine that what they know is bad for a child on the other 364 days of the year "can't hurt him" on Christmas Day? "Oh, just this once," they say, as if the harmful qualities of the forbidden foods were magically wafted away by the spell of Christmas.

Such foods as pork, veal, duck, turkey, kidneys, pastries, rich cakes, tea, coffee, alcohol, highly-flavored and spiced foods, etc., should not be given.

The following dinner would be quite suitable for any child from 2 to 5 years of age—the amounts of each food taken, of course, varying with the age and appetite of the particular child.

Christmas Dinner for the Little Ones

A little home-made vegetable soup.

Roast chicken, with a little eggless stuffing, bread-sauce, two kinds of vegetables, such as young green peas and potatoes. Gravy.

Fruit salad and cream. Jellies (without wine), and the smallest possible helping of Christmas plum pudding. (The latter not for the little two-year-old.)

Such a meal is ample, and will be just as much appreciated as a heavier meal, if the little etceteras of decoration are attended to, such as crackers, nuts, fresh fruit and raisins.

After dinner, the children should be persuaded to rest or play quietly for about an hour, till the meal is well on its way to being digested. If these precautions are taken, Christmas afternoon will be an enjoyable one for adults and children alike.

In the afternoon, ice-cream and fruit drinks may be allowed, but if sweets are given at all, they should follow immediately on the dinner, so that the child is not chewing them constantly throughout the afternoon, thus spoiling his appetite for the evening meal. It is best to allow only one or two sweets in any case.

The evening meal should be very light—tomato and lettuce sandwiches, bread and butter with hundreds and thousands, marmite spread thinly on wholemeal bread, nut and honey sandwiches, some home-made plain cake and plenty of fresh fruit.

Try a Picnic Tea

IF a picnic tea in the garden can be arranged, so much the better, for all food tastes more appetising in the open air. The children will love setting a small table under the trees, with their animal-toys as guests, or spreading a few rugs on the grass.

Christmas evening should not be made too long, or the children will be overtired and fretful. Half an hour added to their usual bedtime is quite enough in the way of concession. The last hour should be spent in quiet games, or story-telling, and due warning should be given of the approach of bedtime. When in bed, perhaps a little story of the One who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me . . . for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," would not be out of place.

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CHRISTMAS *Time* is PARTY *Time!*

Margaret Shepherd ... cookery expert & instructor to leading hospitals, gives you a wealth of suggestions...

With tempting recipes for planned or impromptu teas or suppers!

IT seems to me our joys are multiplied at Christmas time! After exchanging gifts, planning and preparing Christmas dinner, there will be all sorts of parties, picnics and celebrations during the holidays which give the housewife scope for her imagination in planning entertainment and party fare in new and attractive ways.

FOR home parties, whether planned or impromptu, the buffet tea or supper is by far the best . . . the ease of preparation and absence of formality please the guests and leave the hostess free to enjoy her own party.

Plan your menu and prepare your dishes beforehand. Leave cold dishes on the ice until the last minute, and hot dishes in readiness to be re-heated when the time arrives. This is an excellent opportunity to use up left-overs from the previous day. Cold chicken can appear in salads, or moulds, with ham. Sour cream makes a delightful cream cheese.

Set the table, or buffet, with everything the guests may require, and avoid extra trips to the kitchen. Silver forks, knives and spoons should be on the table; also serving spoons, plates and dishes.

Iced beverages and a bowl of cracked ice should be placed on a side table, while jellies, nuts, and candies contribute to the decorative scheme of your table.

To avoid overcrowding in the dining-room, arrange card and other small tables in the living room and on the verandahs—with linen covers on each table. Bring the salads and iced sweets in at the very last moment. It is a good plan for the hostess to call upon her two best friends to help serve the dishes.

Should weather permit, the meal can be arranged out-of-doors, either on the lawn, or in the bush. Bright-colored linen cloths are more suitable for the lawn. Plan foods that will carry well.

Try and avoid carrying plates. They weigh down the basket and never will "stay put" on the grass. Scoop out the centres of thick slices of bread and fill with savory, moist mixture, thus providing plates and food in one. For salads, empty the pulp from tomatoes or cucumbers (the skins are used as bowls), and fill them with a mixture of salads and meat.

Pastry turnovers are easy to carry. Below are a few suggestions for picnics and parties.

CREAM CHEESE.
(From sour cream.)

Put the cream into a basin, and stir until it curdles. Strain through a cheese cloth, allowing it to drain for a time. Return to basin, add salt, pepper, and celery salt to taste; also a little paprika, if liked.

SAVORY LOAF.

Three cups flour, 1 egg, 1 heaped tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons finely chopped ham, 1 tablespoon finely chopped olives and gherkins.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder into a basin; rub butter in with finger-tips; add ham, cheese, olives and gherkins. When mixed, add the well-beaten egg and milk—adding more milk if necessary. Mix into a moist, but firm dough, and put into a well-greased scone tin and bake in a hot oven for the first 15 minutes; lower the gas, and cook 55 minutes in a slow oven. When cooked, turn on to a sieve to cool before cutting. Spread with butter and serve.

SUGGESTED MENUS

Cream Chicken (on Toast Triangles)
Christmas Salad. Olives.
Banana Cream Sandwich.
Coffee.

Chicken and Potato Salad.
Savory Sandwiches of Wholemeal Bread.
Stuffed Celery Hearts. Olives.
French Cookies.
Sparkling Punch. Tea.

Fruit Cocktail.
Harlequin Loaf. Pineapple and Cucumber Salad.
Christmas Cake.
Coffee. Sweets. Nuts.

CHICKEN AND POTATO SALAD

One and a half cups cold chicken, ½ cup celery (diced), 2 cups cold boiled potatoes, watercress, olives, salad dressing.

Mix the above ingredients together well; add salt and pepper to taste. Arrange in a dish, garnish with watercress, and chill thoroughly.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

(Enough for six persons)

One and a half cups diced bananas, 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons diced pineapple, 2½ cups diced peaches, 1½ tablespoons icing sugar, preserved ginger.

Mix all the fruits together, add the icing sugar, and pour over the orange juice. Serve in glasses with a little finely-chopped ginger over each. Chill.

SPARKLING PUNCH

One pint bottle grape-juice, 1 pint soda water, 1 pint bottle dry ginger ale, mint leaves, ice (ice cubes from a refrigerator, tinted green).

Chill the above ingredients and mix before serving. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

CUCUMBER AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Two cups grated pineapple (cooked), 1 cup diced cucumber, 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ cup cold water, ¾ cup boiling water, ½ cup sugar, sprigs mint.

Put half cup water into a saucepan with lemon rind and mint, and bring slowly to boiling-point; add salt and sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water and lemon juice five minutes. Strain boiling liquid over gelatine and stir until it dissolves. Stand aside to cool. When cold (not set) add diced cucumber, pineapple. Pour into wetted individual moulds. When set, turn on to lettuce leaves and serve with a cream salad dressing.

MINCE TARTS

A rich short crust or puff pastry, quantity of mincemeat, icing sugar.

Cut out and line individual tins with the pastry. Fill with mincemeat. Cover or leave open as desired, and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes; reduce the heat and cook for another 15 minutes. If covered with pastry, dust tops with powdered icing-sugar before serving.

CHICKEN IN JELLY

One fowl, 1 medium-size onion, 7 or 8 peppercorns, ham or bacon bone, gelatine, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley, salt, lemon rind, and juice.

Clean and dress fowl. Cut into joints and put into a saucepan with the onion, peppercorns, and sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook for three-quarters of an hour, add the salt, and continue to simmer until the meat falls from the bones. Remove fowl, and strain and skim fat from the liquid. Add lemonjuice, and 1 teaspoon gelatine to every cup of stock. Rinse the mould in cold water, and decorate with parsley and slices of hard-boiled egg. Pack in meat free from skin and bone, and pour on the stock. Place a weight on top and stand in a cool place until set. Turn out, and garnish with celery hearts and radish roses.

HOST Holbrook says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ oz. jars.

WIN £1

Are You Proud Of Your Cooking?

IS there one special recipe—one particularly flavorsome dish—that you reserve for company occasions, for dinners that are just a little above the ordinary?

Send this pet recipe to us. A few minutes' effort may win you the first prize of £1.

Results of this competition will be published in our issue of January 6. Watch for it!

CHILDREN'S *Holiday Dish* CONTEST

IF all the recipes received in this popular contest were published, no mother need worry any more about coping with children's appetites during holiday periods or at any other time. Unfortunately for entrants many of the finest recipes submitted were duplicated. Here are the results:

FISH PATTIES

One cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, some cold steamed fish (any fish left from a previous meal can be used), butter, pepper and salt. Bring the milk to the boil, add breadcrumbs, a little butter, salt, and pepper to taste.

Boil the eggs hard, separate yolks and mash them well with the fish. If too dry to mash well, add a little hot milk and butter. Mix well with the bread sauce and turn into small moulds. Set aside to cool, then place on the ice.

Turn the patties on to plates and garnish with thinly-cut tomato slices, a little chopped lettuce, or other green salads you may happen to have on hand. Cut the whites of eggs in slices and place on top and pour a little salad dressing over; failing salad dressing a few spots of tomato sauce give a nice flavoring.

£1 prize to Mrs. B. Pascoe, Market St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

FOAM EGG

When small people tire of the eternal poached or boiled egg they will hail this with delight: One egg, a slice of toast, butter, pepper, and salt. Toast the bread on one side only. Butter the untoasted side. Separate the yolk from white and drop yolk on buttered bread. Whisk up white with pepper and salt, and pile up around yolk. Bake in oven for about ten minutes, or until set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Olive C. Wanmer, "Gershom," Jubilee Terrace, Bardon, Brisbane, Qld.

STEAK EN CASSEROLE

Take 2lb. stewing steak, a quart of stock or water, a small tin of tomato puree or pulp of 1lb. tomatoes, an onion, some chopped parsley, and thyme, salt, and pepper to taste. Cut steak into small squares. Put at bottom of casserole a large tablespoon each of chopped parsley, onion, and thyme; add steak, tomatoes, or puree. Season to taste. Add stock, cover the casserole, and cook in a slow oven 1½ hours. Next add a layer of thickly-sliced potatoes. Cook another 15 minutes and serve hot.

A simple but nourishing dish for children.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bull, Dairy, South Wey Wey, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING

Take 1½ ounces of well-washed rice and cook it until tender in one pint of milk. Add 2 ounces of cocoa, and when dissolved stir in 2 tablespoons of desiccated coconut and a beaten egg. Pour into a greased pieplish. Put small pats of butter on top, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Just before serving, beat up the white of an egg and place on top of pudding to set. Serve immediately.

Mrs. Fields, Essendon, Vic.

Delicious SANDWICH *Fillings*

Variety is the spice of life—and of the sandwich, too! With picnics and parties in the air, the hostess will welcome these novel suggestions from Margaret Shepherd.

USE brown or white bread. See that the fillings are substantial, but not too moist, if they are to be kept for some hours.

Spread with creamed butter before cutting. Keep the slices in order when cutting; they will then fit into pairs neatly. Have fillings ready before cutting bread. One slice each of brown and white bread with filling is a novelty. Wrap sandwiches in waxed paper until required and make your choice from the following:

Tart Christmas apples sprinkled with lemon juice (to prevent discoloration), mixed with Gruyere cheese.

Apple and grated coconut.

Finely-chopped walnuts sprinkled with salt, garnished with whole olives.

Finely-chopped radishes and salt.

Nasturtium and cream cheese.

Equal quantities of butter and finely chopped watercress, flavored with lemon juice.

Finely-chopped celery and apple, moistened with cream salad dressing.

Half cup finely-minced olives mixed with butter and moistened with lemon juice. Spread on bread for chicken sandwiches.

Mushrooms finely chopped and fried in butter, with seasonings.

Finely-chopped ham and peach, mixed together.

Quince jelly, chopped walnuts and cream cheese, between wholemeal bread.

You can make this NEAPOLITAN MOULD *from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book*

Elizabeth Craig, Britain's foremost cookery expert, is a great believer in custard. She thinks that housewives could make very much more use of this wholesome, nutritious dish, and has compiled recipes for many delightful ways of using it. For all these dishes she recommends you to use Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because it is made of the purest and finest ingredients and is so wonderfully economical.

Foster Clark's creamy CUSTARD

"When I use a custard powder I always choose Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because I know how pure and wholesome it is. And I think it's delicious—don't you?" Elizabeth Craig

FREE Recipe Book

To FOSTER CLARK (Australia) LTD. Dept. H.H. Redfern, N.S. Wales.

Please send me a free copy of Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book.

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The LAST NOEL

Continued from Page 11

THE houses in Stanbury Crescent were fairly large, but it was too dark for Bardsley to gauge the prosperity of their inhabitants by outside appearances. He knew that so many large houses in the district had been divided into flats, that single rooms were sub-let to families, and that they had become practically slums. But he could not yet tell if Stanbury Crescent were "slummy."

The front door was on the latch, and Tommy bolted through it like a rabbit with his model engine, leaving Bardsley and the taxi-driver to stagger up the steps with the spoils of shopping.

By the time Bardsley had reached the top step, a woman's figure was framed by the doorway, and a woman's face peered into his. He knew her on the instant. It was the cold and supercilious Janet.

"I'll go and get them other things," said the taxi-driver.

"Frank!" exclaimed Janet, and gave him her hand. "After all these years!"

"After all these years!" he repeated. "Janet, I'm so awfully glad to see you!"

He was so full of the Christmas spirit that he was actually able to persuade himself that he meant what he said.

"Well, come in, come in," said Janet. "This is indeed a surprise. We've often wondered whether you were living or dead. Do, do come in—it's cold out here. And—er—what on earth are all these things—turkeys and groceries? Are you going to give a large family party or something?"

"No, Janet," he said gently; "they're for you."

"For me!"

"For you and Nell."

She uttered the strangest little laugh.

"But how extraordinary of you! You always were extraordinary, weren't you?"

He followed her into a dimly lit dining-room, and had no eyes just then to see how it was furnished. He had eyes only for Janet, now thirty-and-something and inclined to put on weight. The obliging taxi-driver followed him in and loaded the table with parcel after parcel.

"Where's Nell?" he asked abruptly.

"She's out shopping. It looks as if she needn't have troubled. She'll be in any minute now, but you know what shopping on Christmas Eve is like."

"And the boy?"

"Oh, I expect he's gone off to try that engine you bought him. I hope he thanked you properly. How on earth did you find him, and how did you discover who he was?"

The taxi-driver was back in the room with more packages.

"I'll tell you all about that presently," Bardsley said hastily. "He told me his father's name, and I hadn't to ask who his father married. I was terribly sorry to hear that Tom is gone."

"I think that's all now, sir," said the taxi-driver, with a kind of genial sarcasm.

WHILE Bardsley paid the man off, the supercilious Janet examined some of the Christmas purchases.

"Even bread and sugar and tea," she remarked when they were alone together. "How too quaint of you! Or is this your idea of a joke?"

"I didn't intend it for one," he answered, the least hint of coldness creeping into his tone.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, of course, but if you wouldn't mind explaining——"

"Look here," he interrupted, "old friends like ourselves needn't beat about the bush. To be perfectly frank, I know you must be terribly poor——"

Janet cut him short with a laugh which he remembered and disliked.

"It's what I've always said," she returned, "but you're the first who's pitied us or shown any practical sympathy. Of course, when the time comes for Tommy to go to Eton, we shall feel the pinch considerably."

"Eton!"

"His father wished it. So you thought we were all starving? May I ask what led you to that conclusion? Not Tommy's clothes, I hope. He treats his clothes so abominably and grows out of them so quickly, that it's sheer waste to get good things for him to knock about in."

"If you don't stop that noise immediately I'll give you something to make a noise about, then you'll stop."

The face of the amateur Father Christmas fell considerably. Janet was, as usual, making a fool of him.

"If you must know," he said, "I jumped to the conclusion because I found the boy with some street arabs singing carols for pennies."

He had the satisfaction of seeing Janet wince.

"Did you? Well, he'd have a smacking for that if it weren't Christmas Eve. Nell and I can hardly do anything with him at all. He's almost beyond our control, and makes for himself all sorts of disreputable acquaintances. So you found him carol-singing and jumped to conclusions, did you? My dear Frank, how quick you always were to jump to conclusions—and catch the wrong ones."

Bardsley bit his lip.

"At least I meant well," he said. "I didn't intend to insult you."

"You've always meant well, I daresay—even when you wrote Nell a horrible letter and vanished off the face of the earth. It was—well, wasn't it rather hasty?"

"In cases of that sort I believe in acting quickly."

"Yes," she said with the smile he hated, "you've an impulsive nature. Isn't it funny how we've started sparring again directly we've met?"

"I don't want to quarrel," said Bardsley in a subdued voice. "May I wait and see the boy's mother, or—or would she rather not see me, do you think?"

"She's delighted to see you, but she finds you rather mysterious."

"I beg your pardon?"

Janet uttered the kind of sigh which might be wrung from a highly-tried saint.

"The boy's mother is delighted to see you. Oh, my dear Frank, who else do you think is the mother of that boy but me? Or have you been jumping to some other conclusion?"

Bardsley stared at her, his eyes wide open and his lips at least an inch apart.

"You married Tom Elkington-Grant!" he gasped.

"In the circumstances that is a reasonable deduction."

"But——"

"Yes, I know what you think and always thought. I suppose it was the fault of all of us. We were all in the conspiracy because you were so funny when you were jealous. We never dreamed that you'd rush off like that. I know Nell carried it much too far, but we others were almost as much to blame."

He fell back a step.

"What are you telling me?" he demanded.

"Whatever I'm telling you, it's ten years too late. Poor Tom never wanted to marry Nell, nor she him. He never looked at anybody but me. If you'd gone to see Nell after you got her note, or had waited a day, you'd have understood everything. But you didn't. You were gone, and we couldn't get a trace of you. Even if we could, I don't know what Nell would have done—after the letter you sent her."

There was a moment's silence. When Bardsley spoke next his voice sounded like a groan.

"Do you mean to tell me that Nell really cared for me?"

"She certainly hasn't cared for anybody else. She's still unmarried."

Bardsley looked back across the wreckage of the past ten years, and remembered all the bitterness and the heart-aches of the first of them.

"I suppose I've got to try to forgive you," he said through his teeth, "but it's damned hard."

"It may be hard for us to forgive you. A reasonable being would have guessed that he was the victim of a joke. Besides, a reasonable being would not have written a bitter letter to the girl to whom he was engaged and then put himself beyond the reach of any reply."

Bardsley hung his head.

"She told me she liked Tom better than me," he said gruffly. "And he was always about. I didn't know that you were the attraction."

"It seemed inconceivable, I suppose," said Janet sweetly.

"Your conspiracy was a little too clever; it was altogether too well done. Well, I hope you're satisfied, Janet. Meanwhile, I've lost ten years of youth—I'm getting forty-ish now—and Nell, if she really cared——"

An electric bell whirred somewhere in the distance, and Janet sprang up, finger to lip.

"That's Nell," she said. "I'll go and let her in myself. I shall have to tell her you're here. It might be too much of a shock if she walked straight in and saw you. I'll tell her everything before I let her come in."

"Thanks, Janet," he said awkwardly; and for the first time in his life he felt grateful to Nell's sister.

HE stood alone in the room, waiting. He heard voices outside, and then a faint cry—but a cry may mean anything. At the sound of her voice there came back to his heart the old clamor and the old hunger for her. His youth was gone, hers waning, but there was still something left if she still cared. If she still cared—that was the question.

So he stood among his unneeded Christmas gifts and fidgeted and waited.

The door opened, and a girl's head brushed against the sprig of mistletoe tied to the lintel. She was still a girl, still unchanged in his sight, and her eyes were dancing and yet strangely soft.

"Frank!"

He heard her call his name as if from a great distance, not loudly but with a quality of penetration, as if her young self were calling to him across the years.

"Nell," he whispered; and then suddenly, impulsively, she opened her arms to him.

But for a moment he stood his ground.

"Nell," he said, "I've jumped to so many conclusions, that now I'm afraid. Nell, my dear, dare I?"

"You may jump to this one—quite safely," she answered softly.

(Copyright)

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government).

FLY-TOX
KILLS COCKROACHES

● Filthy cockroaches; vile flies and mosquitoes; all insects succumb instantly to "FLY-TOX." There are many inferior substitutes but nothing so deadly effective as genuine "FLY-TOX."

"FLY-TOX" is stainless, fragrant, and harmless to humans.

Insist on the genuine "FLY-TOX."

X1

There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

CON. MAN: What about buying some shares in a gold mine at Bundedoo?
BIG JIM: Wot other towns 'ave yer got?—I come from Bundedoo!

A BUSINESS *Arrangement*

Continued from Page 30

"YOU'VE earned the thing," she said. "I'll stand by my word. It was worth eighteen hundred."

He swung round on her.

"It isn't!" he said.

"What isn't?"

"This!" He picked up the helmet.

"I meant the fight; but why isn't it?"

He considered a moment.

"I made it," he said.

She stared incredulously.

"You made it! You made that pig-faced bassinet?"

"And sold it to the Jevons for twelve hundred. It cost me three weeks' work and seventeen shillings in material. I'm a bit of a metal-worker—a hobby. Professionally, I'm a——" He paused, and Tiger cried out:

"But why didn't you tell me the thing was a fake?"

"Because you wouldn't have believed it. Nobody would. I don't suppose you believe me now, anyway."

Tiger looked at him.

"I do," she said.

"Simply because I say so?"

"No—but because of this——"

She indicated the sword.

"You fought—like a gentleman," she added.

He put down the helmet, and, crossing the room, plucked out the rapier, freeing her.

"YOU see," he said, "I'm not a gentleman. A gentleman wouldn't fake a pig-faced bassinet for fun, and when a silly old man like Adam Jevons wanted to buy it, let him spend twelve hundred pounds on it. I was what is popularly called 'tempted.' I got it in the neck from my conscience afterwards, and tried to buy the helmet back. The brothers wouldn't hear of it—at a price I could pay. The affair worried me more than ever. I heard the Jevons wanted a secretary-assistant with a knowledge of antiques. I asked for the job, and they gave it me. I started the day before yesterday, my idea being to get hold of the bassinet and destroy it, or bury it, or otherwise dispose of it so that people couldn't go on believing it was genuine. I proposed to pay the twelve hundred pounds into the Jevons' bank account and disappear.

"In fact, that's what I am going to do. You were kind enough to say you believed me. Will you also believe in my intention to make good the harm I have done, and take no steps against me until to-morrow midday? Then tell the Jevons the story. They won't be able to hold you to the contract, since you have my assurance the thing is a fake. I'll write you a confession now. All I care about is to make sure this damned thing doesn't go on deceiving people."

"All that is very simple," Tiger agreed. "But unfortunately I did not buy the bassinet."

"What!"

"My godfather bought it. I was only acting for him. He sent me to arrange the matter—that's all."

Your godfather——?"

"Carfew Northcote."

Mr. Brown's air of utter misery was distressing to see. He had been so triumphant; he had risked everything, even to his life, to right a wrong.

"Carfew Northcote," he repeated. "What irony! I was going to him when this business was over, to offer him my services. He has asked me twice to join him, and help him with his collections. I—I—was—— Oh, well, that's finished. So he has bought my bassinet!"

He laughed, and tucked it under his arm. "Good night," he said.

Tiger ran forward as he went towards the door, and snatched up the sword he had put on the table.

"Not this time!" she said. "Get away from that door!"

He turned, and found the blade at his throat. He saw her eyes, and the savage light in them.

"I'd rather kill you," she said, "than see my godfather robbed!"

HE stared at her.

"But—but I've told you the truth. Robbed? But I'm not——"

"Robbed!" said Tiger—"of the first decent secretary he's ever had a chance of getting. Good Lord! He could trust you; can't you see that?"

"I know he could, but what earthly right would I have of expecting him to—after this?"

"Oh, damn the pig-faced bassinet! I'll tell him it was a dud, and——"

"And what? You've given the Jevons his cheque."

"Shut up!" said Tiger. "I'll drive over before breakfast and get it back."

"They won't give it you. Why should they?"

"I'll give them mine instead, for the same amount. They don't care whose money it is, as long as they get it. You can give me the twelve hundred they paid you for it, and owe me six hundred. You're worth fifteen hundred a year to the Little Man. You could pay me back within twelve months. Business arrangement. Agree?"

The gratitude in his eyes was one of the most astounding things she had ever seen.

"I agree," he said softly. "You wonderful person!"

Tiger dropped her eyes. She could not make out what was happening to her unless she was blushing, and that was a thing no man had ever caused her to do.

She took a firm grip on herself, and said:

"There's a spade in the gardener's shed in the garden. If you like, we'll bury this bassinet now—before you go back to Daningtree."

"I like," he said, and his eyes were still on her.

But she could not bring herself to be unkind to him, as she usually was to men who looked at her like that.

They went out into the dark garden, and buried the pig-faced bassinet.

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QUICK *Ways* to CHIC for CHRISTMAS *Holidaying*

NO MATTER how sparse your wardrobe, how slender your pocket, you can set off on your holidays feeling as confidently smart as your more sophisticated and moneyed friend—knowing that you'll look right through the holidays as fresh as a "daisy" with these in your case.

With needle and thread in skilful fingers, much can be done in a few minutes...and at little cost...to capture charm!

THREE-QUARTERS of the battle of being well-dressed depends on the attention given to little things. For, as we all know, it's the little things that count. Petrov's sketches, at the left, will show you at a glance some very simple short-cuts to charm, and suggestions and directions follow for your help and guidance.

SUPPOSING you have a dark frock which you consider would have been just the thing to take away with you in case of weather changes only . . . ! But, don't despair. A charming renovation is easily made with a little patterned crepe-de-chine. Cut off the sleeves, and make two straps go over the shoulders. Pass round the neck a scarf, a yard and a quarter long, and five inches wide. Slip the ends under slots (note illustration), tying into a large bow in front.

The cape-sleeves are made from a twelve-inch circle, cut in half, being sewn over the shoulders. A bright belt could be worn to match.

Then again, you have an old dance frock of which you're very tired, but consider this quick alteration. Buy a few yards of spotted net or filmy georgette. Cut a straight bodice flounce and attach as shown; also a strip to form the sash which twists round the waist twice and ties on the right hip.

Three in One

YOU have a simple little sleeveless frock of patterned artificial silk or crepe-de-chine. Now, this frock can be three dresses in one—just with a little extra material. Doesn't that sound alluring? First of all you give it a detachable collar and belt of white pique.

When you need a gown a little more frilly, you whip off collar and belt, pass a sash of the dress material through slots in the front panel of skirt, and tie the cape round the shoulders.

For still another change you have long sleeves set into a net bodice, which gives you a smart dress for town wear.

The Way of a Scarf

SO much can be done with a scarf. Choose a very attractive one and play with it on your various coats and dresses. It does wonders to your appearance. The illustration shows just what can be done with it and a short coat. You can quickly make a slit here and there through which a scarf may be passed. Striped, plaid, spotted, or in plain colors, bright or dull, a scarf is useful.

For instance, red and white and blue and white checked gingham scarves are worn most attractively on beige and white summer frocks. Bulky scarves are put around the neck once, the ends crossed at the back, and then looped in front like a stock. This gives the fashionable high-necked appearance.

For a White Frock

BELIEVE it or not, but corner pieces of brightly checked, spotted or patterned silk, stitched to the frock to form cape sleeves, and ends which tie in a large bow, will add a charming color note to an otherwise ordinary white frock. The diagram at side of sketch will demonstrate the simplicity of cut required. It would be as easy as easy for you to do, too.

Consider These!

PERHAPS you have a blouse or silken jumper which never looks right about the neck. No matter! Neatly buttonhole a slit as shown in the illustration, and slip a flat two-colored scarf through nonchalantly—or with precision—according to your taste.

The neckline of the blouse, shown bottom right, can be perfectly charming with crisp, fresh organdie twisted through and tied in a big bow on the left shoulder. Never appear with such a filmy scarf in crestfallen attitude, however. You will create a wilted atmosphere, and lose much in charm as well as invite critical thoughts, and even comments from those within your circle.

A Belt and Bag

THERE are belts and belts—we know, but who could resist such a dainty touch as the one illustrated would give to a simple frock? A metal ring has been brought ingeniously into play here, and, of course, a bow!

In case you discover at the last minute that your evening bag looks slightly pinched and faded, gather a few yards of satin ribbon at one end, attach it to an old frame, and step off charmingly to the festivities. The sketch will convey to your quick mind the method of gathering and attaching ribbon.

WHEN HOLIDAYING

Don't crowd six weeks' activity into a few days—take it easy and you'll get more out of it.

Don't attempt to swim farther than you have ever swum before. You're on holiday, not after records.

Don't think you can "eat anything" just because you're spending more time in the open air — your digestion won't change overnight.

Don't insist on doing something every minute—rest is necessary, too.

Don't worry about your business or home—it will be there when you return.

A HINT FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES

FOR those who do not feel inclined—or cannot really afford to leave home for the holidays—here's a hint: Turn the house around; alter the entire routine of life and bring the holiday atmosphere indoors. Don't forget that sometimes a change is as good as a holiday.

HOST Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.***

5 lbs. OFF IN SIX WEEKS

Kruschen Stopped Her Increasing Weight

AND RID HER OF RHEUMATISM TOO

Here is a woman who was rapidly putting on weight and who was troubled with rheumatism too. Her letter, published below, sums up the benefits she obtained from two bottles of Kruschen Salts:—

"I started taking Kruschen Salts because of the good it had done for a friend of mine. She had been crippled with rheumatism, and after a course of Kruschen was taking long walks. I thought I would try Kruschen for myself, as my doctor had told me I was full of rheumatism, having so much acidity in my blood. At the finish of the first bottle I was weighed, as I had been in the habit of doing, as I had recently put on flesh to an alarming degree, going up from 9 st. 6 lbs. to 11 st. 9 lbs. To my delight I found I had lost about 5 lbs. in six weeks, so I determined to go on taking Kruschen. At the end of the second bottle I was weighed again, and find I am now only 10 st. 8 lbs., at which I am so pleased that I should take Kruschen for reducing alone, but I have lately felt my rheumatism much less, which had been so troublesome in my knees. I must say I think Kruschen a splendid weight reducer."—(Miss) E. L. P.

Overweight and rheumatic poisoning almost invariably arise from the same source—a system loaded with unexpelled waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of fat, and at the same time the victim lays in a stock of rheumatic poison. The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. The pains of rheumatism cease. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful and energetic—more so than ever before in your life!

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Just a few suggestions with the happy wish that, wherever you go, you'll come back saying your holiday was the best ever.

PACKING!

Whither away.... Seaside, Country, City, Mountains or that long-awaited Holiday Cruise?

WHICHEVER you choose, wherever you go, there are certain things you must have—lots of washing frocks for tennis, comfy shoes for hiking, easily-laundered beach frocks and perhaps beach pyjamas and slacks; jaunty sports frocks for deck wear, charming little frocks for sunny afternoons, sun hats and scarves and giant beach bags, and gay, jolly holiday frocks for the little ones.

Seaside?

IF you're off to the seaside remember that sturdy fabrics and trim lines are best. It's so much better to look healthy and athletic on a beach than lovely and languid. Don't fill your case with frills and furbelows—just one or two fragile frocks for the evenings in case of a party or two.

If by any chance you need a new bathing suit, choose one with an eye to your figure. Just keep in mind the fact that often concealing does more to your figure than revealing. Of course, if you're the lithe type you can afford to be a little dashing, without being offensively so. On the other hand, if you're generously proportioned, choose bathers plain and dark. Then your beach accessories can flaunt the gay color note. And do not include shorts, slacks or beach pyjamas—they are not for you. Slim youth can fill her case with these if she so wishes.

Be sure to take a large shady hat—big hats are grand for basking, if you don't want to burn your face and neck. A beach bag is such a handy thing. Into it can go your books, your needlework, or even the sandwiches for lunch—out of the sand, and easily accessible.

Cruising?

A HALF-DOZEN white sports frocks, about three evening frocks, one evening wrap and shoes to match, deck shoes, shady hats, colorful scarves, three sets of lingerie, half-dozen pairs of stockings, and a light woollen coat are the essentials to your cruising wardrobe. This is the verdict of one who has "cruised" and who found herself on her first voyage with two cases of superfluous luggage.

Mountains?

A WOOLLEN skirt and jumpers and a cardigan should go with every case trekking mountainwards. There's no knowing the tricks of the weather on the heights. It might be hot, and when it's hot, it's very hot. It might be cold, hence the woollies.

You will need strong walking shoes. Peg-heels are none too good for climbing—or descending. Tennis frocks and golfing rig-out, of course. Evening frocks or dinner gowns—according to where you put up.

The Country?

IF you're bound for the great open spaces, riding togs will accompany you, of course. Riding—it's the best exercise in the world, next to swimming.

Sports frocks, slacks — if you're emancipated as well as slim — otherwise tweeds, and one or two evening frocks, and a nice afternoon dress; a shady hat, and a coat, just in case—the weather, you know! A bothersome problem, to be sure, but one over which we've no control.

But don't take too much with you—don't try to out-do or over-awe the neighborhood.

Citywards?

IF Sydney or Melbourne is your mecca, take a coat; take—let me whisper it—a macintosh. Brisbane?—well, the filmsiest things. You'll want in all three places, however, beach frocks, evening frocks, sports frocks, hats, and shoes for all occasions. You'll want the best you've got — and your bank book. For goodness sake, don't forget to pack that!—EVE GYE.

FOR TRUE DELICACY OF FLAVOUR DRINK

Goldenia Tea

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Jolly Games for the Holidays

IN the game of "Aunty's Cat," the players sit next to each other, and the first begins by saying, "Aunty's Cat is amusing," the next one says it is "Attractive," and so on to each player, but the word must begin with "A." If a word can't be thought of, a forfeit is paid; but if the next one can't think of a word, the other forfeit is given back. Then "B" is taken, and go through the alphabet as far as you please.

* * *

TO play this merry game of "Thread-Needle," provide half the players with a needle each, and the other half should each have a piece of cotton.

The players with the needles stand several yards away, holding up their needles, and then at the word "Go" the other players must run towards them, each going to his partner, and trying to thread his cotton through the needle held up. The first player to thread the needle and get back to the starting-point again is the winner.

COME, join in our game.

* * *

THE game of pass-it-on is suitable for either indoors or out, and can be played with anything from twigs to pegs.

The players stand in two rows facing each other, and each player grasps his neighbor's left wrist with his right hand. The player at the head of each line holds the peg—or other suitable article—in his left hand, and, on the signal to start, transfers it to his right hand, without, however, releasing his hold on the next player's wrist.

The peg must be passed from hand to hand along the line and back again without any break in the chain of hands and wrists. If the line is broken, the peg must be returned to the starting point and a fresh start made. When the players become skilled in the game, tennis balls can be used. The side which gets the peg home first is, of course, the winning one.

* * *

HERE is a game to play if the weather is a little damp.

First of all, get a lot of stiff paper and a pair of scissors, and, cutting the paper into squares, draw the outline of an animal on each of them. Then cut them all out with the scissors, and put them all into a hat, and everything is ready. Each girl or boy comes forward, blindfolded, and has to pick one of the slips of paper out of the bag and try to guess by feeling the shape of it what animal it is. If he or she guesses right, all well and good; but if it is guessed wrongly, out of the game they must go. This is repeated until at last only one person is left, who is, of course, the winner of the game.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals—

I think I can hear Santa Claus' bells ringing in the distance. Just you sit still and don't make a sound. There they are, can you hear them? Yes; I thought you could.

Pals, I won't say any more this week than wish you "All the best of luck and cheer for Christmas and the coming year."—Cheerio.

From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Tricks to Play on Your Friends

TRY THIS TRICK

If you hold a stone and a cork of exactly the same size at the same height, and allow these to fall to the ground, what will happen? The average opinion is that the stone, being the heavier, will reach the ground before the cork. Try the trick and it will be shown that the two objects fall exactly at the same speed.

THE LIMIT

The architect had brought the plans for the magnificent new home which the profiteer had ordered to be built for him. The man of money studied the plans keenly, and at last burst forth with: "Here, I say, this is a bit too thick. You've made plans for a smoking-room, and I don't smoke; a music-room, when I don't even play a tin whistle; a nursery, when I haven't a nurse; and a pantry, when I don't pant; but the most senseless thing of all is that you arrange for a drawing-room, and I can't even draw a single straight line."

Why is a sailor never really a sailor?—Because he is either a-shore or a-board!

Why is a diamond like a kitten?—Because it is a "dear" little thing!

Which is the heavier end of a matchstick? — The light end!

Why are doctors strange? — Because the worse people are the more they visit them!

Solution to "Can You Guess It?"—A coat.

Solution to "Can You?" — Lake, bake, bake, bank.

Solution to "Ask Yourself" — A fountain.

CAN YOU GUESS IT?

THREE-FOURTHS of it—an act.
Three-fourths of it—a kind of bed.
Three-fourths of it—a grain.
Three-fourths of it—a domestic animal.
The whole has a back without a spine, and also an arm without a hand. What is it?

ASK YOUSELF

What is that which works when it plays and plays when it works?

CAN YOU?

Can you change LAKE into BANK with only two linking words and changing only one letter at a time? (Solutions below.)

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Prize of 10/- to Gladys McGrath, "Bournemouth," Kingsway, Bee Why, for this original sketch in black and white.

IT was Christmas Eve, and all the little children were seated around a raging fire at Mushroom Grove.

"You still up?" said Wunderlust, entering the drawing-room. He was a little surprised to see all the children up at half-past ten, for usually they were well and truly asleep by that time. He smiled to himself, as he judged they were all staying up as late as possible to see if they could steal a glimpse of Santa Claus. "I think you all better go to bed now, boys and girls," went on Wunderlust.

The children immediately got out of their comfortable chairs, not at all eagerly, and wended their way up the flight of stairs which led to their bedrooms.

Fred was the last to leave the fire and go to bed.

There he lay in bed trying his utmost to keep awake. Every now and again he would make a terrific effort to keep his eyes open, as he felt himself going off. Suddenly, with a start, Fred sat bolt upright in bed, his eyes wide open and his heart beating wildly.

Was it too late?

He jumped from his little bed, and was soon heading his way in the direction of the drawing-room. He found the room just as he had left it. The fire was burning just as brightly, with flames and sparks racing up the chimney. Fred made a dash for the kitchen and re-

AND THERE STOOD SANTA CLAUS

turned with a bucket of water. After he had made several journeys to and from the kitchen he managed to put out the fire.

Then Fred, peering up the chimney a few minutes later, spied a leg, and then another leg, followed by a roundish body, all of which belonged to Santa Claus.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS stood dumbfounded, for seeing a little boy at such an unearthly hour with a bucket in one hand and one pyjamas leg nearly up to his knee, was by no means usual.

Fred soon explained his presence, saying that as the drawing-room chimney was by far the largest in the house he had thought it would be the one Santa Claus would use.

Dear old Santa Claus put his heavy bundle down on the ground, and wiped his brow. "Well, that was a narrow escape, and I am very thankful to you, my little boy," he said smilingly.

Fred was secretly glad there had been such a big fire, because it had given him the chance of seeing Santa Claus. Goodness, wouldn't the other children be envious if they knew that Fred not only saw Santa Claus, but actually spoke to him.

* * *

AS Fred was thinking this over in his mind Santa Claus guessed he should say something. "Don't tell me you're frightened of me, my little man. Surely not. Anyway, what is your name? You have done one good turn for me, now would you like to do another? For instance, help me to get rid of some of these toys. You know they really are a bit heavy for me now. I'm not as young as I used to be."

Fred had never thought of Santa Claus as anything else but an old man, and wondered how he looked when he was a young man, but, of course, that must have been a very long time ago. Then he remembered Santa Claus' question, and answered, "Oh, my name's Fred."

"Fred what?" inquired Santa Claus.

Fred thought a moment. What on earth was his other name? Nobody had ever asked him for it since he had come to Magic Land. And, try as he would, he couldn't think what his other name was.

"I'm sorry, Santa Claus," he said at length, "but I seem to have forgotten any other name I ever had. You see, everyone calls me just plain Fred here."

Santa Claus saw Fred was rather worried because he couldn't think of his second name, so he said, "What's a name between friends, anyway. Now suppose you help me distribute these toys, Fred, then we can have a little supper."

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."

Tragedy at the Tennis Party

JOAN felt like kicking herself. To let her partner down like this after doing so well in the first two sets—it was simply sickening! But how COULD you concentrate on the ball when your feet complained at every step? And she was going to the club dance tonight, too. Well, there was only one thing for it; the minute she got home she'd have a Radox footbath. *That* would make those feet feel springy, joyous, absolutely free from tiredness. Thank goodness for Radox. It's too, too wonderful!

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Eat what you like—
BILE BEANS
REPAIR IMPAIRED DIGESTIONS

The Holly-tree Girl

Continued from Page 12

"CAN'T disappoint these kids," he muttered, and for the first time in his life that serious-minded young man, whose name was David Donnithorne, broke into a song and dance!

The giving of the presents from the Christmas Tree was nearing its conclusion when the side door opened and Clarence Winship lounged into the ante-room.

"Hullo, Tommy," he said.

Tommy looked up with an expression which was not nearly so docile as that with which she usually greeted the lordly Mr. Winship.

"Awful bore, this kids' party business," yawned Clarence. "That fellow with the whiskers is making a frightful ass of himself on the stage. Made me so tired I had to come out."

"He's not a frightful ass," exclaimed Tommy hotly.

"You wouldn't catch me dressing up like an idiot to please a pack of village kids," said Clarence scornfully. "Not me."

"Not you," mimicked Tommy with equal scorn.

"Look here, Tommy, what's the game? You're not going to speak to me like that, I can tell you. I'm very fond of you, but——"

"But what?"

"Oh, hang it all, Tommy, don't get all hot and bothered about nothing. We're very fond of one another, and now I've got round the mater to have our engagement announced——"

"I don't wish to have our engagement announced," interrupted Tommy. "I don't wish to be engaged to you. I—I've changed my mind."

"What!" ejaculated Clarence, hurt in that tenderest of spots, his dignity. "What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry," said Tommy. "It's better I should tell you now than——"

"Look here," snapped Clarence, "do you mean to say that you're turning me down? Me?"

His virtuous indignation made him appear to swell like a frog. The impertinence of the suggestion seemed to shock him to his very soul.

"Yes — you," retorted Tommy wickedly, and was sorry the moment she had said it.

Furiously he took a step forward and seized her wrist.

"I'm sorry," pleaded Tommy penitently. "I didn't mean to laugh at you. I only meant—— Please leave go of my arm."

"I'll teach you!" snarled Clarence vindictively. "I'll——"

But the career of Clarence as a teacher was doomed to be brief.

At that instant a face, bearded, but far from benevolent, appeared from behind the screen. A red-sleeved arm shot out towards Mr. Clarence Winship's collar, and it seemed to that young man that a typhoon had struck the building.

"Open that door, Tommy," said the bearded but unbenevolent one.

Tommy opened the door, and into the winter dusk, like a sack of potatoes that is slung down a chute into the hold of a ship, Mr. Clarence Winship was projected. He went hurtling out into the night as though a battering ram had propelled him thither.

Santa Claus flung off his robe and threw down his cap and beard.

"Now, Thomasina!" he breathed grimly.

But Thomasina had fled. Dashing down the path into the darkened road he saw her run towards the ramshackle car and switch the lights fully on.

"Hi, Tommy!" he shouted.

TOMMY took no notice. He heard the roar of the Tank's engine. It was beginning to move. But David had jumped on a moving car once before that afternoon. He could do it again. With a mighty bound he landed on the running-board and clambered into the seat beside her.

"I wanted to speak to you," he said mildly. "There was no hurry."

"Oh!" sobbed Tommy. "Oh, why—why can't you leave me alone?"

"Don't cry, Tommy. If you do, you won't see where you're driving, and we'll both——"

"Oh, please go away. I'll stop the car and let you get out."

The Tank stopped with a jolt.

"I shall not get out," said David firmly. "You are now due for some home-truths, Tommy."

"Oh, please——" She was crying softly.

"Tommy, Tommy, don't cry. You're not going to marry Clarence. I've just thrown him out of the Parish Hall door. If you don't stop crying, I'll go and pick him up again and throw him back through the window. Please stop crying. You must learn to control yourself. I always control myself."

Tommy smiled for an instant through her tears. "Even wh-when you throw p-people out of Parish Halls?"

"Oh, I was under perfect control then. I did that slowly and with dignity. Tommy, darling, listen. I said that, rather than let you marry Clarence, I'd—yes, I would—I'd marry you myself!"

"Oh, please don't make fun of me. It's bad enough——"

"Tommy," said David solemnly, "I'm not the person you thought I was."

"N-no," sobbed Tommy. "I know you're not."

"Now what, may I ask, do you mean by that extraordinary remark?"

"You see," explained Tommy tearfully, "father was expecting young Dr. Banham from London to come down and be Santa Claus, but there was a telegram saying he couldn't come, only I didn't want Daddy to be disappointed, so I kept the telegram and didn't say anything about it."

"You're not being exactly lucid," said David soothingly. "Still——"

"You must let me finish my explanation," urged Tommy. "I had to get the holly, and I knew I must get hold of a man to help Daddy. Then I saw you coming along—and—you looked—a sportsman, and I thought if I pretended to mistake you, you might play up, and you did. I've treated you shockingly——"

"Never mind me," interrupted David. "It seems to me that there's only one person who has been badly treated."

Tommy looked across at him in surprise.

"Do you mean Clarence?"

"Heavens, no! Clarence met a fate that was beautiful in its poetic justice. No, I refer to the unfortunate gentleman whose property you inveigled me into looting."

"Why, you must mean old Crusty."

"Certainly I mean old Crusty. It is my intention to go and apologise to old Crusty, and," he added, "if you are the sportsman I take you to be, you'll come with me."

"Very well," gulped Tommy. "I'll come."

A FEW minutes later David rang the bell at an imposing front door.

"Is the Admiral at home?" he asked of the neat parlormaid who answered his summons.

"Come into the hall, sir, please," she requested him.

"We're on the quarter-deck," whispered David. "We're in for it now, Tommy. Would you like to hold my hand?"

The drawing-room door shot suddenly open, and out came old Crusty.

"Good evening, uncle," said Dick politely.

"Why, bless the boy," thundered the admiral. "it's David! Haven't seen you since you used to steal my crab-apples, you young scoundrel. And who's this?" he demanded, with a ferocious glance at Tommy.

"This," said David, "is a young friend of mine who has come to apologise for stealing your holly, and also"—he went on hurriedly—"to thank you on behalf of her father for the thumping big cheque you sent him towards the children's treat. The doctor told me when I was——"

The admiral blew his nose loudly.

"Tell him," he growled, "that I'll stop it at the bank if he mentions it to a soul. And as for this young woman——" he glared at Tommy as though he were an ogre about to eat her for breakfast—"there's only one hope for her—that she'll marry a husband who will spank her!"

With which tremendous utterance, old Crusty stumped back into the drawing-room.

"Tommy," said David softly, "I love you. When shall I start the spanking? You've got to marry me. Obviously a girl could not marry a man named Clarence."

"Obviously——" there was a catch in Tommy's voice—"a man couldn't marry a girl called—Thomasina."

"Couldn't he? He'd marry you if your name was Martha Jane."

Once more the drawing-room door shot violently open.

"Young woman," demanded the admiral, "weren't you worrying me for holly?"

"Well," murmured Tommy, blushing, "I——"

"Then why the deuce," barked the admiral ferociously, "do you come pestering me for holly when there's mistletoe hanging just above your head?"

"There's something," said David, as the drawing-room door slammed, "in what the old boy says, I think. Don't you, Tommy, darling?"

"Yes, David," said Tommy.

(Copyright)

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

No Light Record!

NEW electric light bulbs were installed in every room when a friend of mine moved into a new house. It is eleven years since she took up residence there, and a multiplicity of bulbs has been pressed into service in that time.

But one of those lights has never failed. It has not been from its socket, merely dusted, and it still responds nobly to switch.—**M.J.**

✣ ✣ ✣

An Embarrassing Choice

MY brother found himself in a very awkward predicament returning home in a tram recently. His choice lay, apparently, between leaving his trousers attached to the tram seat or riding to and fro until the thread by which they were affixed wore through.

The back button of these rather important garments became wedged between the slats of the seat, and no one on the conveyance had a knife or scissors in their pocket.

After over-carrying three or four stops, the conductor cannily solved the problem by stopping the tram outside a butcher's shop and borrowing a hefty knife.—**E.G.**

✣ ✣ ✣

"Truth is Stranger—"

DURING a visit to the Old Country, I sought to improve the occasion by lending a listening ear to a debate in the House of Commons.

At the foot of the stairs I duly entered my name in the visitors' book, after which the two last entries read thus:—

C. A. Masters, Belgrave Rd., W.1 (Melbourne, Australia).

C. E. Masters, Belgrave Rd., W.1.

Thus, though domiciled in the antipodes, two men of the same name sought the same destination, at the same hour, and, moreover, were temporarily living in the same street.—**C.M.**

Nothing To Crow About

CROWS had a regular field day at the Charleville (Q'ld) golf links recently. To have the satisfaction of hitting a really worthy drive was also to engender the dissatisfaction of seeing a crow swoop down on the ball.

During that competition, no fewer than twenty-two balls were salvaged by these feathered spectators.

Now, did some enterprising owner coach those crows?—**C.R.**

✣ ✣ ✣

Noblesse Oblige

WHEN a ten-paddle canoe was taking us ashore at a coastal village, a policeman's swag was resourcefully produced as seating accommodation for me. However, the waves lapped gently over the nose of the canoe, and I became definitely uneasy.

Whereupon, one of the lads dropped his paddle and took up his position in such a way that the part of his anatomy best suited to that purpose formed a stalwart breakwater.

I might mention that it was very early in the morning, and the water distinctly chilly. I shall always regard Sir Walter Raleigh as being completely overshadowed.—**H.B.,**

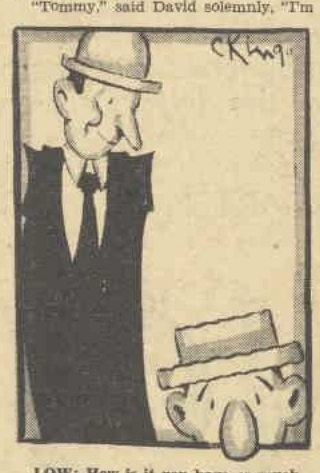
✣ ✣ ✣

"Possession is Nine Points"

DURING our training days one of the nurses became intrigued (regulations to the contrary) with one of the resident doctors. To our sorrow and general deprivation, for, with the idea of creating a good impression on the lad, she persistently borrowed our various garments.

Hurrying out to catch the bus one day, I found the said medico pursuing me, "at the double."

"Oh, sorry," quoth he, "I thought you were nurse Blank, you have her coat on!"—**A.C.**



LOW: How is it you have so much cash?
HIGH: Lotteries!
LOW: Do you win often?
HIGH: Never. I've saved the money I intended to spend on them.

TAILWAGGER CHATS

On BUYING & SELLING DOGS

BY PHILOKUON

Caveat emptor (let the buyer beware) is a wholesome maxim, as applicable to dogs as to any other form of livestock.

IN most commodities there are certain recognised values from which there are no particularly striking variations between one shop or another, but dogs and horses are worth what one can get for them. At the same time, an expert could tell within a little what would be a reasonable price to pay for a dog.

The ordinary person who buys a companion dog can usually get a well-bred puppy for a few guineas, breeders finding it an advantage to get rid as soon as possible of those that do not look like growing into money. Sometimes bargains are picked up in this way, since it is not always possible to tell how a puppy will develop under favorable conditions.

If one goes to a reputable breeder one is tolerably sure of getting a fair deal. There are also plenty of honest dealers who are content with a reasonable profit, and who are able to buy cheaply, but the trouble is to know them. A man once told me that he was asked 80 guineas for a terrier, which was more than he was prepared to give. Later on, seeing the same dog in charge of a young girl, he was informed that the price was 20 guineas. She explained that she had left him with a dealer who wished to show him to a possible buyer.

Some curious ideas are entertained about transactions in dogs. Of course, a dealer is entitled to any profit he can make, so long as there are no misrepresentations. A common misconception prevails about sales, many thinking a bargain is not completed until a dog has been paid for. If goods are sent to you from a shop on credit or you order a suit of clothes from your tailor, failing any conditions to the contrary, they become your property on delivery. If you omit the formality of paying for them the only redress in the power of the vendor is to sue you in court. The law concerning dealings in animals is precisely the same, and if you want to protect yourself, the only thing is to stipulate for cash before delivery. Once you have parted with the dog you have to take your chance whether you are paid or not. In buying an unseen dog it is prudent to have him sent to you on approval, the understanding being recorded in writing so that no mistake can arise.

When you pack your Christmas holiday kit, don't forget your bottle of
EICHORN'S REMEDY
the best known specific for insect bites, snake bites, fish wounds, cuts, bruises, boils, blue-bottle stings, and all septic conditions.
Special Vest Pocket Dropper Bottle—1/6.
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COLITIS—INDIGESTION

"After suffering with Chronic Colitis and Indigestion for 10 years, I took Sharp's L.K.B. Mixture and am now cured and in the best of health." Thus writes Mrs. Stretton, 207 Prince's Highway, Arncliffe, of this well-known remedy, prepared by Albert Sharp, First Floor, 285B Elizabeth St., near Liverpool St., Sydney.***

Sluggish Liver — Depression
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Will WOMEN *Go* to EMPIRE *Games?*

MRS. CHAMBERS, secretary of the New South Wales Women's Swimming Association, at present acting in the capacity of manager to the Misses Bult and Dennis during their tour of New Zealand, has laid constant stress on the participation of women in the British Empire Games.

Mrs. Chambers is not unmindful of the fact that there is likely to be some opposition offered to the inclusion of women in the Australian team for this important event.

THESE games were first originated in London in 1911, Lord Lonsdale being one of the foundation members. The war years intervened and it was not until 1930 that the next Empire Games were held, on that occasion, in Canada.

Application was made to have the third series held in Australia during the Melbourne Centenary, but this was overruled in favor of London, as it was considered that such a long time had elapsed that the home of the origination of the games should receive another visit from the Dominions.

Both the Olympic and Empire Games are held every four years, but, so that there would not be too much strain imposed on the participants in travelling, the fixtures are arranged so that two years elapse between the events.

While the Olympic Games embrace athletes from all over the world, the Empire Games are conducted solely for British representatives. The Commonwealth Government of Australia has already voted £500 towards the teams' expenses, a fact that evinces the importance which attaches to the event.

At the Sports Club, Sydney, on January 12, the Australian Council will meet to discuss arrangements for the forthcoming Empire Games. It is widely known that one of the most ardent discussions will be in connection with the women representatives. Many are not in favor of a mixed team being sent abroad, but the personal aspect should not be allowed to enter into the controversy.

The team should be fully representative. Each member should be chosen on merit, irrespective of sex.

Australia sent the best of her athletes and swimmers to the Olympic Games, held in America last year. From that small band of eight participants, one became an Olympic champion. That one was Miss Claire Dennis, and provided her standard of swimming is still being maintained, it would hardly be considered fair play, in the British understanding of the term, if she were debarred from inclusion with the Australian team, merely because she was a woman.

As Mrs. Chambers has already stated, taking into consideration the numbers that have toured abroad from Australia, the women have definitely met with greater success, in comparison, than the men, in the athletic realm.

In the swimming events it will be of interest to watch the results of the meeting of our girls with Miss Joyce Cooper, the British champion, for Miss Cooper is certain to be one of Britain's representatives at the Games.

On the track, we will see such well-known British women athletes as Miss Ruth Christman, the London Olympiads' international; Miss Butterfield, the Middlesex champion; Miss C. Johnson, the national champion of Scotland; Miss Walker, a previous champion of the Cambridge Harriers; and Miss Hiscock, the Olympic captain.

THERE will be no organised sport over the Christmas and New Year week-ends, but these members of the St. Kilda Ladies' Swimming Club know how to keep fit. —Women's Weekly photo.

WOMEN as *Selectors* In Women's Sport

By . . . RUTH PREDDEY
ex-interstate Cricketer.

Men as selectors to women's sport appear to play a very important part, but do they?

While not in any way wishing to detract from the help the women have received on many occasions from the more experienced menfolk, I feel quite positive that the women have now reached the stage where they could quite ably fill any position in their own field of sport.

DURING the infancy of women's sport it was only natural that they should lean on those who had a greater knowledge and more experience of the game they played.

However, within the last year or two women's sports have grown from the swaddling clothes stage into the vigorous independent stage of youth. They arrange the finance to invite an overseas team to their homeland or to send a team overseas. A woman looks after the team or player successfully.

She is their manager. Although some still prefer to allude to her as a chaperon, that word actually was discarded in women's sport with their swaddling clothes.

CLAIRE DENNIS, Olympic champion, is an obvious choice for the Empire Games.

Because women's sports are still in the youthful stage, the question of selectors is one of the most difficult to overcome. Hockey and swimming are both sports in which women selectors can be chosen from non-competitive members, but, on the other hand, there are many sports which have not two non-competitive members capable of filling the place of selectors.

These sports, as a rule, seek the aid of a man or men as selectors, and very helpful they can be, too. With the years, they will find women eager and willing to fulfil their duties as selectors. Then the graceful act of retiring in favor of a woman in the interests and for the betterment of the game will be fully appreciated by the association or club in question.

Women must eventually gain control of their own game, and, though men do fill many positions in women's sport at present, they should not be unmindful of the fact that their positions will be eventually filled by women.

Cricketers' RE-UNION *In Victoria*

Volumes of cricket history lie behind the Pioneer Cricket Association. It was formed as a link between "old-timers," and, though the members do not enter a team in State or Australian association fixtures, they stage many a hard-fought match.

The third annual re-union of the association was held during the week.

There was a big roll-up of members. Reminiscences were the outstanding feature of the occasion, and many a match was replayed by cricketers of fame in bygone seasons.

The president, Mrs. Stewart, was captain of the Brighton club for many years. She also captained the Victorian team that went to Tasmania in 1906. She recalled the days when the Brighton ladies' team, which was founded in 1902, played in a paddock with kerosene tins, against a team captained by "Curlie" Cheeseman. The event was the result of a bet between two Pressmen.

Mrs. McDonnell, the hon. secretary, originally played with Coldstream. She kept wicket for them for many years—and also was captain of that club in later years. One year she captained the Victorian team against N.S.W., which was captained by Mrs. Harry Donnan—nee Gregory, and wife of the international cricketer.

Miss Ruddell, the treasurer, played with the Coldstream club for some years. She won a bat, which was lately autographed by Don Bradman.

This player went with a team to Walhalla, some years ago, and played a match against a men's team, which resulted in a win for the women's team; a return match was played on the Richmond ground, and this ended in a victory for the men.

Another pioneer present was Mrs. Hinton (nee Simmonds), who holds a record that still stands, scoring a century in each innings of one match.

Last Easter the Pioneers—24 of them—went to Tasmania to play a match against the Roseberry team. As a reminder, the latter's secretary sent sprays of berries to the reunion.

Forty-five pounds was raised by the members, at various parties, to cover the expense incurred by the Tasmanian trip.

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RECORDS MARKED *Week-end Play*

RECORDS were something of a commonplace last week-end.

Perhaps the most outstanding of all was the defeat of Edna Davy and Molly Mitchell. It was thought that these two would be left to fight out the finals of the N.S.W. 220 yards championships. Everyone, with the possible exception of Mrs. Buckle, one of the Swimming Association's vice-presidents, held this view. She, however, considered that if Kitty MacKay got a lead early she would have a splendid chance of winning. In this Mrs. Buckle was right, for, from the word "Go," she got to the front, and maintained the lead throughout the race. Edna Davy finished second, and Molly Mitchell third.

Kitty MacKay is just 18 years of age, and since she first joined the Bondi Club at the early age of seven, she has been encouraged and helped by Mrs. Buckle.

This is the first time Miss MacKay has covered this distance, and her time of 2min. 46sec. was only 3 3-5sec. slower than that created by Miss Frances Bult.

In the athletic sphere, Miss Clarice Kennedy, of the Botany Club, created a new record in the 90 yards hurdle race. This she covered in 13 seconds, an Australian record. Later it was discovered that the track was six inches too short. After the track had been remeasured Miss Kennedy again covered the distance in the same time.

Miss Eileen Wearne won the 100 yards race for Western Suburbs, her time being 11 2-5sec.

KEEN discussion among members and supporters of the women life-savers' clubs has attended the presentation of The Australian Women's Weekly Cup for interstate competition.

Regarding the conditions of the proposed carnival, officials have yet to decide whether representative teams from all clubs will be chosen, or whether the champion team of each State will compete.

BOWLERS *Play at Night*

Wollstonecraft Bowling Green presented a very animated appearance last Tuesday, when about 50 women members of the New South Wales Women's Bowling Association participated for the first time in the unique game of night bowls.

Mrs. Stedman, patroness, and Mrs. Wolinski, president of the association, issued invitations to the presidents and secretaries of all affiliated clubs to be present. The honorary secretary announced that the membership of the association had now grown to 350 players, not including those playing in country centres.

HOLIDAY *Doings*

Metropolitan fixtures finished on December 16 and do not recommence until January 6.

DURING that time organised games will be forgotten and the lure of the sunny beaches paramount.

Mrs. Peatfield, sports secretary of the Y.W.C.A., intends motoring down the South Coast. Mrs. F. J. Davy, secretary of the Hockey Association, will spend a few days at Bowral.

Miss Margaret Peden, and sister Barbara, of cricket fame, are bound for Collaroy and the surf.

Several members of the Vice-Regal Cricket Club will be having their first riding lessons among the delightful surroundings of Burragorang, while the Misses Benson, Blake, Pritchard, and O'Brien, of the Cheerio cricket team, will spend the ten days camping at Coolangatta.

Mrs. W. Chambers, Miss Frances Bult, and Miss Claire Dennis hope to arrive in Sydney on Christmas morning, on their return from the New Zealand tour.

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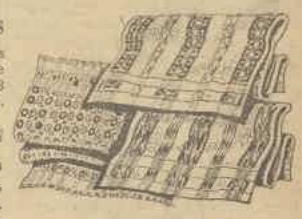

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